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The New SUCCESS Marden's Magazine

A MAGAZINE OF OPTIMISM, SELF-HELP AND ENCOURAGEMENT

Volume V.

NEW YORK, June, 1921

Number 6

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The NEW SUCCESS MARDEN'S MAGAZINE

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VOLUME V.

NUMBER 6

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1921

"We Try to Make Men— Not Money"

Says J. C. Penney, Head of the Great Merchandising
Firm, The J. C. Penney Company, Operating 312 Stores

In an Interview for THE NEW SUCCESS with
JOHN WEBSTER

ONE day a man and his wife came to Kemerer and set up a general dry-goods store in this shack. They possessed a stock of staple goods worth about \$6,000. The man was an ambitious young merchant named J. C. Penney. The wife was his partner—in every sense of the word. They slept in a room in the half-story section of the building. Their bed and the rest of their scant furniture was made wholly from packing-boxes and crates. They were itinerants in property, but residents in intention. They made one rigid rule in regard to their stock. It must be fresh and new and good; and the prices were to be sufficiently low to pay them a fair profit. In fact, they were far below the prices of the big store. Mr. and Mrs. Penney bought directly in the markets—and for cash. Then they sold for one price—and for cash. They would not shade a price for any buyer no matter what quantity he wanted to buy. And they would not give a cent's worth of credit to the richest man in the community.

The people did not, however, like the Penney

way of doing business. They felt that their intelligence was being insulted because the new merchant expected them to pay the first price asked, and their integrity was assailed when Penney refused to open books and advance them credit. But Penney made his prices so attractive that the people could not stay away. Whenever they had money to spend, they spent it at the new store. The first year of its existence, the weatherbeaten shack did a business amounting to \$29,000.

And the little weatherbeaten store, since then, has grown into a chain of 312 stores that are guided exactly by the same principles that made the shack a success. The little store is, to-day, known as the "mother" store. Last year the J. C. Penney Company did a business of over \$40,000,000.

"MY wife and I were the couple that started that little store," said J. C. Penney. "We 'honeymooned' cheerfully among the packing-cases. I was the general boss and

Mrs. Penney was the clerk. Out of that store grew other stores and out of that other and still other stores until we have the chain of stores of to-day—and others are to be added as fast as conditions will permit.

"But be certain to state one thing. I did not start all of the stores and do not own them. I did not start that first store on my own money. I had only a third interest at the beginning—two other men held shares. My third interest had been gained by hard work and saving.

"Just as I was a partner in that store, so other men became partners with me in other stores and, later, they, too, took in partners. I soon discovered that instead of building up a business it would be necessary for me to build up men. In fact that has become a slogan of The J. C. Penney Company—*making men, not money*. Make the men for your business and the money part of it is assured.

"All the men who work for me have gained their interests by work and saving. No man ever came to me because he had money to invest. The only money that ever counted with The Penney Company was that which represented the margin of earning over spending by men who worked so hard that their time for earning was great and their time for spending small. Thus the chain made its own men—built up its own best asset—and it was the human, not the money links—that counted most.

"We have now a great organization. It is great, because the men in it are great. I mean by that, they are *loyal fighters*.

"THE units that make up our business are all small and we differ from the man having a small or moderate-sized business only in having a large number of these businesses. There is nothing in any of our business methods that calls for unusual human or financial resources. Simply this: to-day we are a bundle of tightly bound fagots; yesterday we were a single fagot. The cords that bind the bundle are work and the best traditions of work.

"So far as I am personally concerned, work has always been a tradition in my family. My grandfather used to keep his youthful mind from going to fallow and his muscles in good trim by exercising with a stone pile in his idle hours. So, I was brought up in an atmosphere of work and got to like it—and it has not worn off even to this day. I am happiest when I am busiest.

"But when I began to work for my own living, I realized that work could not be measured by dollars. I mean by that, if my wage were not

what I thought equal to the amount of work I put into my job, I would be a fool to let the task discourage me. Therefore, when my first employer promised me all of twenty-five dollars a month, I saw no chance ahead. Leaving home, I finally found a job with Johnson and Callahan, of Evansville, Wyoming. Their store was a popular one. The partners were what I called merchants, they sold for cash at a fixed price and kept their expenses down. What is more, they kept their goods up. Twice a year they went all the way to New York to buy directly from manufacturers. And they bought for cash. At that time, I could not comprehend all that such a trip meant. I imagined they went for the journey as well as for merchandise. But one thing that I did notice was this: the prices in the store were generally low, and the proprietors always had plenty of cash on hand.

"THERE was a chief clerk in this store. He was my superior. One day I went out to luncheon with him. We had an hour for lunch, but finished in half an hour. I returned immediately to the store, but he sat on the hotel veranda to smoke a cigar. The second day we went to luncheon together. When the meal was finished, he suggested that if I returned to the store too quickly, it would reflect on him. It did. He was fired and I was promoted to his place.

"Then I began to comprehend why Johnson and Callahan went to New York. I learned for the first time that buying was different from sitting in a store and letting a salesman 'sell' you. My bosses had cash in their pockets and bought for the lowest price. The prices at which they bought goods astonished me. The prices they paid did not average one half of what we paid in the old store. These men taught me one valuable lesson: *Borrowing goods is far more expensive than borrowing money*—that the way to buy is to pay cash. That to me is the first principle of merchandising.

"After three years, the partners decided to open a store in Kemerer. I had saved five hundred dollars. It was planned to start the store with a capital of six thousand dollars. They offered me a third interest if I could raise the money. I took them up, and managed to borrow fifteen hundred dollars. I wanted a chance to work on my own account. We agreed that I was to have a salary of seventy-five dollars a month and Mrs. Penney twenty-five dollars a month. They thought it was a good thing to have husband and wife work together. I have always agreed with them. It teaches values and curbs extravagance. To-day we like to have

the wives of our men work with them whenever the care of their families does not prevent.

"Well, within five years, I had paid off my loan and bought out my partners. I felt that I had really earned the money with which I made that purchase—and when a man really earns something, he really appreciates it.

"THE most perfect merchandising will not flourish without men of the right kind. *You may think that goods are the foundation of a business, but they are not—men are the foundation.* Possibly the right kind of men may be hired, but a hired man is never so useful as a man who has a sense of property. A substantial money interest in the result of his own effort brings out his real value. That man might, for various causes be a failure in his own business—largely because he could not avail himself of the economics of massed capital. Our scheme is to give to the man who proves that he has the ability, the tools of proprietorship and to admit him as an individual unit to the advantages of large organization.

"We have no berths or soft snaps or easy jobs. And easy money is something we are always out of. Every man who comes to us must work for to-morrow and not for to-day.

All we give is the opportunity to prove worthy. We do not offer money—as a matter of fact, we try to make the starting salary so far below the market rate that the actual salary itself can be no inducement whatever.

"Now, the greatest asset that any man who

comes to us can have is *loyalty*. It is the greatest asset of the business man—of any man in any walk of life for that matter—for it comprises every other asset.

What is my idea of loyalty in business?



© Photograph by Pirie MacDonald, N. Y.

J. C. PENNEY

Founder and head of The J. C. Penney Company

"We do not want the whole trade anywhere; we want only that trade to which we can promise to give the largest value for the dollar."

loyal to the institution of which he is a part, he fails to be loyal to his fellow man; hence we consider him undesirable.

"Can you, then, not see why The J. C. Penney Company is composed of an unusual force of men? They are unselfishly giving their minds

"NO man can be loyal who has not a sense of appreciation; no man can be loyal who is not able to project himself into the position of his fellow man. He must believe in the Golden Rule: 'Whatsoever ye would do to you, do ye even so unto them.'

"In my business experience I have the opportunity of mingling much with men; and of our own organization I feel I can honestly and truthfully say, no more loyal men ever lived. The devotion these men have for those at the head of our organization is marvelous. In fact, it is so marked that outsiders fail to understand it. To this is due, to a large extent, the success we have achieved. But to us there is nothing strange about it, for we are careful in selecting men. If we find after a thorough trial that a man lacks the partnership qualities that we demand, we do not allow him to remain longer in our employ. Loyalty is one of the indispensable qualities we look for. If a man is not

and strength to the building of an organization that in its scope has become nation-wide. Further, we have just begun to scratch the surface; it has taken all these years to lay a foundation that will be enduring; with a corps of loyal, unselfish men, there can be no limit to the possibilities of The J. C. Penney Company.

THE directors of our organization are just as loyal to the men in their employ as the men are to them. Unless this were true, no cooperation would be possible. Loyalty is largely a result of faith and confidence. A man coming into our employ is at once impressed with the great degree of loyalty that is manifest among our store people. Few concerns that are doing business enjoy the loyalty of their employees as does The J. C. Penney Company. This spirit is in a large measure reflected by the customers of our stores, for it is no common thing to have them say:

"I have traded with your store in such and such a place, or, I have traded with this store ever since it opened." Now unless we follow a fixed policy this would not be so. We insist in

every case that our customers be treated as we ourselves would like to be treated. After many years of experience, we know absolutely that the loyalty of a store's customers is its greatest asset. Therefore, we guard it jealously for upon it rests character and reputation.

"It is not large profits we are after, but the establishment of a safe and sure foundation for a business that will be lasting. For that reason we have a host of loyal customers in every town where we have a store. This makes the name of The J. C. Penney Company synonymous with fair treatment to its patrons. This is naturally the result of years of hard work. When we open a store in a new locality, we know it will not be long until that store is doing a large business.

"The same fair treatment is given our customers we accord to every man who joins our forces. That is why we allow him in time to become financially interested in the business. In this way his individuality is developed.

"The young man should learn that loyalty to his associates, his work, and his ambition, unite to form a bond of well-being."

Why They Do Not Get On—

THEY are not reliable.

Their minds are not on their work.

They are careless and make mistakes.

They think only of their salaries.

They touch their work only with the tips of their fingers.

They are superficial and do nothing well or thoroughly.

They do not seize the opportunities for advancement that come to them.

They squander their vital energy outside of business hours.

They are lazy and will not take pains or put themselves out if they can possibly help it.

They are not careful about their personal appearance, their dress or their manner.

They are not honest or truthful and have lost the confidence of others.

They are uncertain in their action because they are always subject to outside influence.

They have no opinions of their own, but are the echo of the last man they talked with.

They have no enthusiasm and are powerless to generate it. If it is contagious in their neighborhood they catch it; but it soon evaporates.

They talk a great deal, but say very little, because they do no thinking or studying.

They look into everything but see nothing, because their brains are not developed.

They have a hundred irons in the fire, but none of them is hot enough to be welded.

They are always looking for "genteel" occupations with little or nothing to do.

When told to do anything, they stand around and ask questions instead of going to work and using their intelligence.

If called upon in an emergency, they tell you that this or that is the work of someone else—that it is not their work.

They are half-hearted and lacking in energy, originality, push, and perseverance.

They have no ambition fires to melt the obstacles in their path and weld into one continuous chain the links of their efforts.

They are always wishing their circumstances were different, bemoaning their "hard luck," or wailing because they have not been assigned to a more pleasant task.

They show such evidence of doubts and disbelief in themselves that they frighten away success and invite failure.

The Victor is he who can go it alone.

TRANSMUTE YOUR KNOWLEDGE INTO POWER

A Commencement Address to the Thousands of
Young Men and Women Who Will
Be Graduated this Month

By *ORISON SWETT MARDEN*

A CHAIN has been added to the United States army equipment which enables a soldier to lift enormous weights, with one hand, with the utmost ease. A man need only be able actually to lift eighty-two pounds in order, with the aid of this chain, to lift a ton; 180 pounds to lift twenty tons. A strong man can lift nearly fifty times as much with its help as fifty men could without it. The ponderous mass of tackle, blocks, skids, crowbars, rollers, and human muscle formerly employed in raising great weights are done away with by this simple mechanism.

This is a good illustration of what an education should do—double, treble, quadruple one's power. The educated man who has found himself, who is in a position to use all of his power, should be able to do the work of many men without education. He has, as it were, the leverage of all previous generations with which to work.

It requires scores of unthinking men with picks and shovels to do the work of one machine, planned and made by an educated and skilled mind, which has applied itself to the problem of finding the best, wisest, and quickest way of doing things.

"Facts are stupid things," said Agassiz, "unless brought into connection by some general law." Until intelligently applied to the affairs of life, they are of little use to the student. Their value lies in digesting and assimilating them, and mental assimilation is impossible without thinking, reflecting, and practically applying what we learn. This is the only way to make knowledge one's own, to make it a living part of oneself. Because they do not do this, many of our graduates from school and college are weak, and inefficient, practically failures outside of the study hall. They go through college and stand well, without ever learning

to think at all. That is, they depend upon their memory, which carries them through their classes, and enables them to get their percentage for examinations. On the other hand, many who don't know a tenth as much, but who have digested what they know by thinking, reflecting upon it, making it a part of themselves, while they may fail in examination tests, are infinitely stronger, more practical, more self-reliant, better fitted for the great tests of life.

The greatest satisfaction that ever comes to a human being comes from the active exercise of his mental powers, the effort to express the ability which he feels.

A STUFFED memory does not make an educated man. A really educated man has a peculiar faculty of transforming knowledge into power. Such ability is the secret of success. "Know thyself," is the theoretical end of culture. "Use thyself," is the practical end.

"Some minds are so congested with the fuel of mere information that the fire of aim and practical purpose never becomes kindled within them," says Lilian Whiting.

There are thousands of young men and young women in America, to-day, stepping out of our colleges, who are little more than mere granaries of knowledge, walking encyclopedias of stored-up information. They have great absorptive powers but their faculties are unable to give out what they absorb and to put it to practical use.

THE purpose of school and college should be to aid youth in the voyage of self-discovery. True education is a system of self-revelation, a plan whereby one is assisted to take an inventory of one's self and of one's resources. The athlete does not carry the gymnasium away with him.

The strength, the skill, the discipline he displays, the gymnasium has helped him to acquire. That which the graduate should take from his *Alma Mater* is the mental strength, the stamina which will make him an active force in the world, and not merely the great mass of facts by means of which, and through the study of which, he was supposed to acquire strength and stamina—practical power.

REAL education increases the grasp of the faculties, the grip of the mind, increases the powers for analyzing ideas, systematizes knowledge and teaches one how to apply it.

How few college graduates are really practical? Very often these young men and women think they are educated above their job when they are not grounded in the fundamental principles of business. Is it any wonder that so many of our business men are prejudiced against employing them? How many think it is undignified for a man with a college diploma to begin at the bottom and work his way up! So they spurn the smaller opportunity and await the greater, for which they are unfitted, or which, perhaps, never comes.

"I believe that my college diploma has been a hindrance rather than a help, because I expected too much from it," a college graduate said to me. "I have leaned upon it instead of upon myself. I have used it as a crutch. When I tried to get a position and told my prospective employers that I had several university degrees, they simply said, 'Your college degrees are all right, but what we want is a man who can do things, who can bring things to pass, who can market goods or handle men.'"

LEADING your class in knowledge will mean little to your employer unless you can lead your fellow employees with mastery, in well-performed, efficient work. How you rank among the other employees—that is what will interest your employer, not what your record was in college.

The college graduate should give to the world an example of a highly trained man or woman, a man or woman fitted for effectiveness in any line of endeavor in which he or she might engage. Instead of that, I have talked with many college graduates who have not betrayed any evidence of an especially highly trained mentality. We

meet them everywhere; college graduates as conductors and motormen on street cars; perpetual clerks, with meager chance of promotion; writers of occasional squibs for the newspapers; or hangers-on in society, who have no strength to rise in the world, because they have not digested and assimilated the knowledge they have gained.

THE absorption of knowledge may become as much of a dissipation as any other bad habit. "The end of education," said Lord Kelvin, "is to help a man to earn his living, and then to make life worth living."

We should be educated for life. Book learning alone makes weaklings. What the student absorbs in books and lectures is nothing compared with what he gives out in thinking and self-expression.

The weakness of scholarship is that it sometimes lessens the courage and self-confidence as it broadens the outlook. It pushes the horizon further away, but it often shows up more obstacles, more difficulties in the path. The further a scholar gets, the vaster the great unfathomed sea of knowledge looms, and this makes him feel small, ignorant and comparatively helpless. The more he learns, the more he finds he does not know.

WE see many examples of totally uneducated men who jump into things which an educated man, with a broader horizon, with infinitely greater culture, would hesitate to undertake.

In addition to timidity the regulation education develops an overcaution, a fear of undertaking things, and thus paralyzes initiative. The graduate's initiative is often much weaker and less developed than when he entered college, because he has been withdrawn from the world of thought, from the world of realities to a world of theories. It is doing things, assuming responsibility that develops initiative, self-reliance and power. Absorbing knowledge is more or less of a passive mental operation.

Self-reliance, one of the principal strands in the success cable, is developed but very little in an ordinary college education. There is too much absorbing, taking in of things from the outside, too much dependence on the accumulation of facts and theories in our educational system and too



little evolution of our own internal forces. To learn self-reliance is to learn the secret of life and of happiness: for without it we are the victims of every wind that blows, the victim of chance, of others who would use us, who would exploit us for their own ends.

THERE is nothing which will make one develop so strongly along the entire line of one's ability as absolute self-reliance, confidence in one's own judgment, one's thoughts, and ideas. The college graduate should bear this in mind as he enters the world of business affairs. The man who stands alone, who does not hesitate before obstacles, the man who believes in his own inherent power to do things, and goes in to do them, is the man who wins. Power is the goal of every worthy ambition, and only weakness comes from limitation or dependence upon others. We must stand alone or bury our ambition.

It is a regrettable fact that the average school or college graduate really knows very little about his own mental equipment, upon which his whole future hangs! How many have been told that if they do not cultivate their power of initiative, their self-reliance, their independence, no matter how much they might know, they would never make a success of life, could never be achievers in things worth while? How seldom are they told that if they do

not cultivate their courage, their self-respect, their fearlessness, that their timidity, their self-depreciation, their cowardice might ruin their careers?

If I could give the youth of the country but one word of advice, I think it would be this: "*Don't expect anything from anybody but yourself.*" The watch does not get any assistance outside its case. The secret of its success is right inside of it; the force which keeps all the machinery in operation is in its mainspring.

Whatever is done for us is a false help. It does not do what it claims to do. Props, helps, and crutches, merely discourage the development of initiative and discourage self-reliance and self-help. Whatever does this is a curse, no matter how well intended it may be.

NO human being who is made of the right stuff will lean upon others, depend upon them, wait for letters of recommendation, for good openings, favorable opportunities.

Self-help is the secret of all achievement. Without it nothing is ever accomplished that is worth while. What people do for us, influence, pulls, do not count so far as our personal success is concerned. Without self-help, without self-reliance, the best part of you will never come into evidence. It will be latent.

Highest Essential to Human Happiness

From a Speech by Warren G. Harding, President of the United States

IDECLINE to recognize any conflict of interest among the participants in industry. The destruction of one is the ruin of the other, the suspicion or rebellion of one unavoidably involves the other. In conflict is disaster, in understanding there is triumph. But the insistent call is for labor, management and capital to reach understanding.

The human element comes first, and I want the employers in industry to understand the aspirations, the convictions, the yearnings of the millions of American wage-earners, and I want the wage-earners to understand the problems, the anxieties, the obligations of management and capital, and all of them understand their relationship to the people and their obligations to the Republic.

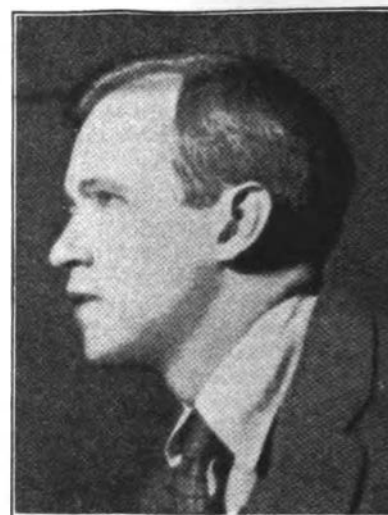
Out of this will come the unanimous committal to economic justice, and in economic justice, lies that social justice which is the highest essential to human happiness.

"Here's the secret of my success as a playwright, but don't publish it," says:

Avery Hopwood

Author of Four Broadway
Successes Now Running

In an interview with
LOUIS M. NOTKIN



AVERY HOPWOOD

ABOUT sixteen years ago, a tall, blond, young man, aged twenty-one, reporting for a newspaper in Cleveland, Ohio, decided that he would be a playwright. So he wrote a play about society life which he called "Clothes," and journeyed to New York to find a producer. This young man was Avery Hopwood. At that time, his stock in trade was a genial personality, a keen desire to study human nature, and a large amount of natural determination. While he had made up his mind to chase that subtle will-o'-the-wisp, playwriting, he thought less about the possibility of earning big royalties and seeing his name printed large on posters, than he did about writing something worth while. "Clothes" had all the earmarks of the beginner; but it had a big idea, and young Mr. Hopwood was induced to collaborate with a more experienced craftsman, Mr. Channing Pollock. In such instances, the more experienced playwright receives the larger end of the royalties, but all that Hopwood cared for was to get a start.

"Clothes" proved a success. Mr. Hopwood kept on studying and working. To-day he is the author or coauthor of four successful plays now running in New York City.

This interview which he granted me for THE NEW SUCCESS, is the first he has found time to give. He is a studious, painstaking, hard-working young man, blessed with humor.

"Mr. Hopwood," I said, "I understand that four of your plays are now being produced on Broadway with great success and that a fifth, which you are completing, is about to be accepted?"

Mr. Hopwood smilingly said, "I don't



like to count the chickens before they are hatched. I am only certain of the four plays now appearing on Broadway. I hope Father Time will prove your prediction to be true. At any rate, I shall keep on working. Failure only makes me work all the harder."

"But how do you manage to write so many plays within so short a period?"

"I'll tell you the secret of successful playwriting, but don't put it in your article; I don't want the other playwrights to copy my system; I fear competition too much. I keep a sort of card catalogue in which I file all the ideas that come to me for plays, characters and scenes. Of course, it is not a real card-catalogue, but it resembles one. When I want to write a new play, I look through it in search of an idea. Sometimes, the idea is expressed briefly; sometimes, when it lends itself to easy outline, the whole thing is outlined. I generally keep a few ideas ahead. At present I have what I consider six or eight good ideas for plays and about a hundred fairly good ones.

"In writing, I do not always confine myself to one play, sometimes I work at two at a time—writing one in the morning and one in the afternoon. I don't believe in waiting for the proper mood to write. I try to do four to six hours' work every day, and keep at it even if the things I write each day aren't

C. J. Cottell, City Statistician of Philadelphia, gives this rather novel definition of a pessimist:

"A pessimist is like a blind man in a dark room looking for a black hat that isn't there."

good. It is necessary to do that to keep your hand in. When writing a play, I do not dress in my street clothes; for I know there will be the temptation to go out, and once out of the house I might not come back to work.

"Before the actual writing of the dialogue, I have in mind the beginning, middle, and end of the play. I write the whole thing roughly as a story, then divide it into acts, sometimes even into scenes. All this is done before the writing of dialogue begins. It saves a lot of labor. Then you know you have sufficient material, and you won't write two acts and then find you have nothing left for a third. Dialogue is very easy to me. It is in constructing a play that I must take off my coat and fight. A scene is usually right the first time. It may need cutting and polishing; but if the dialogue does not come easily and right the first time, I know something is wrong and that it won't come at all—that I had better try some other motive."

"Since plays like *'Spanish Love'* and *'The Bat'* were written by yourself and Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, could you tell me just what method of procedure you adopt when you collaborate?"

"THAT depends entirely on the complexity of plot and the nature of its construction. When a plot lends itself to easy development, Mrs. Rinehart usually writes one act and I write another. We then exchange manuscripts for general criticism. Finally we rewrite the acts in accordance with those criticisms.

"But sometimes a play, because of complexity of plot or difficult problems or obstacles, does not allow such a method of procedure. In that case, we have to fall back on the more usual method of personal contact which permits more opportunity for discussion.

"Mrs. Rinehart lives with her husband and family in Pittsburg. Whenever it is necessary, I go there for a few weeks' stay for the purpose of collaborating or she comes to New York. We get together four or five hours a day for real

work. She sits at one end of the table and I at the other. I usually handle the typewriter. One of us presents an idea for a scene or dialogue and the other criticises and dissects it. By the time we get through we don't know who contributed the most to that scene. After a dozen such meetings, the rough draft of the play is usually completed and needs only a little polish and revision."

"What event in your life suggested your play *'The Gold Diggers'*?"

"CONVERSATION with a prominent member of a musical comedy suggested this play. She brought to my attention the fact that certain members of her cast formed a club consisting of those girls who received presents from wealthy admirers and gave nothing in return. They called themselves *'The Gold Diggers.'*"

"How about *'The Bat,'* certainly the most remarkable mystery play ever written?"

"THE *Bat* is based on the *'Circle Staircase,'* a detective story written by Mrs. Rinehart in 1907. Mrs. Rinehart and I maintain that *'The Bat'* is a question-proof mystery play. There is not a question that can be raised regarding the play which we cannot answer. Try one. The spontaneous comical remarks in the mouth of the servant in the play were put in to break up the tense moments of the chill-creeping scenes."

"*'Spanish Love'* is Mr. Hopwood's first experience in adapting a foreign play for the American stage, and he found it a difficult task.

"What little humor there was in the original would have been unintelligible to an American audience," he told me. "Mrs. Rinehart and I felt that humor was needed in it. But you can't write humor around Spanish peasants. In other words, as Broadway terms it, we could do no *'wise cracking.'* For that reason, we decided to treat it in romantic fashion."

NO CHANCE

WITH doubt and dismay you are smitten,
You think there's no chance for you, son?
Why the best books haven't been written,
The best race hasn't been run;
The best score hasn't been made yet,
The best song hasn't been sung,
The best tune hasn't been played yet,
Cheer up, for the world is young.

The best verse hasn't been rhymed yet,
The best house hasn't been planned,
The highest peak hasn't been climbed yet,
The mightiest rivers aren't spanned;
Don't worry and fret, faint-hearted,
The chances have just begun
For the best jobs haven't been started,
The best work hasn't been done.

—Selected.

The other girls had given Minnie Kenny advice out of the fullness of their experience. They told her that if she wanted to "hold him" she must praise him, and compliment him, and tell him over and over again how much she admired him. But she couldn't do it. She worked out her own salvation in another way.

A Girl Dares Greatly

By MARY SINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

ONCE a year, in spring, Romance fluttered by the desk of Minnie Kenny and tarried awhile. At that time, Minnie forgot that she was small, and thin, and pale, and altogether lacking in that startling beauty which marked the girls who sold gowns and millinery in the thickly carpeted fashion-salon of Crane's. At that time, she forgot that she was merely a bookkeeper on a high chair behind the little grated window where sales were reported and recorded, and she ventured forth into the mirrored buying-room where Josh Merritt came yearly to display his spring line of hats.

At that time, too, Minnie became for a short while, an object of great concern to the sophisticated saleswomen who gave to the Crane establishment its aura of extreme smartness. One by one they would cross to Minnie's window, and in a spirit of light banter, drop a hint or two.

"Remember, Minnie," they would warn, "treat him nice. If you don't, you'll lose him. Tell him how wonderful he is, and that, some day, you feel positive he'll be a millionaire. And don't talk too much. You know you've got that habit, Minnie. You keep quiet for the longest time and then suddenly you let out in a good, stiff lecture. You can't do that with a man. Got to treat 'em gently. The best way is to just sit still, look sweet, and listen. Don't forget, Minnie. That's advice that comes high."

And Minnie Kenny would put down her pen for a brief space and listen to the wisdom of those more experienced women who knew the art of "man-holding" so well that they managed to get someone to wait about and take them home almost every evening. Sometimes there was a tinge of laughter in their voices as they thus counseled her, as if they were making sport of her poor little romance; but their barbed arrows glanced away from Minnie Kenny. Her thoughts were too busy with the day when Josh Merritt would come into the

Crane establishment and ask her to dinner and the theater.

That night she would clear her desk hurriedly and take the car to Mrs. Grew's boarding-house. Once there, she would fly up to her room, and heedless of the warning bell to dinner, she would dress herself with extreme care. Every little hook and eye would be caught in place, and every silken strand of her shining brown hair would be slicked tidily back, until, when she tripped down the stairs to answer Josh Merritt's bell, she looked like a prim and pruned, sleek, little tulip.

And now again it was spring, and Josh Merritt, tall, browned, blue-eyed, with his same irresistible smile, his same irrepressible good humor, and his same faultlessly pressed suit of blue serge, was standing in the center of the little buying-room, openly admiring the piquant faces of the pretty models who jerked their heads this way and that as they tried on his new sample hats.

"WONDERFUL!" he cried to Bishop, the buyer. "Aren't they wonderful?" "Well, yes. They are rather exceptionally smart hats."

"Not the hats, man. The girls!"

"Oh! The girls! Yes. They're good-looking."

"Good-looking! Is that all? I tell you man, if you'd been traveling all over this little State of ours, making towns where the chief milliner is a dried old crab apple with a green complexion and a sour disposition, you'd appreciate what it is to come into a room like this and see a lot of live faces that actually smile. Wonderful! Wonderful girls, with their sparkling eyes, and wavy hair, and sweet lips. Gee! Bishop. I tell you there are times when I wish like all sorts of things that I had a wonderful girl of my own, in a wonderful house of my own, where I could anchor down and stay set."

"Well? What's to prevent you? I guess there are any number of girls who wouldn't exactly turn you down."

"But what's the use asking them? You ought to know the sort of life a traveling man can offer a woman. One day I'd be home and the next—bingo! Off for three months. Some life, that. Some life—not! What do you say, Old Reliable?"

This last was addressed to Minnie Kenny who had tiptoed into the room, an eager-faced, hesitant figure in her plain blue skirt and simple white waist. She had heard his appreciation of the pretty models, and, somewhere in her mind, a tiny voice cried, "You're not pretty, Minnie. Your cheeks aren't red, your eyes don't sparkle, your hair doesn't curl. You're just Minnie Kenny—Old Reliable—a plain, unobtrusive cog in the wheel. You weren't made to try on hats before a beveled mirror. It's your business to see that the charge customers pay their bills on time and that the creditors get their checks on the first of the month. That's what you're here for, Minnie."

So in reply to Josh Merritt's question, she just smiled that same tremulous, shy little smile which had made him stop five years before and impulsively ask her to dinner and the theater. And every year since that he had asked her. Nor did he know why, except that he was a bit afraid of the other girls with their sophisticated laughter and their daring, pert ways of saying wise things.

"When can you make deliveries, Merritt?"

As Bishop came abruptly down to business, the two models glided noiselessly out of the room to the salon below, and Minnie Kenny tripped back to her high chair and ledger, there to wait until Josh Merritt should turn in the duplicate of his order and ask her as usual: "Is seven o'clock all right?"



"Tell him how wonderful he is, and that, some day, you feel positive he'll be a millionaire"

This year her little room would witness unusual preparations. There was a new dress of soft, creamy lace and a drooping, shaded hat to go with it. Minnie had purchased it after it had been rejected by a dissatisfied patron, and only once, before the low, wide mirror of her dresser had she dared to put it on just to see how it looked. After that she had hastily folded it in its tissue paper and laid it away to wait for the spring and Josh Merritt. There was another box too, in her room—a pink satin-lined box with tiny compartments that held a cake of scented soap, an oddly shaped bottle of green perfume, a downy puff, powder, rouge, and a carmine stick such as she often saw the girls in the salon apply to their lips.

Every time Minnie thought of that box, she blushed uncomfortably and took herself to task with strange disjointed sentences.

"Other girls do it. It's not a sin. Just a tiny dab. No air in this office. All cramped up. How could I have color? A bit wouldn't hurt. And I'd dust it right over with powder."

All of which hinted at a new intention and indicated that Minnie Kenny was not exactly satisfied with the fragmentary character of her romance. And it was true. Seven years in the hall-room of Mrs. Grew's boarding-house had created a great unrest in her heart. What was there to look forward to but the same old stew, the same old prunes, and the same soggy pie? She was growing older, was twenty-five now, and the years ahead looked

bleaker and bleaker. Pretty soon, if she didn't act quickly, she would become like Miss Mott in the back parlor—Miss Mott who took her recreation at the free library, reading romances that happened to other women and who went

weekly to the savings bank to put away the five dollars she managed to rescue from her meager wages.

JOSH MERRITT and Mr. Bishop came into the tiny office. They were still talking deliveries, and dozens, and numbers. Automatically, Josh handed Minnie the duplicate-order slip. Minnie took it, clamped it into the great fastener where other order slips were kept and waited.

"Well, Old Reliable?"

Minnie's heart restrained a beat.

"Early spring we're having this year. And they say we'll have a long, hot summer."

With which he followed Mr. Bishop out into the salon.

Minnie Kenny swallowed hard and sat very, very still. He—he hadn't asked her! He had forgotten! She made a sudden move to get off the high chair and follow him. But the next instant she caught herself, bit her lip, and looked steadily down at the ledger until a blur came before her eyes and made of the figures a hopeless jumble.

All day long, Minnie Kenny sat at her desk and breathlessly awaited the ringing of the telephone. Perhaps he would call. But when six o'clock came and there was still no word from Josh Merritt, she half-heartedly cleared away the books, the bills, and the ledger. As she slipped into her coat two of the saleswomen approached.

"Well, Minnie," cried one, "he's here! It's your fault if you don't have a good time."

"That's right," chirped the other. "It's all up to you. Insist on the best there is, and you'll get it. Make him rattle his coin, Minnie. Don't show him you're not used to a good time. And, above all, pat him on the back. You know what I mean."

"I know," said Minnie Kenny, and forced a smile to her lips. "I know."

Mrs. Grew was preparing the inevitable stew for dinner; and as Minnie opened the hall door, the over-spiced odor wafted up the stairs from the basement kitchen. It made her sick, choky. Hastily she ran upstairs to her own room and threw open the window. There was a chair beside it. She sank into it, leaning far out into the street. Spring! How disturbing it was! Just that smell of melting snow and that woody aroma of sprouting green things. Each year it had brought her a night of thrilled happiness. But now—

Suddenly she went to the dresser and drew forth the tissue-paper wrapper, spreading the dress upon the bed in all its lacy, gauzy glory.

Josh Merritt would never see her in it. And the hat! How it softened the lines of her face! As she looked at her reflection in the mirror, an impulsive whim flashed through her mind, and before it had time to pale and grow cold, she hastily pulled her business clothes off, and dashed into the bathroom at the end of the hall.

Ten minutes later she returned, and feverishly brought from its hiding place the pink satin-lined box. With resolute daring, she applied the cold cream, wiped it off, and then dusted with powder. From its tiny compartment, she took the rouge puff and rubbed it across her cheeks. In the flush that it imparted, a sparkle seemed to leap up in her eyes and glow there. She brushed out the silken strands of her hair and recklessly threw them up into a great coil on the top of her head, the way the girls did at Crane's. For a single second, then, she hesitated, arrested by that strange, flushed self that looked at her out of the mirror. But the next instant her lips were set firmly, and she went toward the closet where an altogether frivolous pair of black-satin pumps with rhinestone-studded buckles peeked out at her. There were fine, sheer stockings too; and at seven o'clock, Minnie Kenny sat before her mirror in all her finery, a figure oddly at ends with the almost poor plainness of the room.

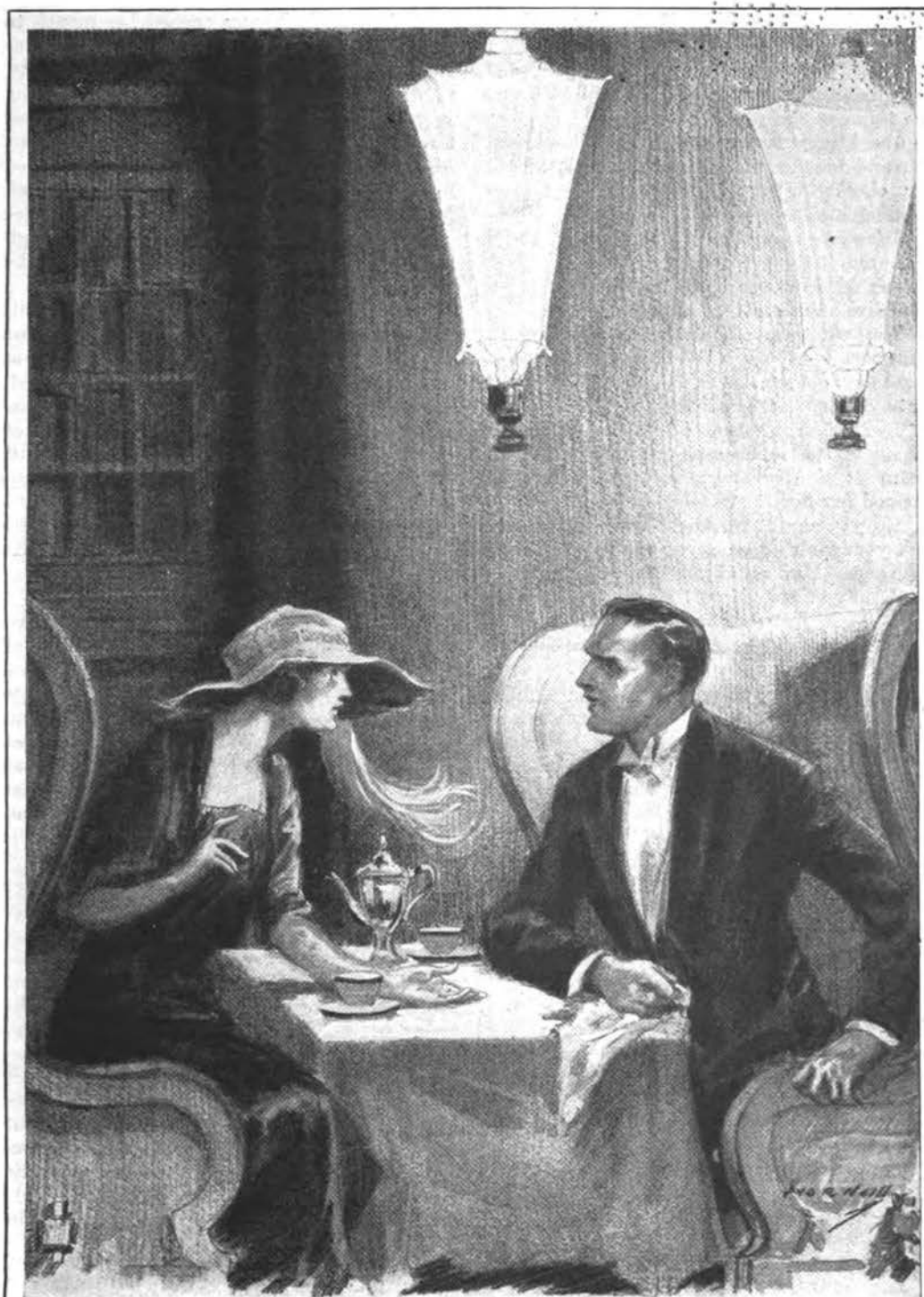
FOR what seemed an eternity, she stared at herself in that mirror. Even as she stared, the tears began to roll down her cheeks until she could no longer see, and she rested her head on the top of the dresser. Softly, whimperingly, with hushed sobs that would not make themselves known to the other boarders, she cried.

In the midst of it all, there came a knock on the door followed by Miss Stern's cheery: "Hello, Minnie! Coming down to dinner?"

Minnie sat very still and stifled a sob. She didn't want visitors. Miss Stern rattled the knob a moment, found it locked, and passed downstairs to the dining-room.

Minnie raised her head from the dresser and went to the window, looking out into the street where the spring eve had fallen. As she did so, a familiar figure passed up the front steps and rang the bell. Minnie held her breath a second and then rushed to her door, opening it in time to hear Mrs. Grew say, "I guess Miss Kenny isn't home yet."

"Yes I am!" cried Minnie, and without waiting, she hurried downstairs to greet Josh Merritt—her face flushed, her hair a bit awry, the carmine of the rouge on her cheeks slightly impaired by the inroad of her tears.



"Don't you see, Josh Merritt? Don't you see that, right now, when you think you've out-and-out failed, you've actually got the biggest opportunity to jump ahead?"

"Why! Why! Old Reli—why—Minnie Kenny!"

Josh Merritt's eyes stared their surprise at this altogether new Minnie Kenny, and because she thought she saw accusation in their blue depths, Minnie Kenny sank down on the lowest step and cried again, making futile little dabs at her cheeks with a flimsy, ridiculous, lace handkerchief.

"It's—r-r—rouge," she stuttered. "And I dud—didn't think you were coming."

Josh Merritt put both his hands on her shoulders and raised her up.

"Now whatever," he demanded, "put such a thing into your head? You know it's a sort of standing appointment. I wouldn't break it for anything. Are you ready?"

"I—I will be in a minute. If, if you'll just let me run up stairs and—and wash off this—this"

But Josh Merritt put out his hand and stopped her flight.

"No you don't, Minnie. Leave it be. It isn't your fault if you haven't any real color of your own. How could you have it, sticking in that stuffy office? Here! Have you a powder puff? Well, just dust it across your face and eyes. Now come along. Where do we eat?"

ACROSS the spotlessly clean table with its shaded pink lights, Josh Merritt leaned toward Minnie Kenny.

"Do you know, Minnie," he said, "this may be the last time I'll see you in a long, long time."

Minnie gulped down the bit of cake in her mouth.

"Are you—going away?"

"You hit it the first shot. That's just what. I'm leaving Carroll and Mayers. No chance with them."

Minnie opened her mouth to speak and suddenly shut it—tight.

"You see," he continued. "I'm sick and tired of this jumping around. Getting older. Thirty my last birthday. Can't stand the trains any more—and the makeshift food. I want a home and the comforts that—"

"Then why," began Minnie Kenny, when he abruptly cut her short.

"I'm going to get into another game. This salesmanship business can't land me anywhere. Been at it ten years now and what have I got to show for it? Nothing—except a few dollars in the bank. Every time I've made up my mind to work for the managership of a branch office, or some other post where I can stay settled, up bumps some long lost relative of the boss, or somebody with pull, and does me out of the job. Makes me sick and disgusted."

Again Minnie Kenny opened her mouth to talk, and again she shut it tightly. Every year since Josh Merritt had come to take her out, there had been this same story of changing jobs. Every year there had been the same howl about pull and influence. And, every year, Minnie Kenny, mindful of the advice offered by the girls in the shop, had listened to Josh Merritt's story and either kept altogether quiet or agreed with him that it *was* a pretty tough world for a poor man, and that it *did* take influence to put a man ahead.

But during the last year Minnie Kenny had done a lot of thinking, a lot of reading, and a lot of observing. And the more she thought, and the more she read, and the more she observed, the more certain she became that the old excuses about pull, and influence, and the other things were just plain tommyrot. Men without influential relatives and friends without money, sometimes men who were painfully handicapped, did get on and *were* successful. She was thinking of these things when Josh Merritt took up his grievance again.

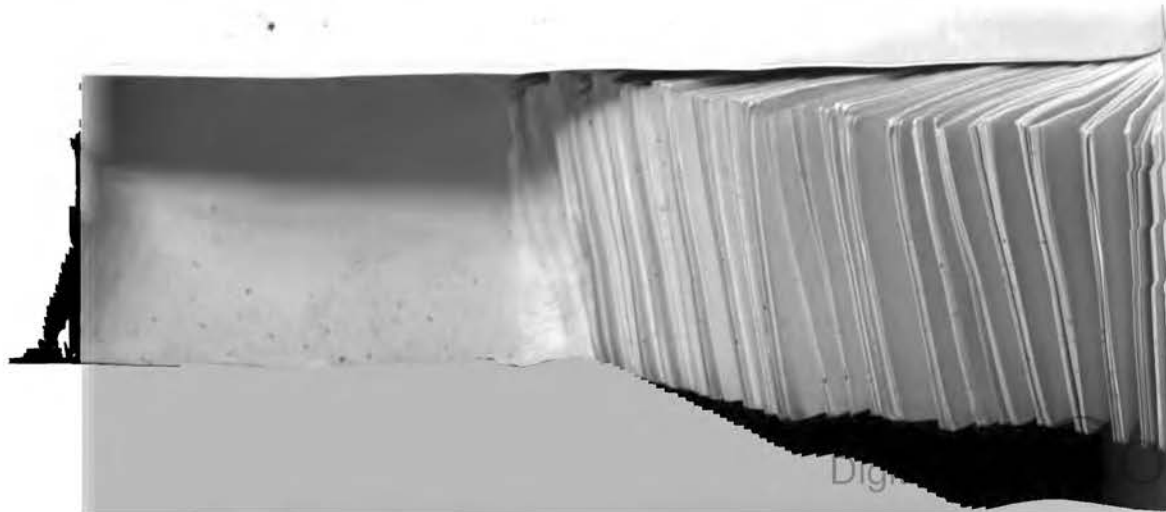
REMEMBER that time I worked so hard to become sales director for Brandon's? It was almost mine when his kid nephew with a lot of high faluting ideas popped in from college and grabbed the job right under my nose. And what could I do? And then there was that manager's job at Arnold Williams. It was as good as promised to me; and yet, at the last instant they took a new man from Boston and gave it to him. That's the way my life is spent—chasing opportunities."

For another moment Minnie Kenny held her tongue within leash, and then—because for five years she had enshrined Josh Merritt in her heart, and because she had woven her little dreams about him and had secretly hoped things which she dared not confess aloud—she threw to the wind the advice the girls had dinned into her ears. Josh Merritt might become angry at her; he might never see her again; and she might lose even the little taste of romance that he brought into her life. But he was wrong—altogether wrong. And someone ought to tell it to him. And so, when he made that last remark about chasing opportunities, she suddenly sat up straight and stiff in her chair.

"No," she said quietly, but forcibly. "Your life is not spent chasing opportunities, but running away from them!"

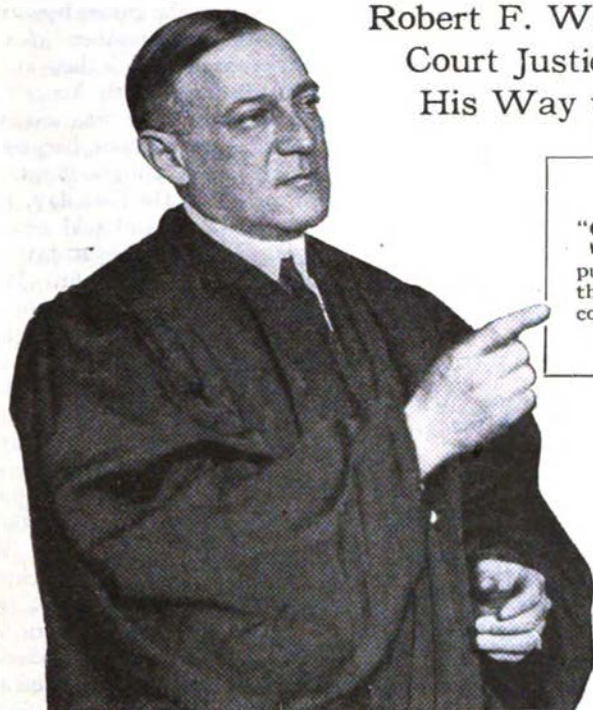
"What's that?" asked Josh Merritt. He spoke with unusual sharpness.

(Continued on page 117)



The Janitor's Son Who Became a Judge

Robert F. Wagner, New York Supreme Court Justice, Tells How He Worked His Way up from Humble Boyhood



THIS IS MY CREED:

"SUCCESS should not be measured by money. The pendulum of enlightened public opinion is swinging slowly away from that standard. Success is making some contribution to the public for the benefit of posterity."

In an Exclusive Interview
with

ADA PATTERSON

He lives in a comfortable home, with his ten-year-old-son, at 222 East Eighty-sixth Street, New York City. His recreation is grand opera. Once a week he goes to the Metropolitan Opera House, or he puts a Caruso or a

Barrientos record on his victrola and the music is an aid to him as he reads or studies. His life is rounded to the turn he desires. Behold a contented man! But behind this state of deep content, stretches a road sometimes arid, often paved with burning stones of effort.

ROBERT F. WAGNER was a poor immigrant's son. He arrived in this country when he was eight years of age—and he could not speak one word of English. His father secured a job as janitor in an East Side apartment house.

He was an East Side janitor's son. He lived as members of a janitor's family do—in the basement of the tenement.

He went barefoot—not because he wished to, but to save his father the price of shoes.

He knew hunger. He was one of the children who often went to school without food, who studied all day "on an empty stomach."

HE might have been governor of the State of New York; but he declined.

"Strange," said the hoary advisers of the determined young man who wouldn't be governor. "What do you want?"

"I want to be a justice of the Supreme Court," he answered.

"You!—who have been a member of the assembly and the senate, who have been majority leader—you want to wear a silk gown and sit among books? You will be miserable."

"With all respect for your opinion I know I will be happy," he answered. "That happens to be my ambition."

So it came about that, at forty years of age, Robert F. Wagner, one time lieutenant-governor of New York State, turned his back on the fray which is political leadership, and became a judge. He sits on the bench so long as it is necessary every day, or holds counsel with other judges, or ponders his cases in chambers after court.

He sold newspapers on Third Avenue and peppermint lozenges and lemon sticks in City Hall Park and at the Brooklyn Bridge entrance. He left his bed on winter mornings at a time when children love to cuddle their pillows—at four o'clock—and carried newspapers over a route.

He worked as a hall boy at the New York Athletic Club, and frequently helped into his overcoat Judge Bartow S. Weeks, now sitting in Special Sessions, New York City. Judge Weeks has sat with the former hall boy hearing cases.

It was a way of toil and weariness for the immigrant boy. One Commencement, he was invited to Grammar School No. 83, which he had attended, to tell the inspiring story of his life. He told all that I am setting down in this article; but, most important, he said:

"I'm not here to talk to you because I have any more in me than you have. I haven't. I came to tell you that you must never become discouraged; or, that if you do you must pick yourself up and go on."

Miss Schwartz, the principal, the same teacher who had guided Bobby Wagner through the Fifth Reader and fractions, smiled an effulgent smile. She is proud of Bobby. She goes to his quiet, comfortable home occasionally to tell him so. And she tells his story

to all the other boys and girls who were not present when he talked to the pupils at Commencement.

THE evolution of Bobby Wagner, newsboy and janitor's son, to Judge Robert F. Wagner of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, is one to set enthusiasm aflame! The story is possible only in this country. The old lands beyond the sea afford no such story of a legitimate rise from low to high levels, from poverty to power, from want to competence.

Bobby Wagner's struggle upward began in East 106 Street, at a time when that thoroughfare was far uptown—a highway contiguous to the fields and the "real" country. The region lying between Madison and Park Avenues, marked the homes of prosperous Americans.

They owned the houses in which they lived. Their children were being educated after a fashion both thorough and ornamental. The neighborhood was one of "nice boys." Because the janitor's son had similar attainments he was invited to join them in their games.

True, his clothes were always worn and cheap, but his manners were good. Frequently he could not join in the games because he had to help his father and mother "clean up" the apartment house for which they were the caretakers. But during the few hours he could play, he was welcome. He was missed from the Saturday-afternoon games because, while a holiday for his rich neighbors, it was a day of extra work for him. On that day, he went down to City Hall Park and sold newspapers and lozenges. While it was a day of self-denial as to play it was one of profit. His profit on each box of lozenges was forty cents.

Usually, in a day, he sold three boxes to the crowd en route to Coney Island. Saturday was a "rush" day, too, for newspapers. And when he had finished work on this day, every bone in his young body ached from fatigue; but he had done his share to refill the family coffers. On Sunday, he stood at one of the East Side entrances to Central Park and sold lozenges and newspapers.

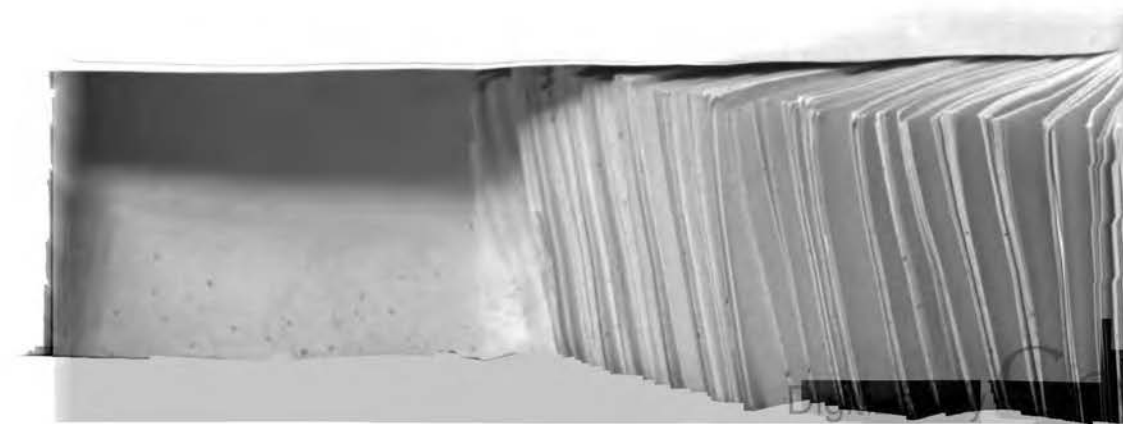
On other days, he had the newspaper route that required him to rise at four o'clock in the morning; and there were newspapers to be transferred from his well-filled stock to purchasers leaving or taking the Third Avenue cars.

By another means, too, he helped to fill the thin purse and the reduced larder of his parents. He was a good pupil at school. Learning came easy to Bobby Wagner—much easier than it did to some of his rich neighbors, and they persuaded him to coach them and paid him from their allowance. In this way he sometimes earned as much as five dollars a week.

ONE mighty factor curtailed his earnings. He must go to school. School and study hours made a big hole in the earning day. So the problem of how to earn sufficient for food

Calvin Coolidge, Vice-President of the United States, says:

***T**HERE is coming a time, not far distant, when it will be as much of a disgrace for those who are affluent to remain in idleness as it is, to-day, for those men who go about the streets in our cities and towns in idleness and begging.*



and clothing and incidentals remained a difficult one for the family to solve.

His elder brother, a cook in the New York Athletic Club, pointed a way for an increase in Bobby's earning power. He might be a hall boy at the club. So each summer, for four years, small Bobby Wagner handed tall men their coats and hats and sticks for varying bits of compensation.

In a speech, twenty years later, he gave his "confessions" of his "hall-boy" days. "We divided the members of the club into 'live' ones and 'dead' ones, according to the way they tipped us," he said. "Judge Bartow S. Weeks was one of the 'live' ones."

Came his milestone day when he was graduated from Grammar School No. 83. Family councils followed as to whether or not the youth might dare to aspire to college.

"The College of the City of New York is free," he reminded the family.

"But it takes so much time to study that you can earn little or nothing," the family reminded him.

He tried it. He kept on trying. It was not easy. It was, indeed, a long, bitter pull. The family grew discouraged. The student himself grew discouraged. The lad earned as much as he could by tutoring fellow students. His brother, the cook, married, and would walk from his home in Harlem to the New York Athletic Club at 59 Street and Sixth Avenue—about six miles—to save a nickel for the younger boy's educational fund.

But Robert Wagner kept on. He struggled through college. He won two prizes, and was the valedictorian of his class.

AND now came the problem of the law course which he craved. He considered fitting himself for teaching that he might earn the money which would enable him to take the law course. A former teacher of his, who had become a school examiner, dissuaded him from taking up that calling.

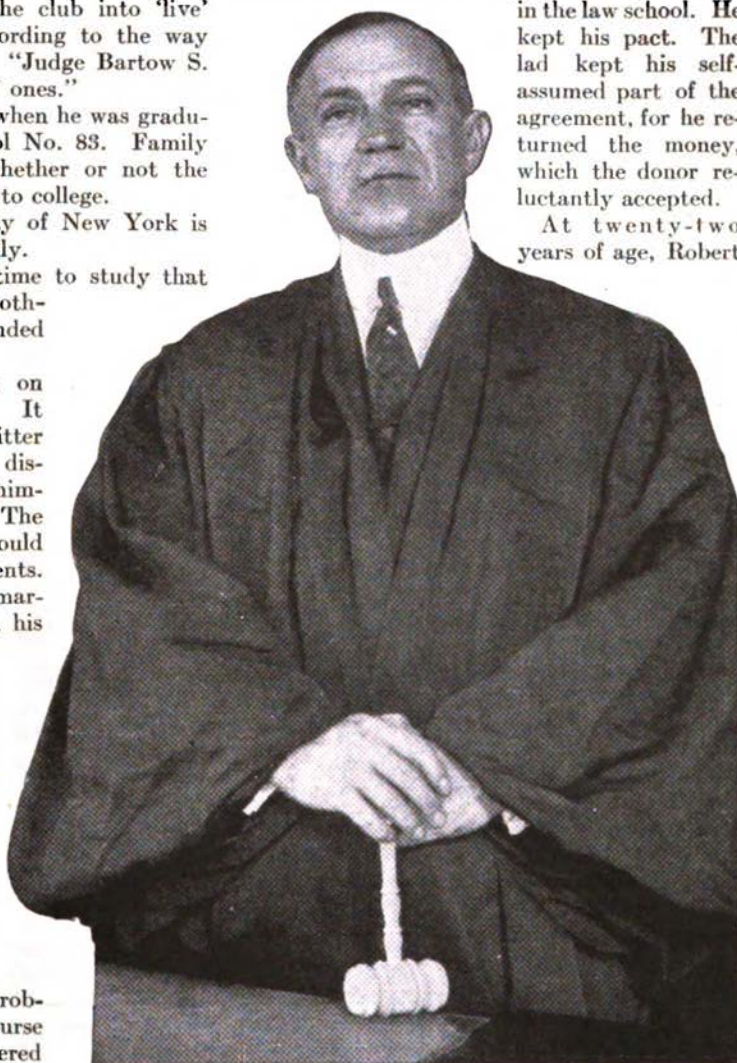
"Don't do it, Robert," he said. "It is a clamping vocation. If you get into it you may never get out."

"But I must make my way through the law school," said young Wagner.

The school examiner gave him a letter to a relative. "He is interested in helping boys to an education," he wrote. "Perhaps you can make an arrangement with him."

The arrangement was that the school examiner's relative should pay the boy's tuition in the law school. He kept his pact. The lad kept his self-assumed part of the agreement, for he returned the money, which the donor reluctantly accepted.

At twenty-two years of age, Robert



ROBERT F. WAGNER, JUSTICE OF THE NEW YORK SUPREME COURT

He was brought to America when he was eight years old. He could not speak English. His immigrant father found work as janitor of an apartment house. But the son had character, push, a studious disposition and *good manners*. His elder brother, a poor cook, walked six miles a day to contribute a nickel to the younger boy's education. A wonderful life-story this!

F. Wagner had completed college, finished his law course, and was admitted to the bar. At this juncture, he evinced further proof of his sturdiness of character. He might have found a berth in a firm of prosperous lawyers. He preferred to found a firm of his own. With Jeremiah Mahoney, aged twenty five years, he opened a law office.

It was an election year. Contemporaneously with the opening of this office, Wagner called at the political headquarters in his district. "I am interested in politics," he said, "and I would like to make a speech."

The district leader gave the shabby youth a sweeping survey, and replied: "Want to make a speech, do you? All right. Come around Thursday night and make one."

Robert F. Wagner departed, his heart beating high with hope and pride. Fortunately for both, he did not know that there was a dearth of volunteer speakers—that anyone who imagined he could was welcome to "make his speech."

On that particular night, young Wagner made his speech—and made a friend. Dan Sheehan heard him and walked home with him. He counseled him with fatherly earnestness. He sent him law "cases."

A long period of unfailing friendship followed, and Dan Sheehan has been rewarded. He is an attendant in the Supreme Court and rises with the rest when the rustle of a heavy black-silk robe announces His Honor Judge Wagner's approach.

Slowly, steadily Robert Wagner built a substantial law practice. Rapidly his star rose, and luminously it shone in the political sky. He was elected to the State assembly, then to the senate. When but midway in his twenties, he was made majority leader of the senate; and was scarcely in his thirties when he was elected lieutenant-governor of the Empire State. His party offered him the nomination for governor. Because his heart was elsewhere, he declined.

HIS political service has been a distinguished one. He is the author of the Workman's Compensation Law. He banished child labor from the canneries of his State. He wiped the blot of women's night-labor in the industries from the escutcheon of New York.

But his heart was in the law. His aim was a liberal and enlightened interpretation of it. President Wilson offered to make him postmaster of New York City. Mr. Wagner was grateful for the honor—but he had made up his mind to stick to law.

Two years ago, the desire of his heart was fulfilled. Recognition of his rank as a lawyer came when he was made Justice of the Supreme Court of New York.

For this he sacrificed the governorship of the chief State in the Union. For this he gave up a law practice that would have been worth \$50,000 a year.

"Success should not be measured by money," he says. "The pendulum of enlightened public opinion is swinging slowly away from that standard. Success is making some contribution to the public for the benefit of posterity."

One of his ideals is free speech. "Don't arrest a picket for an interview with a non-striker," he says in judicial language. "Let them talk about the principles involved. It is only by talking that they will reach an understanding. Nothing is ever gained by repression. That is what is the matter with Russia. It was repressed too long. It will right itself."

When tenants were battling with the czarism of landlords, they hailed Judge Wagner as a deliverer. In a case involving those issues, he delivered an opinion that is regarded by the tenants as their *Magna Charta*.

SAID one of Judge Wagner's closest friends: "He has everything that a man should have."

"What should a man have?" I asked.

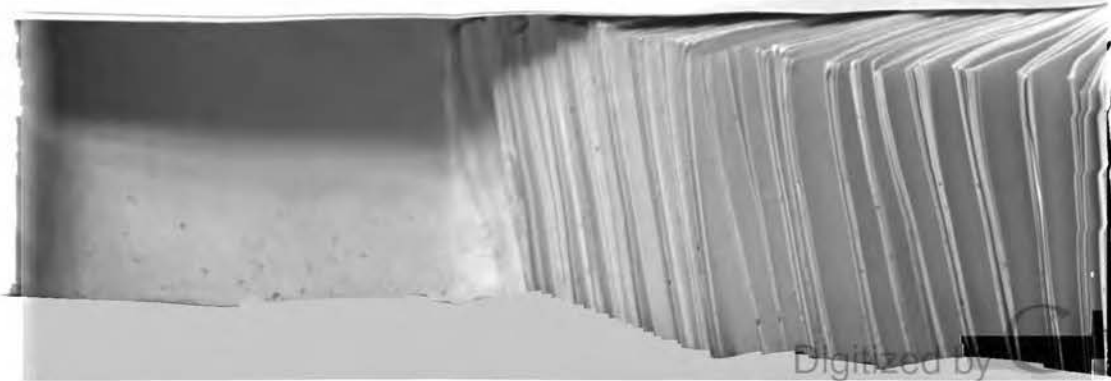
The answer: "He has brains and integrity. He is a good fellow and he can be stern when it is necessary."

A good summary of a man!

To this might be added that he remembers his friends. The school examiner, who secured him freedom from the school room, told him that the office of school examiner should be made permanent. And it was Robert Wagner made it so.

Judge Wagner has the fine habit of gathering his friends about him. Jeremiah Mahoney, his partner of more than twenty years, practices beneath the same roof which shelters Judge Wagner's chambers. I have told you that Dan Sheehan, who doled him advice and sent him his first law cases, is one of his court attendants. And so is the brother who did all he could to aid him in acquiring an education.

This is the success recipe of the janitor's son who became a Supreme Court Judge: "Determination. Industry. Desire to contribute something for the public good and the benefit of posterity."



The Confessions of a Minister's Daughter

What it Means to Marry and Live Happily Ever After,
Even if You Are as Poor as Church Mice

Recorded by ELLIDA MURPHY

"AS poor as church mice," applies with especial nicety to ministers and their families—if we are to believe story-books, the relief for indigent pastors committees, and the ministers themselves, corroborated by their wives and children.

A woman who was born in a Methodist parsonage, who lived in an almost annual succession of them, and finally went as a bride into still another, claims—and with perfect right, I think—to know all about church mice.

"When I was twelve years old," she told me, "my father and mother and all of us eight children moved for the tenth time. I was so accustomed to that nomadic existence that it seemed the normal thing. I never lived in one house or one town long enough to make close friends or to become attached to the place—which was, perhaps, fortunate—and I grew to think of home as a continual tearing up, an uncomfortable shifting, and then a struggle to settle down in different quarters."

In spite of her gray hair, the speaker was still a young woman with a whimsical smile, twinkling brown eyes, and a marcel wave. As she paused and smiled reminiscently, it was apparent that cramped manses, petty privations and a superfluity of prayer meetings had not destroyed her sense of humor.

"Strange that I should choose another minister for a husband?" her eyes sparkled. "Perhaps it was—I dare say. And such a struggling young minister as he is, too. But I would have married Paul if he had been a pirate, or a peddler, or a Confucianist. Almost any girl would marry 'the one man' regardless of his profession, and I was—and am—as ardently in love as a girl could be. I don't think that I ever stopped for

more than half a minute to consider what it would mean to be the wife of a six-hundred-dollar-a-year parson, for I was so absorbed in the thought of what it would mean to be Paul's wife.

"My father was a typical minister—self-sacrificing, improvident, and visionary. He was the most impractical man I ever knew and the most absent-minded. When he had a little ready money it burned a hole in his pocket. He was continually being torn between charities, foreign missions, and shoes for his children—literally speaking.

"Imagine buying shoes for eight romping youngsters, seven of them boys, on—" she hesitated and laughed—"will you believe me when I say that father received the munificent sum of forty-two dollars a month until I was almost fifteen, and I was third from the youngest of his brood?"

"Many ministers, right in our own State, were getting much more than that, but they had city churches with rich congregations. We always lived in little towns, some of them hamlets of a few hundred people. And father eked out his salary by driving miles every Sunday afternoon, and sometimes during the week, to preach in rural churches where farmers and their families came from miles around to hear the old-fashioned gospel that he expounded.

"Father was the distinctly hell-fire and brimstone preacher of a by-gone day. He could frighten the devout and superstitious half out of their wits. At home, he was the mildest and sweetest of men; but, in the pulpit, he became a thunderous prophet.

"I can see him now in his one good black coat—which mother pressed and cherished until it literally fell to pieces and had to be replaced from her

"I AM not much of a mathematician," said Carelessness, "but I can *add* to your troubles, I can *subtract* from your earnings, I can *multiply* your aches and pains, and I can *divide* your attention. I can *take interest* from your work and *discount* your chances for safety."

—The Center Punch

hard-accumulated savings—his face crimson, his eyes flashing from beneath beetling brows, and his deep voice ringing through the church: "Save yourselves! Save yourselves from eternal fire! Cast out the devil! Hark not to the voice of the tempter, but lift up your eyes!" For an hour and a half at a time he would exhort his congregations. And sometimes his impassioned utterances at the yearly revival meetings would bring a flock of weeping, pallid, and frenzied folk to kneel as penitents and believers at his feet. He was considered a Heaven-inspired orator in those days of tempestuous religion. My mother, in her shabby cape and bonnet, would regard him with warm, prideful eyes, while the boys stolidly listened with the outward patience that comes to the growing offspring of ministers.

"We were moved about from town to town, never advancing, never more prosperous. That is the tragedy of the minister who is growing old without having won signal success." A look of sadness crossed her face. "He is sent on, ever more discouraged, ever more pitiful.

"My father and mother, struggling to feed and clothe us, yearned to send my brothers to college. But there was no money. Our only heritage was plenty of pluck and an ambition to make something of ourselves. And so, one by one, the boys left home and worked their way through the State university.

"I was seventeen, just out of high school, helping mother with the housework and the two younger lads, singing in the choir, working in the Sunday-school, the missionary society, the ladies' sewing circle, and eager to go to normal school so that I could teach, when a real event occurred to change my whole life.

"I was elected one of three delegates from our church to a Sunday-school convention at F., forty miles away.

"Excited! It was like a trip to New York City for me! F. was a city compared to our little town. It had thirty thousand inhabitants, a street car, three department stores, numerous ice-cream parlors and a hotel five stories high.

"Romance and adventure no longer existed in Sunday-school conventions for my father and mother, but they could understand my exquisite thrill over those three days in F. Mother, likewise, could understand about clothes. We worked for days preparing for the trip. And we sponged, pressed, sewed, and fussed, as women will, over the wardrobe that was to go with me.

"MY traveling dress was gray gaberdine with rows of black braid and a black satin girdle. It was so long that I was torn between pride in my grown-up appearance and

fear lest my new, black-kid shoes wouldn't show to best advantage.

"I was inclined to be vain of my feet," she whispered to me with a deprecating dimple twitching the corner of her mouth.

"I had a new blouse of white challie to wear with the gray skirt, and a new blue silk dress for evenings, when there was to be a reception and a musical for the delegates. I was in ecstasy, for I had never owned two brand-new dresses and a blouse at once. I have often wondered since what sacrifices they represented to my mother.

"The day came with a downpour of rain, and I embarked clad in an old slicker, hat, and galoshes. It was the beginning of the Great Adventure.

"When we reached F., I found that I was to be separated from Dr. Burdick and his wife, our two other delegates, and I was carried off by a brisk old lady to her big house where at least a dozen other Sunday-school workers were her guests. It was late afternoon, and I was led immediately into the parlor where the others were gathered about a grate fire. Never had I felt so young, so confused, as when I faced that battery of eyes. Someone helped me remove my streaming coat, another took my bedraggled hat, and my unsightly galoshes disappeared. I sank into a chair and, when the conversation was resumed, tried to regain my composure.

"MIDST the chattering, I suddenly noticed a deeper, compelling voice. I looked up involuntarily and met a pair of keen blue eyes that held my gaze. Their owner was a tall young fellow with thick fair hair and a charming smile. Gradually the others fell silent to listen to him. The charm of his personality seemed to hold the little audience as much as what he was saying. He was Paul—brilliant, enthusiastic, and rather threadbare. When I went upstairs, later, with the woman who was to share my room, I asked his name. She told me that he was the Reverend Paul Winthrop, of W.

"I determined to wear my blue dress down to supper. I was guilty of wondering if he admired dark eyes and hair. Half an hour later, I slipped downstairs at the sound of the bell and tried to be as inconspicuous as possible; but to my consternation—and inner delight—young Mr. Winthrop sat next to me and, presently, his boyish friendliness broke down my reserve and we talked with growing interest. Afterward, at the church where the reception was held, Mr. Winthrop stayed at my side. I was in a haze of joy all evening, very conscious of my handsome escort and awed by his evident attraction to me. I felt very humble and, at the same time, exalted. I had never known a man like him. The boys at

home who took me to church socials and sleighing parties, had seemed to be just ordinary boys like my brothers. This evening I was lifted up among the stars.

"Mr. Winthrop told me of his new little church, of the poverty and ignorance that existed in that sandy hill country. And I told him of my ambition to go through normal school and of how my brothers had worked their way through the university. He asked if any of them, like father, had entered the ministry. I said 'No,' but that father and mother hoped that Donald, who was just a sophomore, would take up that work. I was suddenly emboldened to ask Mr. Winthrop why he had chosen that profession. He explained that his parents had implanted the idea in his mind when he was very young; he thought that a life dedicated to service was a fine thing.

"I was silent. Unaccountably I hated to think of Mr. Winthrop wasting his life as my father seemed to have wasted his. A queer attitude for a preacher's daughter; but I suffered no illusions regarding the ministry. I knew that the average minister really couldn't afford children—this from actual experience—that even his wife would have been

a luxury if she were not needed as an assistant in many phases of his work; that he must live in shabby old houses furnished by the parish, and that he could barely afford everyday comforts, much less to study or travel. I remembered prying, sanctimonious deacons and gossiping women. With a prickle of shame I thought of the worn-out clothes bestowed upon us by smug parishioners. I wondered how long Mr. Winthrop's trim frock-coat would stand the wear and tear, and if he could afford a new one when it gave out.

"The three days of the convention passed in a whirl of excitement for me. My young minister

and I strolled about the pretty little city and talked to each other with the impetuosity of youth whenever we had a little time. Romance and budding May—a wonderful combination. The last evening was to close with a program, and Mr. Winthrop was to be one of the speakers—the youngest of all those gray preachers, elders, and superintendents. I regarded this as the perfect culmination of a perfect time.

"And late that very afternoon, Dr. Burdick sent me word that he and his wife must hurry home at once. There was nothing for me to do except swallow my bitter disappointment and accompany them: I had been entrusted to their care. I did not even see the young minister again, but I left a little note for him with my hostess. It was a stilted effort to thank him for being kind to me and to say good-by. I wanted to tell him that it nearly broke my heart to miss hearing his address, but I couldn't express myself satisfactorily and finally gave it up.

"What a drab place my world was after that! I began to hate the routine of house work and church duties. I was irritated at my father's preoccupation and my mother's unending patience. I told myself

that my lot was one of lifelong drudgery.

The days dragged on to the end of summer. I tried to put out of mind the fancies that had crept upon me during those few days at F. But the newly awakened woman in me clamored against fate. I was subject to queer moods, a deep reserve came over me. In my heart I felt oddly apart from my old self and desires. And then there came a letter.

"Paul Winthrop hoped that I had not forgotten him, for he remembered our friendship with the deepest pleasure. He expected to be in our town Thursday and—might he call on me?"

The Fellow with Plenty of Time

By CLARENCE ELMER

THERE'S a chap—if you've met him,
you'll never forget him,
So full of wild chatter is he.
Constantly crowing, "My work keeps a
growing!
Shucks! Let it—that doesn't feeze me!"
Then he'll yank out his "ticker," and, with a
snicker,—
Unconsciously making a rhyme—
Say, "Ten, to the second; 'twas later, I
reckoned.
Gosh! I've got plenty of time."

He's always complaining, "Queer, I'm not
gaining
Much on old Bill So and So;
He's getting big money. Seems rather funny
My pay keeps awfully low.
Bill's a swell dresser—a 'social progresser';
They call me a 'shabby, old mime,'
Pooh! He's an old slaver, a get-it-done raver.
Fool! When there's plenty of time!"

And so he keeps ranting, blatantly chanting,
Idling the moments away.
Instead of real working, he's constantly
shirking,
Stealing—not earning—his pay.
So while Bill's mounting higher, our friend is
in mire—
Up to his neck in its slime.
Not caring or trying, disdainfully crying,
"Gosh! I've got plenty of time!"

"I wore the blue-silk dress again and was as self-conscious as a school-girl when he came. He, too, was constrained at first, but father and mother relieved us of conversational responsibility for a time. When they finally left us to ourselves, Paul and I strolled away to the gorgeous autumn woods. At dusk we returned hand in hand. It seems that, in his mind—as in mine—there had never been any doubt concerning the fact that we two, in all the world, were destined for each other.

"We told mother and father that we were to be married, and they blessed us tearfully. We were very young and happy.

"During those next months, mother often looked at me long and lovingly. I felt sure that a warning lay close to her lips, but she never uttered it. How well she knew that I realized the hardships a struggling young minister must face. Perhaps, in considering Paul's ability and ambition, she saw for me a different life than she had led. With the optimism of youth and love, I was confident that Paul and I could rise triumphant over every obstacle. The thought of working by his side thrilled me more than the anticipation of wealth could have done.

"**P**AUL and I were married in the spring and went to live in a meagerly furnished cottage adjoining his little country church. We called the two acres—where we raised vegetables and chickens with intense enthusiasm and indifferent success—our farm. The cottage was our playhouse. I never wearied of dusting and polishing it, of rearranging the tiny parlor, of attempting new culinary feats on my old smoking stove.

"When Paul, Junior, arrived, life seemed even brighter. He was the gayest, healthiest baby that ever toddled about a parsonage, and didn't mind in the least having to wear cotton rompers instead of expensive frocks.

"When Junior was three we moved to M., a much larger place, with a consequent increase in salary. But, to offset that, Marjorie arrived, and when she was barely two years old we all had scarlet fever. We were just struggling back to health when Paul had a relapse, and for weeks his life hung in the balance. The children were sent home to my mother during that dark time. At length, my husband began to convalesce, and far too soon he was out again and working harder than ever.

"But we were just about down and out. Paul's church, which had been hiring a 'supply' pastor, did not feel that it could do much to help us. I suppose the people figured that no one paid their doctor's bills when they were sick—so why

should they pay ours? We would have to look out for ourselves. I didn't blame them—much. But it wrung my heart to see Paul, so thin and worn, going uncomplainingly about his tasks, asking aid of no one and glad that he was back on his feet to shoulder the new load of debt. In addition to his regular duties, he began to do secretarial work for a college professor who was writing a book on his researches. As the only thing I could do to help, I moved our bed into the crowded trunk-closet and rented the bedroom. This was not only inconvenient and cramping, but we were in continued suspense lest the elders disapprove of such an act.

"I was so tired out and dispirited that I began to neglect first my house and then my children and husband. Horrible as I knew it to be, I found myself contrasting our comparative ease before the babies came, with this struggle. Sometimes Paul, returning home, would find me in tears while Junior stormed excitedly about and Marjorie wailed in her crib.

"But such a miserable state of affairs could not last forever. Gradually I began to regain strength and, with it, courage. Paul and I again took up life with zest. And one day he rushed into the house like a madman, uttering loud, unministerial yells, and threw a check for one hundred and fifty dollars into my lap. An article that he had written, in secret, had been accepted for publication by a magazine.

"Encouragement was all that Paul needed. He began to write in earnest during his spare hours, and I, by taking over as many of his duties as possible, helped him a little. When, at length, a prominent paper asked him for a series of articles, we felt that fortune was smiling on us.

"**N**OT many days after the last article had gone on its way, Paul handed his resignation to the church board. We had determined after nights of discussion, to make a drastic move: Paul was to leave the ministry and begin a career as a writer. He was determined to succeed.

"Some unexpected fund of nerve stood us in good stead during the lean months that followed. For another year we remained in M., while Paul devoted his time to studying the subject in which he was most interested and writing potboilers. We lived in a little three-room flat which always had a scrambled look because it was so crowded with the children continually underfoot, and a typewriter clattering busily. We considered the arrival of our third baby, Roger, as proof positive of our complete optimism—or foolhardiness—to any one inclined to sympathize with us.

(Continued on page 109)

Chief Caupolican—First Indian to Sing Grand Opera

After Fifteen Years of Struggle, Son of Famous Araucanian Warriors of Chile, is Engaged for the Metropolitan of New York

By A. F. HARLOW

EMILE BARRANGON, Chief Caupolican, the new baritone of America's great temple of music, the Metropolitan Opera House, is only half Indian, but he is proud of his aboriginal blood and always speaks of himself as "an Indian." As a matter of fact, his father was a full-blooded Indian and a chief of the Araucanians—a South American tribe—and his mother was French.

It is something of an achievement to scale the heights and force one's way through the portals of America's greatest and most exclusive musical organization. Chief Caupolican, as he is known, accomplished the feat after a struggle of fifteen years; for it has been fully that long since he began training his voice and did his first singing for little pay, in San Francisco. In those years were packed ages of hard work, of bitter struggle, adversity, and discouragement, of continual striving upward after each reverse. During the last few years, his financial rewards were much more gratifying, but artistically he was unsatisfied. Now, at thirty-eight years of age, he is just entering on his kingdom, as unspoiled by his recognition by the princes of the musical world as he was undiscouraged by the frowns of fortune in the past.

Last winter the management of the Metropolitan Opera House decided to stage, for a few performances, a new opera, "The Polish Jew," by Karel Weis, a Czechoslovak composer. It is a musical setting of the story of the same name by the Alsatian novelists, Erckmann and Chatrian. The late Sir Henry Irving presented a stage version of it, "The Bells," one of the plays by which he is best remembered.

"The Polish Jew" is not by any means a musical masterpiece; in fact, the critics on the morning after its first production were unanimous in announcing that it was based on very poor fabric; but, in spite of their ingrained conservatism, they did give more or less praise to the new star who handled the leading part—that of the wealthy and respected old burgher who, with the shadow of a long-past murder hanging over him, becomes fairly crazed and broken, not from remorse but the fear of being found out. The management had trouble in securing, for the rôle, a grand opera performer who can both sing and act—a rare combination. One of their baritones refused it because he believed it was too high for him. Another of the foreign stars did not care to attempt the struggle of learning another English part—



Chief Caupolican in the dress of his tribe—the Araucanians of Chile, South America

Photograph
by H. Tarr
New York

for the opera, originally written in German, has been translated into English. Several others demurred. Perhaps some of them did not like the music which, though dramatic, lacks tunefulness.

Finally, Mr. Gatti-Casazza, director of the Metropolitan, sent for Chief Caupolican. The Chief had already had his "tryout" and had signed a contract which does not go into effect until this fall. The director, however, requested him to sing the new work and he unhesitatingly accepted.

"I AM as independent as any man, I believe," he said to me, in speaking of the incident, "but it did not occur to me to refuse or quibble. I had a pretty thorough tutelage in discipline during my seven years as a sailor, and my natural tendency is to obey orders. I am glad to have had an opportunity to introduce myself to the Metropolitan audiences, even though the opera is not a masterpiece. I have no complaint to make. Everyone—Mr. Gatti-Casazza, Mr. Bodanzky, the conductor and the stage hands—has been very kind and considerate. You have heard much of the jealousies and backbiting said to prevail among opera singers. It may exist but I can truthfully say that I have observed no feeling of the sort towards me. On the contrary, everyone, stars and all, claps me on the back and offers encouragement. Even the chorus, when I come off at a rehearsal, call out, 'Brava, Chief!' and the stage hands offer such bits as 'Fine, Chief. You're all there, I'm telling you!' With such encouragement, how could a fellow fail?"

With the first performance, the Indian star proved himself not only a singer but an actor as well. He displayed a full, clear, resonant baritone voice and an accurate ear. But the highest praise of all was bestowed on his diction. "For the first time in my life, I understood every word a singer uttered," exclaimed one auditor, enthusiastically. The veteran critic of *The Herald* said, "The diction of Chief Caupolican, who sings the leading part in the work, is a lesson no singer can afford not to learn. No singer in English, that is. For his, throughout all the blithering book, are the words roundly, plainly, masculinely used. Against the foreign accents which are put to teasing the king's language, his native one is a treat. It is of no moment, perhaps,—for they say quite definitely that the German operas will be sung in German henceforth—but just the same, it has taken an Indian to teach us how easily and pleasingly our tongue could have taken its place in permanent repertory."

It is a bit amazing to an average American citizen who knows no language but his own, and who doesn't know much about that, to hear smooth, graceful English from a man who was born in a foreign land of French and Indian parents, and to learn that he speaks at least four other languages as well; and the wonder at his intellectual attainments grows when you learn that he has never spent a day at school since he ran away from a Roman Catholic institution in Valparaiso, Chile, at the tender age of twelve.

One can spend a very delightful and instructive evening in conversation with this accomplished gentleman. One of the first objects that met my eye when I entered his room was a book, the old sprinkled calf-cover of which proclaimed it to be at least a hundred years old. It was Molina's "History of Chile," an English translation published in 1808. Caupolican reads everything that he can lay hands on, about South America and his own race. He is familiar with Araucanian history and legend, and is planning to write a history of the Araucanian people.

Apparently he has all the facts at his fingers' ends now, for he can reel off descriptions of battles, interspersed with dates, names of leaders, numbers engaged and lost on both sides, analyses of all national movements and many other matters pertaining to his people, with a fluency that betrays the scholar.

"MY father's people," said he, "were the aboriginal inhabitants of the mountains of Southern Chile. Under the old tribal organization we had two hundred and four rulers, distributed among three grades. Highest of all there were four Toqui, or princes—tetrarchs, as it were. You will find the early Spanish writers referring to them as *caciques*. Each of these governed five smaller divisions over which were *apo-ulmen*, or super-chiefs; and each of these twenty *apo-ulmen* had under him nine *ulmen*, or chiefs. Thus there were one hundred and eighty *ulmen*. Succession to the chieftainship followed as in the English rule of primogeniture; save that if the eldest son were not intellectual or lacked courage the succession was apt to be passed on to the second son. However, there were occasionally new chiefs selected because of great prowess in battle—"war chiefs," as they were designated among some tribes of your North American Indians—and his descendants thereupon became hereditary chiefs. One such selection was my ancestor, Caupolican, who was elevated to the chieftainship after his prodigious deeds of



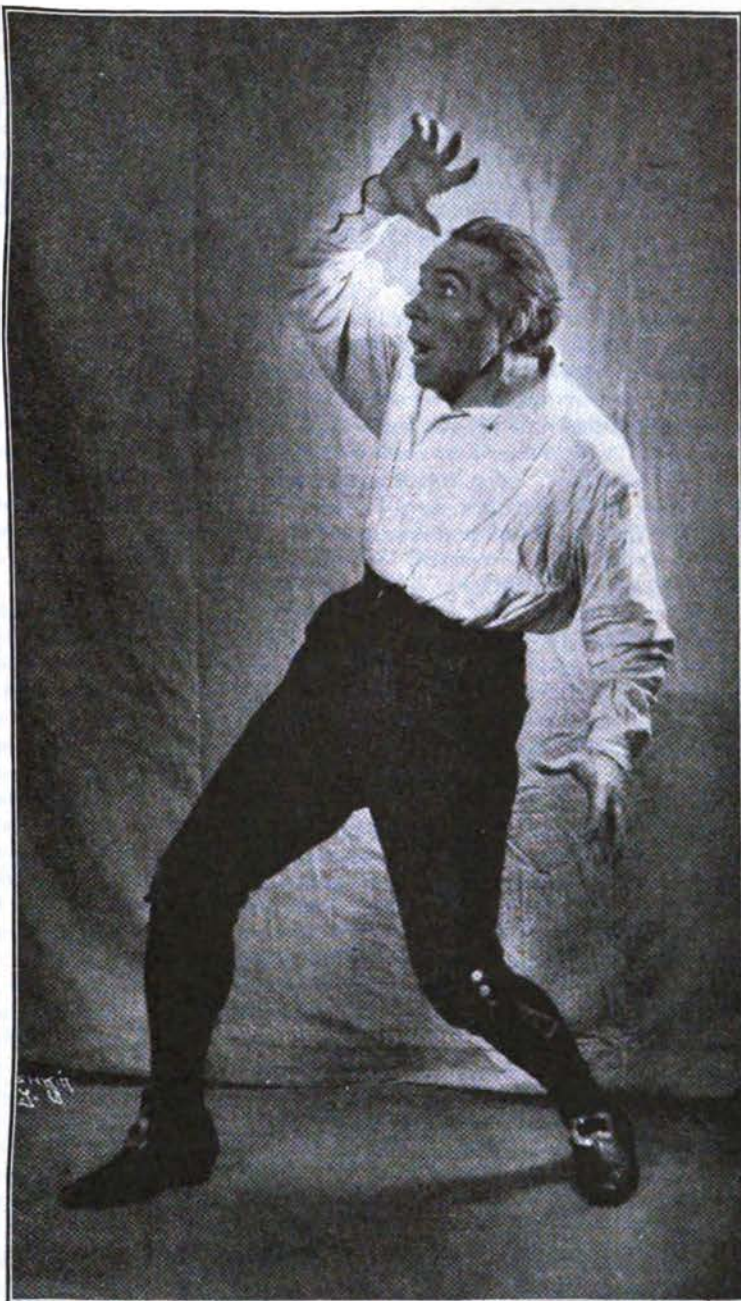
Chief Caupolican in the rôle of the Inn Keeper, the leading character in the Wolf-Ferrari opera, "The Polish Jew," a musical version of Sir Henry Irving's "The Bells"

© Miskin, New York

generalship and daring in the battle of Pilucayquen in 1550.

"Never in their history did our race bow their necks to the yoke of another. Our tribal name, translated, means 'Free People.' When I write my Araucanian history, I shall maintain that our people did more to break the power of Spain in South America than any other element. Spain was never able to do anything with us. Pizarro's feat of wiping out the Incas with his little band of one hundred and eighty-three men could never have been accomplished in our country. Chile is known as the cockiest, most independent State in South America, and I think it is due in no small measure to the liberal infusion of Araucanian blood in the Chilean population."

The singer's father, when a mere boy, was adopted into a well-to-do French family residing in Chile. On reaching manhood, he married the eldest daughter of the household. When little Emile, his son, had reached the age of four years, there came a call to the father from the tribe, informing him that the chieftainship was vacant, and demanding that he resume his hereditary place. His wife had not expected that he would ever return to his tribal life, and when he decided that he must go, she refused to accompany him. By mutual consent, little Emile was sent to a school in the south of France,



where he remained for seven years. When he was eleven, his father was injured while hunting. It was predicted that he would never recover. Believing that his time was short, he sent a messenger to his wife, asking that he might, if possible, see his son again before he died. The boy was sent for, and though it was a long, slow journey, he reached the bedside in time to be

clasped in his father's arms. After remaining with the tribe for a time, he was placed by his mother in the Seminary of San Rafael in Valparaiso. Here a general education is given, including languages, and English among the rest; but, as Chief Caupolican recalls it, the English taught by the good *padres* had some points in common with Dame Eglantine's French, spoken "after the school of Stratford-at-Bowe."

But the youngster was restless. Two crossings of the ocean had put the fascination of the sea into his blood. He had been in school but a few months when he ran away and shipped as a cabin boy on a sailing vessel laden with wheat which took him around Cape Horn and to Havre. A little later he was aboard a ship, bound out of Hull, laden with machinery for Australia. In the next few years, he journeyed to all the far climes and quaint seaports of the world. Once he was overboard for four hours—and, he says, the Metropolitan came near losing a good baritone.

Always large for his age, he had shipped before the mast as an able seaman before he was fifteen. Later he went to steam vessels; but, as he says, "there was never the fascination for me in steam that there was in the old sailing vessels. One thing that I most enjoyed on the steamships was the 'lead song,'—the chant which the sailors sing while taking soundings or 'heaving the lead.' I did not know then that I had a voice, though I lost no opportunity to use it."

MEANWHILE his mother had married again and was living in California, so for several years he made his headquarters in San Francisco. At eighteen he was quartermaster on a liner between that port and China. With all his zest for adventure, he had been a student from his youth up. He had strengthened his acquaintance with the English tongue while on vessels of that nation, and while yet in his teens was reading the classics. When, as a quartermaster, when off duty, he might have been found reading such authors as Shakespeare, Pope, or Lamb.

He saw looming chances for promotion if he had been old enough—so, at nineteen, he represented himself as twenty-two and got his papers as third mate on a steamship from which he advanced rapidly to second mate and then to first. Meanwhile he was becoming more and more interested in music. Between trips he attended the operatic performances at the old Tivoli Theater, in San Francisco. He seldom lost a chance to hear good music. He

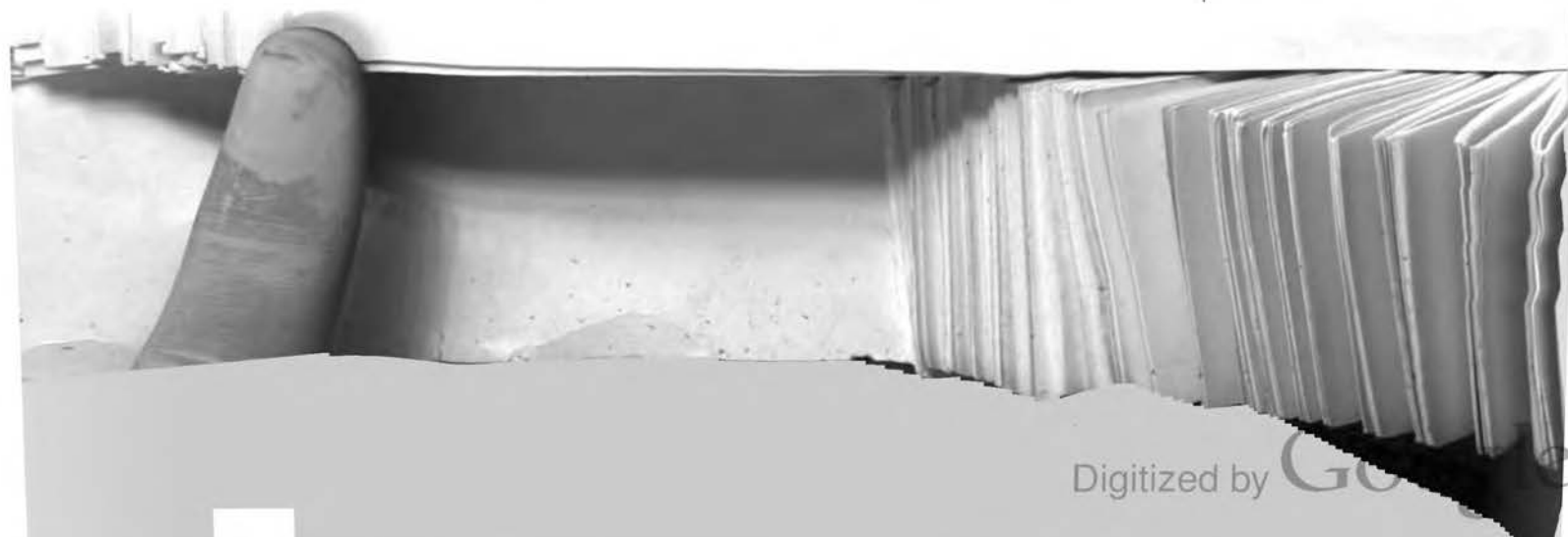
began taking vocal lessons, and sang in public whenever he had an opportunity. By the time he was twenty, he had given up the sea and had adopted a musical career.

He sang in music halls, in vaudeville, in church choirs, anywhere. It was while he was singing in New England that he met his future wife, a Smith College girl. They were married when he was twenty-three. It was agreed between them that he must keep up his music, cost what it might, and strive onward towards the heights. To help the cause as best she could his wife secured a place on the faculty at Smith, and stood bravely by him throughout his struggles. He managed to get over to France for four years of instruction, working whenever and wherever he could, and living in typically frugal student style. When I asked under whom he had studied over there, he replied with a smile, "Oh, all sorts of obscure teachers!"

HE returned to this country and sang wherever he could. He has been heard in most of the standard light operas that have been revived from time to time in the last two decades—"Chimes of Normandy," "La Mascotte," "The Beggar Student," "Girofle-Girofla." He got rather low in spirits in 1912, when he found himself approaching thirty and realized that he had not "arrived," but, that year, in company with two other singers, he secured a vaudeville contract which brought him more money than he had ever earned before. His voice and his forceful personality made a decided hit. In less than three years, he had a vaudeville act of his own booked at a good figure, and the satisfaction of seeing his name in electric lights as a "headliner" over the entrance of the biggest vaudeville house on Broadway. He appeared in his native costume, sang a few songs and told something of the life of his people.

"But I had a terrible time with the managers," says he, "trying to keep from being an Apache or a Sioux or a member of some other tribe. They thought I'd make a bigger hit if I were billed as a tribesman that folks here knew something about—a native of some Western tribe that had massacred a lot of North American citizens. But I didn't want to be anything but what I was and am! I'm too proud of it to be anything else."

The Chief was in vaudeville for six years, and then went into Chautauqua work. He sang, and lectured both on the South and North American Indians; for on the North American tribes he is one of the best informed men before



the public to-day. Meanwhile he had become a popular speaker before Rotary Clubs all over the country, his favorite theme being Pan-Americanism. Whenever his audiences insist, he will talk about Indians, but a better understanding and a closer and more cordial entente among the nations of the two Americas is a subject that lies very near his heart, and one on which he can talk most fascinatingly. He has been, for many years, a naturalized citizen of the United States.

During all these years he never ceased training and striving to reach a higher degree of art. He had always yearned to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House but hardly expected an opportunity. A man who has some influence in the opera house heard Caupolican sing in vaudeville and asked him if he wouldn't like to try grand opera. It isn't worth while recording his reply. He learned some of the leading baritone rôles, and his friend introduced him to one of the coaches at the opera house, who highly commended his singing and assured him that he was a possibility. For several months Caupolican trained assiduously under the coach's direction, and then, last year, came his audition before Gatti-Casazza. He sang three selections, one in English, one in French, and one in Italian; and after the hearing was over, Gatti-Casazza handed him a contract. Another year was to elapse before it went into effect. Art is indeed long and time fleeting. But Caupolican's chance came sooner than he expected. Among the rôles in which he may be heard, as specified in his contract, are *Amonasro*, in "Aida;" *Escamillo* the Toreador, in "Carmen;" *Telramund*, in "Lohengrin;" *Amfortas*, in "Parsifal;" *Tonio*, in "Pagliacci;"

Valentine, in "Faust;" *Gerard*, in "Andre Chenier;" the high priest, in "Samson and Delilah."

His sincerity is evidenced by the care with which he prepared for his appearance in "The Polish Jew." He read the original novel, he read the play in which Irving appeared, he went through old newspaper files and studied the comments of the critics on Irving's acting of the part. He read everything that he could find bearing upon Alsatian life of the period. He even studied the construction of the old limekilns to find out how best a body could be thrown into one—in order that he might be strictly accurate in the dream scene. When he made his exit after the first act of the dress rehearsal, Gatti-Casazza exclaimed, "You have performed a miracle!"

"Ah!" replied Caupolican, his mind, as always, leaping forward into the future, "but just give me a chance at *Amonasro*!"

That is the rôle which he is looking forward to most eagerly. "I have my own conception of the part," he said, "—with all deference to those who have sung it before me. To me, *Amonasro* is one of the most striking characters in opera—a big, primeval man. When I sing *Amonasro*, he will be almost as much Caupolican as *Amonasro*—I mean the old sixteenth-century Caupolican,—aboriginal, elemental, fierce in his loves and hates."

Such remarks reveal his enthusiasm for his art, the keenness of his observation and analytical power. He is one of the most forceful examples that I have ever seen of the lesson which this magazine is trying to drive home to every reader; for Chief Caupolican is a self-made man, if ever there was one.

TALK PROGRESS

By W. A. Chess

(Written after reading Dr. Marden's editorial, "Making Business Sick," in The New Success for February)

THE TREE TOAD croaks his false alarm
And utters warnings of rain and snow;
His only cry is of impending harm;
Not a cheery call does he seem to know,
Don't be a tree toad

THE CRAWFISH moves in a backward way
And knows no method but to retreat;
He backs out and off from every fray
Not a menacing foe does he ever defeat.
Don't be a crawfish.

THE GROUNDHOG creeps from his winter home
And expects to behold a clear, warm day;
He sees a cloud in the heavenly dome
And goes back again for a few weeks' stay.
Don't be a groundhog.

THE HOOT OWL'S call is just as of old;
From the swampy woods comes the same "Waugh ho!"
Not a new idea does he ever unfold,
Not a step in advance since the long, long ago.
Don't be a hoot owl.

THE DIGNITY OF WORK

By EDWIN MARKHAM

Author of "The Man with the Hoe" and other poems

ALL true work is more than a deep necessity laid upon life,—more than a precious discipline laid upon the soul. Necessity and discipline,—these words are too cold and too hard to express the loftier beauty in the face of Labor. It is more than these: it is a sacrament, a communion with God.

"If you would avoid uncleanness and all the sins," says Thoreau, "work earnestly, though it be at cleaning a stable." No work that is sincere and useful is barren of divinity. "Work is worship," was a deep saying of the old monks. "What would you wish to be doing?" someone asked a wise man, "if you knew that you were to die in the next ten minutes?" "Just what I am doing now," was the significant reply; although, at the time, the man was neither praying nor singing hymns, but was merely feeding a horse. This philosopher knew that the path of service is the path of safety. He saw his work lit up by the ideal. Work is dull indeed unless we can see upon it some light from the skies.

NOT only should all work be done in this high spirit, but it should also be done in joy. Every work of a man should be tinged with the warm color of his heart. No work is true work unless joy is builded into it.

In all worthy work there is a dignity that crowns the man, a dignity that draws the lowly human worker into touch with the Divine Worker. In every true labor a man takes hold of a lever upon which is also pressing the hand of God. Every human work is a door through which some world-force presses into activity. Man sets his mill-wheel against the moving waters that flow out of the treasuries of God. He slants his sail against the eternal winds that rush out of the chambers of the sky. He drops the grain into the furrowed field to await the rains of the sweet heavens and the smiling invitation of the sun. He sets up his tuned pillars, and the unfettered lightnings carry his words across the wireless void.

THUS man is always dealing with forces vast and mysterious—forces great as himself. Let him think well of his lofty business on this planet. Let his soul stand erect in noble joy, though his body be bowed. This is no mean thing that he weighs with his brain, or shapes with his hand. He is molding the very stuff that God handles in the secret chambers. He plays and struggles with the very forces with which the young deities have wrestled and tried their radiant strength since Chaos was.

He Has Written Slang Worth \$125,000

How H. C. Witwer, Former Soda-Water Clerk Became Highest Paid Humorist in the World

By THOMAS THURSDAY

EVIDENTLY H. C. Witwer and enthusiasm are twins. And Pep is his private secretary. He radiates energy, optimism, and pluck—a trinity that is guaranteed to land a man on top when properly directed, or on bottom when misdirected.

When I called to interview Mr. Witwer on how he dared to climb to the high rungs without the aid of a college education, I found him busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to his latest short story, which will bring him \$1800. He was pounding the periods, smashing the commas, and banging the exclamation points in such a manner that I marveled that the typewriter lasted more than a day without falling apart.

During a pleasant hour, I succeeded in getting his own story. It is a story better than anything he has ever written. I believe it will interest the readers of *THE NEW SUCCESS* whether they be aspiring authors or perspiring book-keepers.

Born at Athens, Pennsylvania, March 11, 1890. Attended grammar school for several years and learned everything but grammar. He seemed to be born with a natural antipathy toward anything pertaining to correct English. But don't pity him! His ignorance of the proper correlation of Messrs. Verbs, Adjective & Co., has made him approximately \$125,000. In other words, he has earned that sum by writing what has been termed "the most perfect specimen of slang ever propagated." And what Blanche Bates, the famous actress, says is "full

of pep, fun, of sporting spirit, of the joy of youth."

Perhaps a sample, taken from his Ed Harmon stories, may be of interest. By the way, Harmon, is his most noted character—and most profitable—having realized more than \$60,000. Herewith a sample—Ed Harmon doing the writing:

Well, yesterday mornin' I am up in my flat, Joe, engaged in the innocent pastime of playin' with my baby whilst Jeanne looks on with a lovin' smile on her equally lovin' face and a book by the name of "The Whole English Language in One Lesson," in her hand, when they's a ring at the bell. Our imported maid from Yonkers trips lightly over a rug into the room and exclaims that they's a guy outside by

the name of Mac which wishes to see nothin' better than me. I givè permission for him to come in.

"Well, well," he says, lettin' forth a grin. "The happy family, hey? How is everybody this mornin'?"

"What's the use of kick-in'?" I says. "What d'ye think of my child?"

"Fine!" says Mac. "What is it?"

"What d'ye mean what is it?" I hollers. "It's a baby—think it was a giraffe?"

"I mean is it a boy or a girl," says Mac. "Save that comedy for the club house."

"It's a boy," I says. "Some kid, hey?"

"I'll say he is!" says Mac, approachin' carefully like he was afraid my baby was gonna bite him or the like. "Looks just like his mother, too. Got them navy blue eyes, hey?"



Champlain Studio, N. Y.

H. C. WITWER

who writes as he talks
and, therefore, makes his
writings pay

"Never mind tryin' to get in solid with the wife!" I says, whilst Jeanne presents him with a dazzlin' smile. "D'ye want to hold him a minute?"

"Well—eh—let's start with something else," says Mac, backin' away. "He seems all right where he is, I'll let that part of it go for awhile, hey?"

"Cherie, say 'bon jour' to Monsieur Mac!" remarks Jeanne to my baby.

"Ump—goof—waugh—gunko!" returns my baby with a sarcastical grin.

"Don't mention it!" says Mac. "Say, that kid's a wonder! Talks as plain as I do. How old is it by now?"

NEEDLESS to say, such pummeling of the King's English did not escape the keen eyes of the language authorities. Far from it. Mr. Witwer has received countless letters from enraged grammarians informing him that he is a menace to the country, *et cetera*. With all of which, the modest author agrees. He invariably replies to the peeved professor that he started out to write literature but the editors claimed that his stories were entirely too weird. So he started to write illiterature. And went over big!

At the age of sixteen, he decided to conquer New York City, and landed therein with ten dollars in his coat pocket and a straw hat with a six-color ribbon surrounding the same.

Most young men seeking a position generally scan the "Want ads." Not H. C. For the reason that he didn't know what he wanted. So he started down Broadway—which is the name of a street in New York—and canvassed offices, stores; in fact, he went into anything that looked like an entrance. They took his name in some of the places, jollied him in others, and assisted him through assorted doors in the rest. In five hours, he figured that he had covered enough acreage to encompass Utah, Arizona, and Brazil. But not a nibble was felt upon the Witwer hook. He thought of returning to Philadelphia, to his beloved aunt and tell her just how the cruel city had mistreated her ambitious nephew. Instead, he decided to try it a while longer.

That night he rented a room on Forty-Second Street for \$1.50 a week. According to his sworn statement the room was sufficient to discourage a wart hog. It was a hall room. The furnishings were antique. An iron bed, with three steel legs and one wooden leg, took up half of the space. A single, rickety chair—collapsible at less than a moment's notice—stood at the head of a bed that must have

been a delight to the eye of Christopher Columbus. The curtain that hung in front of the unwashed window must have been an heirloom when the Pilgrims landed. The gas jet was a misnomer. It was warmly clad in cotton to prevent any large amount of gas from catching chills. Just enough flame appeared to prove that there was a leak on fire. A pitcher of water nestled on the floor, surrounded by a towel that contained sufficient holes to play the part of a lady's hair-net. The room was partitioned with the aid of a few slats clothed in second-hand wall-paper. A pin dropped on one side caused a terrific racket to be heard on the other. Mr. Witwer's first night was spent in listening to his neighbor beyond the partition reciting gems from Shakespeare. The man was an actor out of employment.

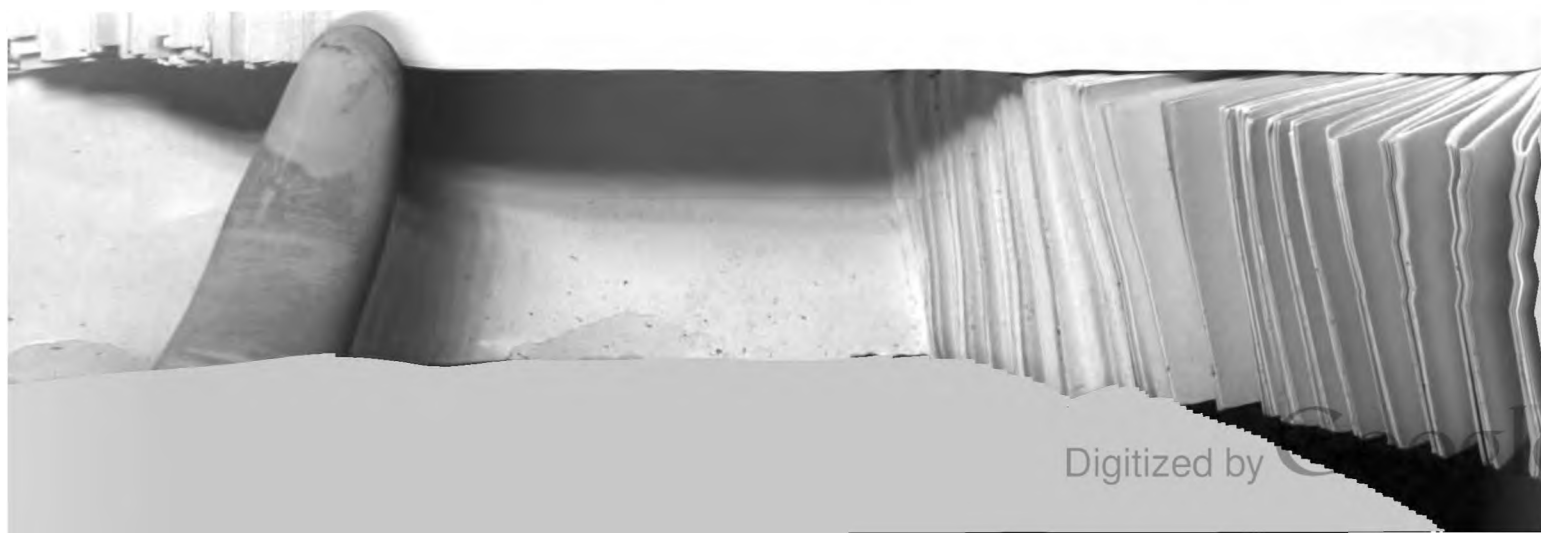
After tramping around for another three days, young Witwer finally obtained a job that was both a delight and a gastronomic success. He was to be paid six dollars—count 'em!—a week for serving unsuspecting folk with various kinds of sodas. He was happy; he was en route to success!

Up to this point, it should be mentioned in passing, that he had had no thought of becoming a writer. This fact is stated for the benefit of the young and old who are constantly told that writers start off at infancy by composing sonnets on their bibs and employing their nipples milk-bottles for fountain pens.

THAT night, Witwer wrote home to his aunt and informed her that he had conquered the world and points west at one fell swoop. After which he decided to cut down expenses and become wealthy. Hitherto, he had been squandering large sums for meals. So he decided to cook his own meals over his gas jet—which was strictly against the landlady's pet law.

He made his first attempt that evening when he arrived home with two eggs and a frying pan under his arm. Coaxing the gas to do its best, he dropped the eggs neatly into the pan and held it over the flame. A short while after—about forty minutes—the eggs were finished. "Finished" is the right word. On investigation the eggs showed that they had turned to either concrete or marble. He threw them out the window into the back yard. Which was poor diplomacy, indeed. For be it known that friend landlady was just emerging from the basement. Exit Mr. Witwer!

Let us now consider his advent into the story-writing game—the game that has made him fame and fortune, friends and enemies:



During the next few years, he tried his hand at every job that either man or mammal has ever devised. For instance, after being fired—he claims that he was never “discharged”—the word is too genteel!—from his soda-jerking position, he was once more on the high seas of vagrancy and youthful glory. Since then he has held—anywhere from two hours to two years—the following positions: bell-hop, hotel-clerk, private secretary, salesman, cub reporter, sport writer, editor, copy reader, press agent, collector, and about fifteen other positions that have escaped his memory. The collection of ideal positions are not listed in the order of merit or in the order that he tried them, but they serve to show that he has had a splendid background for the profession of letters. What a wonderful experience for an embryonic writer! No college could possibly inculcate or approximate the things he observed and stored away in his subconscious mind. And it seems safe to remark that, had he not had such experiences, he would now—provided that his bent was authorship—be writing the pedantic, dull essays that no live person cares to read.

Finally, he found himself. He had often wondered, during the years that he had skipped with gay abandon from job to job, what was his object in life, what was he created for? He was intelligent enough to understand that, before being a success at anything, he must first have a purpose, a plan of life, something to concentrate on.

He chanced to meet a newspaper reporter. And it was this reporter who initiated him into the newspaper game—known to most everybody except reporters themselves, as journalism.

AFTER having had his fair quota of news-gathering positions, he got the idea that he should be a successor to Shakespeare and write for the magazines. So he spent his spare time in concocting weird yarns that were supposed to be salable. No sign of the humorist showed itself in a single line. Sad stuff, sob stuff, dreary stuff! He made the mistake of writing about Newport and “The 400” when he should have written about Times Square and “The 4,000,000.” He also lacked a knowledge of how a story should be constructed; its

technique, and the rest that makes a story valuable to the editors. In his enthusiastic ignorance, he wrote three short stories a week. Three stories a week were duly sent to the magazines. Three stories a week were duly returned with the editors’ printed regrets. In fact, his yarns came back so quickly that he now believes that he must have mailed them attached to a rubber band.

He sold his first story March 26, 1915. He was paid five dollars! He raved as only a true author can when a deathless masterpiece is insulted in such a manner. Five dollars! For the moment, he thought seriously of quitting the game and angling for better fish.

IT was his wife who gave him the suggestion that set him upon the right road. She suggested that he stop trying to be literary and highbrow and be himself. To write of things he *knew* about. To his friends he was really funny, decidedly humorous. So Mrs. Witwer suggested that he write as he talked. He did. And he sold the first two stories—written in his inimitable slang—to a magazine that paid him real money. It was the beginning of real success, the start of his remarkable climb from \$5 a story to more than \$1800. To date he has made approximately \$125,000 from his work, most of it within the past two years. He has also established a record for work that has never been equalled in story writing. In a single year he wrote and sold eighty-five stories, averaging 9000 words each!

In conclusion, it might be well to mention that his path to success was not laid entirely with thornless roses. Far from it. Ill health has been his most constant companion. In fact, he has spent about three years in hospitals, sanatoriums, and so forth. Chief trouble is nervous disorders. He has undergone two major operations, and was told, on each occasion, that he had only a fifty-fifty chance of surviving. Pleasant outlook!

Many a man would have complained about the luck of life, the ways of fate, and given up whatever ambitions he had, notwithstanding pep.

If I had a mountain to move, I’d call upon H. C. Witwer for assistance.

DON’T surrender your individuality, which is your greatest agent of power to the customs and conventionalities that have gotten their life from the great mass of those who haven’t enough force to preserve their individualities.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

Do Not Live By Bread Alone

Had I but Two Loaves, I Would Sell One and
Buy Hyacinths to Feed My Soul.—*Mohammed*.

By *ORISON SWETT MARDEN*

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

THERE is an old painting in one of the galleries of Europe called "The Tree of Life." It represents a huge tree upside down, its branches containing delicious fruit, pointing toward the earth, its roots reaching up into the air, towards the heavens instead of into the ground. The tree does not rest on anything; it hangs invisibly suspended.

The lesson this ancient allegorical painting teaches is that our sustenance, our finer nourishment, comes from something above us—from the unseen, from the spiritual world, from the great cosmic intelligence, instead of from materiality below. Many of us are familiar with the modern picture of Paradise and the Garden of Eden, which represents the Tree of Life getting its nourishment from the earth, and with its branches reaching up toward the heavens.

As we get farther and farther from the animal, as the brute is educated out of us, the man in us advances, our discernment becomes finer, our perception keener, clearer, and we see, feel, and appreciate the grander things in the universe. All of this is like grinding the facets of the rough diamond in our nature, letting in more light and revealing newer and more marvelous beauties.

EVERY normal person is conscious of something within him which is always bidding him to forsake the lower, to let go of the material, to "come up higher," up out of the basement of animal living into the intellectual life, and grasp the things worth while.

We draw our greatest strength from divine substance, divine intelligence. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help," says the Psalmist. We send our thoughts upward, not downward. They reach up into the infinite source of things, to the All Supply. Here

is where realities, changeless realities exist, in the unseen pure being.

Few people take life very seriously or dip into it very deeply. We skim along the surface. We sip, we touch, we go. We are shallow in our life views, in our philosophies. We take little pains to try to find out the finer meanings of life and our purpose here. We are absorbed in mere things. The majority of people spend most of their lives on superficial things—things that appeal to the palate and the other senses. What a pity that we should put such a false estimate on mere things—on houses, stocks, lands, and money!

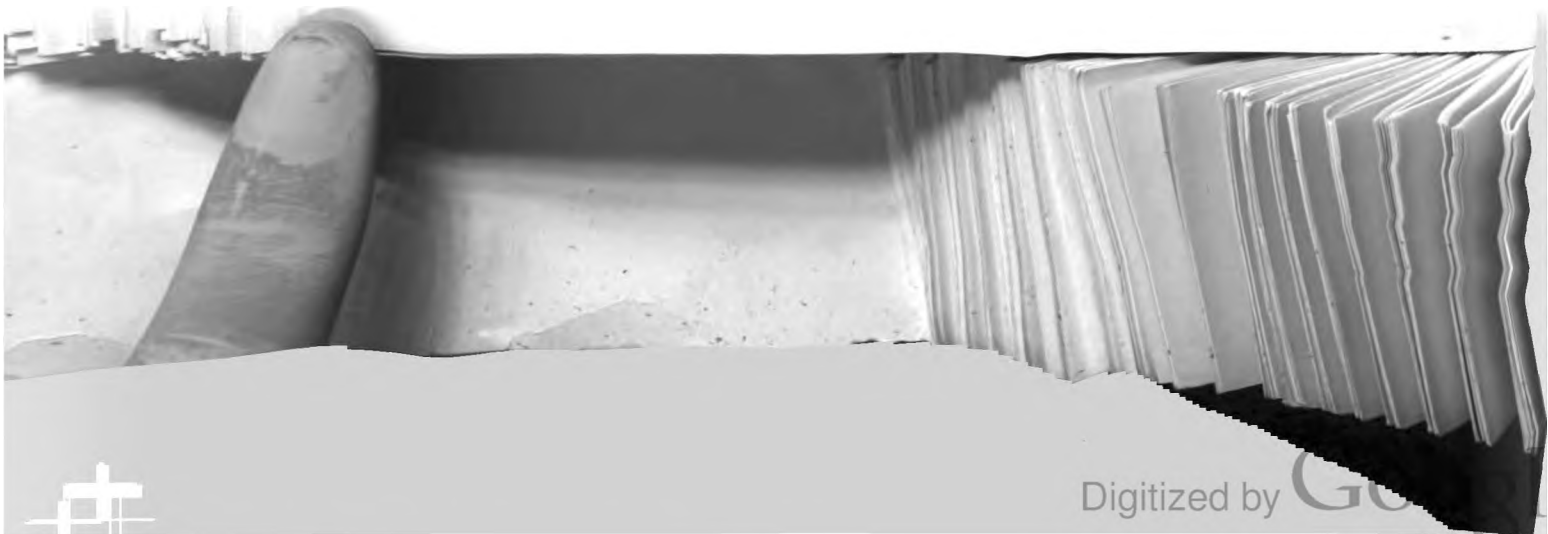
MULTITUDES of Americans have lost the art of living the life worth while, have missed the glory of life. Nearly everything of real value is sacrificed for material things. The things really worth while are merely incidental in their lives. They pay very little attention to the sweet, beautiful amenities of life.

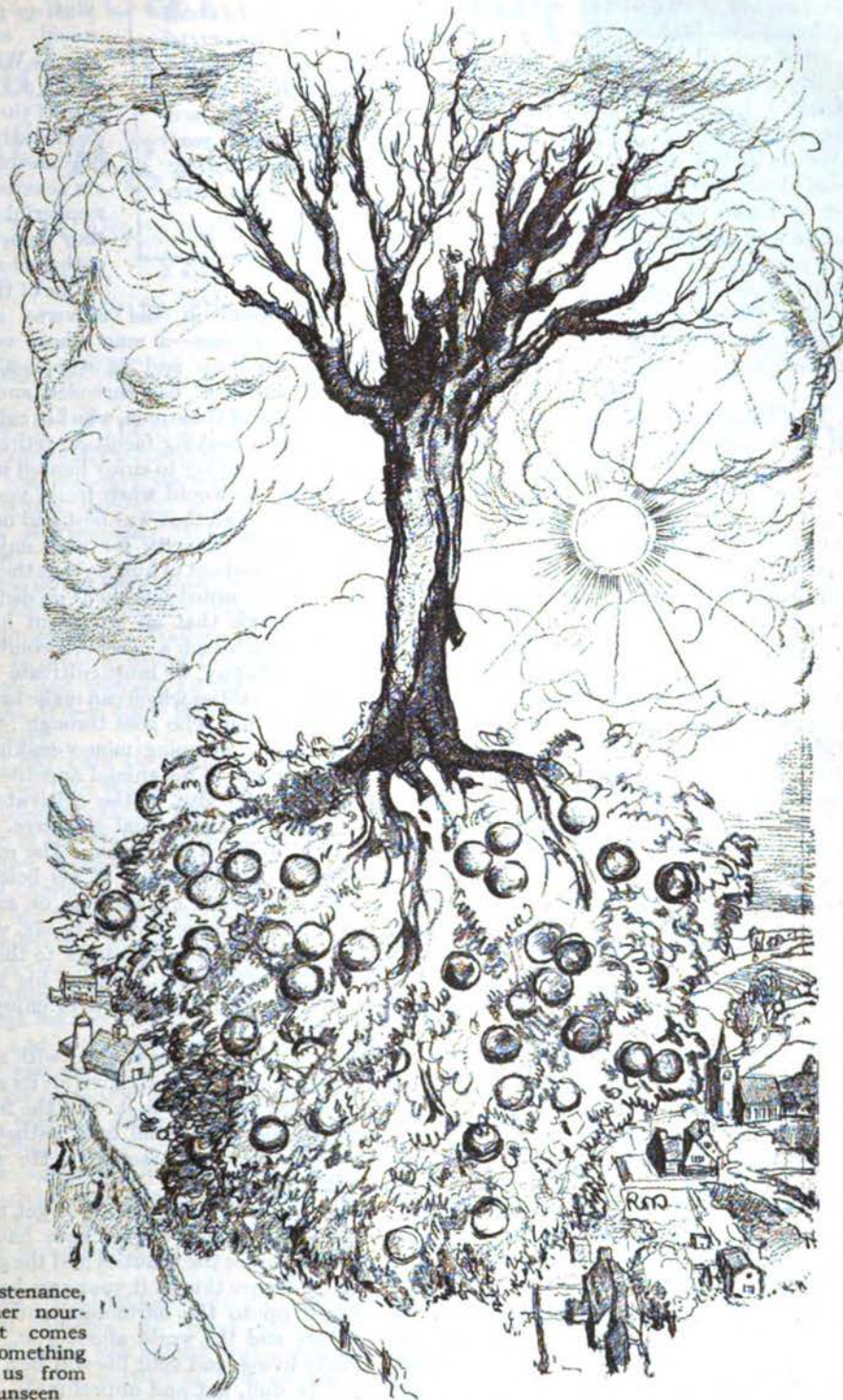
Millions of people in this country are rich in things but very poor in ideas and ideals. They have money but very little else.

Many people seem to think that if they haven't money they lack about everything that is worth while, but money poverty is nothing compared with mind poverty. Mental penury is the worst kind of poverty—the sort that blights the mind, that dwarfs the soul.

It is the duty of every human being to produce the largest possible man or woman. Merely to manage to pile up a little property, while the mind lives in penury and the soul is dwarfed because of the lack of an opportunity for growth, is not success. No matter how big the pile of money he may accumulate, if a person is cursed with mental penury, with mind starvation, with

***T**HE majority of our people are many times weaker in confidence than any other faculty. A large percentage of those who are failures could have succeeded if this one quality had been properly trained and strengthened in their youth.*





Our sustenance,
our finer nour-
ishment comes
from something
above us from
the unseen

soul-blighting conditions, his life is a miserable failure. Merely to grind out all one's vitality and energy in getting a living, is a crime.

We do not live by bread alone; our souls feed on higher things. To him who gets above the miasma of the basement of life and breathes the pure air of the higher altitudes comes a clearer vision of life and its marvelous meaning, a deeper appreciation of its glories.

WHAT a cheap substitute for real life many of us live! How little that is really grand, sublime, and beautiful we get in our monotonous, colorless, daily grind for a living! Most of us live in the lower levels of existence. We linger in the misty and oppressive valleys, when we might be climbing the sunlit hills. God puts into our hands the Book of Life, every page bright with open secrets, but how many of us suffer it to drop out of our hands unread!

Was there ever a sermon half so eloquent as that which we meet on every hand in a walk or a ride through the country? Sermons from butterflies, from robins, from bob-o-links; sermons from croaking frogs and chirping crickets, from the tempting apples in the orchards, the vegetables in the garden; sermons from the mountains which preach majesty, grandeur and sublimity; sermons from the streams, from the running brooks, the glorious ocean; sermons from the mighty oak and the swaying sapling; sermons from grass and trees, from leaf and flower. Everything is eloquent with the glory of life.

When you visit nature's playground where beauty, sublimity, and loveliness are all about you, take time to listen and think and ponder. Try to appreciate the glory surrounding you. Try to drink it all in with your eyes, your ears—with every sense, with your very soul! Try to think what all this means. Think of the intelligence that wrought these wonderful miracles on every hand. You will be amazed at what you can absorb.

I often see men and women walking through the beautiful Central Park in New York with their eyes upon the ground, scarcely ever glancing at the marvelous beauty of trees, grass, and flowers. I have seen them pass through the sections which are glorious with acres of mar-

***T**HERE is no more uplifting habit than that of bearing a hopeful attitude, of believing that things are going to turn out well and not ill; that we are going to succeed and not fail; that no matter what may or may not happen, we are going to be happy.*

velous rhododendrons, blind to glories which would entrance an angel. With scarcely a glance at the gorgeousness of the flowers, the exquisite beauty of the hills and valleys which are covered with these wonderful blossoms, they pass by, heedless of their charm.

One of the most pitiable objects in the universe is the mere shell of a man—a man whose very soul has been dried up and in whom all that was finest and best has shriveled and atrophied. To see one of these men, who has cultivated only the money-making faculties, retire from business rich, and try to enjoy himself in the way he dreamed he would when fresh, young, and responsive to all that was best and noblest in life—when all capacity for such enjoyment has long ago died out of him, so that there is nothing left but a burned-out shell—is distressing. It seems tragic that an intelligent human being should reach such a miserable condition.

To be happy, we must cultivate the faculties and the qualities which can make happiness possible. A man who goes through life exercising his greedy, grasping money-making faculties, and catering to his animal appetite, cannot experience the joys of the cultivated mind, to be found in intellectual pleasures. They only appeal to the higher man. The man who has lived in the basement of his being, who has never developed his æsthetic or artistic faculties, will not enjoy nature, books, works of art, or travel. He must get back to the animal rut for his satisfaction, because his undeveloped faculties cannot appreciate or enjoy the higher things.

Everything in life is filled with some special meaning, but will only give up its secret to the soul that responds to it. To the man who develops his intellectual and æsthetic faculties comes untold satisfaction. He understands what real living is.

If you have not learned to get nourishment from the unseen, if your eyes have not been trained to see the beauties and the glories of life in the higher things, if your ears have not been tuned up to the harmonies and melodies of nature and the world about you, you are not really living, and your life will be a failure. It will be dull, flat and unprofitable.

To cultivate the lower at the expense of the higher is one of the greatest tragedies of life.



Practical Farmer Heads Department of Agriculture

Henry C. Wallace, of President Harding's Cabinet, Says, "You Must Mix Brains with the Soil"

By CHESLA C. SHERLOCK

HENRY C. WALLACE, Secretary of Agriculture in President Harding's Cabinet, was once private secretary to the late James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture in the cabinets of Presidents McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft.

It was back in the days when James Wilson was dean of the Agricultural College at Ames, Iowa, and young Henry Wallace was seeking his degree. In order to complete his education at the college and support his family at the same time, Mr. Wilson made Henry Wallace his private secretary.

From that day until the death of Secretary Wilson, last year, the Wallaces and the Wilsons were great friends. James Wilson was a frequent visitor at the Wallace home, and he and "Uncle" Henry Wallace, father of the present Secretary of Agriculture, toured Europe together when Mr. Wilson left the Cabinet.

"I owe much to Wilson," said Secretary Wallace. "It was through his influence that I returned to Ames to complete my college work. It was through his kindness that I was enabled to graduate and to support my wife and two babies while winning the college degree. And when I was graduated, it was Mr. Wilson who brought me back to Ames as assistant professor in dairying. I owe a great deal—not only my start in agriculture—to him; but, also, for his aid, advice, and friendly interest when we were building my publication, *Wallace's Farmer*. He was a friend indeed!"

HENRY C. WALLACE was born in Rock Island, Illinois, 55 years ago. His father, for whom he was named, was a Scotch immigrant who first settled in Pennsylvania, but finally saw greater possibilities in the West for farming.



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Henry C. Wallace

The Wallaces have tilled the soil for generations. "There are only two members of our

family so far back as we can trace it," said Mr. Wallace, "that were not farmers—'dirt farmers'—and they were both dealers in food-stuffs. Agriculture is the central interest and activity of the entire Wallace family."

"Uncle" Henry Wallace, his father, was a strong advocate of education, and although most country boys, in his day, were content with a common education in the country schools, he insisted on his children having every advantage.

Young Henry went to the schools of Rock Island, finally being graduated from high school. Then he determined to enter Ames Agricultural College, at Ames, Iowa. There he spent two years—until it was necessary for him to go to work to support himself.

He purchased a farm in Adair county, Iowa, married, and settled down. For five years he was a successful farmer and breeder of live stock.

"In order to get money to help hold up the family budget," says Mr. Wallace, "I used to write short sketches of my farming experiences for the agricultural press. I did quite a bit of writing on the side.

"Some of this matter attracted the attention of Professor Henry of the Agricultural College at Madison, Wisconsin. Professor Henry was the dean of agricultural instructors. He was so interested in my literary output that he took the trouble to write me a letter in order to find out more about me. When he discovered that I was an actual farmer, he continued to cor-



Secretary of Agriculture Henry C. Wallace and Mrs. Wallace (in center) and their family

respond with me, offering advice and particularly insisting on knowing my hope for the future.

"The result of this correspondence was that he persuaded me to journey to Madison to see him. When I arrived there, he found that I had had two years of agricultural college work but had not finished the course of study.

"Of course, he insisted that I must return to college and graduate. He persuaded me that I was making the mistake of my life not to do this. I returned home, determined to follow his advice at any cost.

"I had to change trains at Ames coming home; and while there, between trains, I naturally went out to the college to see my old teacher, James Wilson, later Secretary of Agriculture.

"Wilson was naturally interested in my plans and asked me what I intended to do. When I told him that I was going back to school, he was greatly pleased. But when he found out that I was thinking of going to Madison, he wouldn't listen to the project at all!

"If you are going to do this," he said, "You owe it to Ames to finish your course here."

"So I held to the original plan but compromised by agreeing to go back to Ames."

Mr. Wallace then returned to his farm in Adair county, held a sale, turned everything

into cash and went back to finish his education. There were two babies in the Wallace home. He had had a splendid start in farming and was beginning to win a name as a breeder of fine live stock.

But his friends looked on his return to college as worse than foolhardy. Indeed, it is so seldom that young men who are just getting on their feet in the business world are content to follow the advice of their elders concerning education that his friends thought there was something radically wrong with young Wallace. But—he went back to his studies, and that decision changed the whole complexion of his life and eventually brought him to the portfolio he now occupies.

At college, Henry C. Wallace, found himself with his back to the wall. He had two years' work to complete before the coveted degree would be his. And his resources were fast dwindling away.

He had sold his farm and all his live stock for cash, but land and hogs and cattle in those days—1890—weren't worth a great deal in money. Times were hard and prices were at the low ebb. Eggs sold for five cents a dozen then, and a good horse brought the magnificent sum of \$17.50. And you had to "take it out in trading."

So Henry Wallace bargained with fate and finished his two years' work in one. But that was not enough! Then kindly old Secretary Wilson came to his rescue and made him his private secretary. By doing this work and by doing two college years in one, he pulled through and was graduated.

The strain told, just as it always tells. On his graduation day, he was stricken with typhoid fever. For several months he was too ill to be told what was happening. But he won in the fight against illness, and when the next college season opened he was able to be about again.

Again James Wilson came to his rescue and made a place for him on the college staff as assistant professor of dairying. Young Wallace had intended to return to the farm again, but he was glad to take the college professorship until he could get on his feet. He held this position for three years, all the time under the able guidance and assistance of James Wilson. Then events happened which prevented him ever again following the plow on his own accord.

Someone had started a little dairy paper at Ames. I do not know just what share Henry C. Wallace had in starting this paper, but I do know that he owned a half interest in it, acting as editor in addition to his college work.

His younger brother, John P. Wallace, had come to Ames and had just finished his first year of college work. At this time, his father, "Uncle" Henry Wallace, was editor of *The Iowa Homestead*, published in Des Moines.

The three Wallaces, father and two sons, decided to start a paper of their own. They took over the little dairy paper, changed the name to *Wallace's Farmer*, and entered into the publishing business on their own account. "Uncle" Henry and Henry C., were the editors, and John P., was the advertising and business manager.

It was just a little sheet in its first days; but its owners had great faith in it, and the name "Uncle" Henry Wallace had made as an agri-

cultural writer and platform speaker aided largely in carrying the project through to success.

John P. Wallace made his first trip for advertising on a bicycle simply because his firm did not have sufficient money to pay train fares! And he made that trip pay, even though a severe storm laid him up for over a week.

Until 1916, the year when "Uncle" Henry Wallace died, Henry C. Wallace served as associate editor of *Wallace's Weekly*. Since then, he has been the editor.

When asked for the secret of his success, Mr. Wallace smiled and said: "Just hard work and let's of it! You must mix brains with the soil."

THE home life of the Wallaces is the first interest of their lives. They are strong, sturdy Scots in their character and in their religion, but they are no less strong, sturdy, and happy in their family life.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace became acquainted at Ames, and their marriage was the result of a college romance. There are six children in the Wallace family, three boys and three girls. The oldest boy, Henry A., is also a graduate of Ames, and in his day will become editor of *Wallace's Farmer*. And when he retires his son, Henry B., will take his place.

The other sons of Secretary Wallace, John and James, are both veterans of the World War, graduates of the University of Pennsylvania, and are employed on *Wallace's Farmer*. The eldest daughter, Annabel, who is now Mrs. Angus McClay, lives in Detroit. The other two daughters, Ruth and Mary, are unmarried and live with their parents.

Secretary Wallace, it is probable, is the most thoroughly schooled in all branches of modern agriculture of any man who has held his portfolio. He had five years of actual farming experience after he reached his twenty-first year. He still owns a number of farms among them the Wallace homestead.

MEN like Phillips Brooks, Thoreau, Emerson, Beecher, Agassiz, Ruskin, were rich without money. They saw the splendor in the flower, the glory in the grass. They sucked in power and wealth at first hand from the fields, the birds, the brooks, the mountains, and the forest, as the bee sucks honey from the flowers. Every natural object seemed to bring them a special message from the great Author of the beautiful. To these rare souls every natural object was touched with power and beauty; and their thirsty souls drank it in as a traveler on a desert drinks in the God-sent water of the oasis.

THERE IS NO LOSS

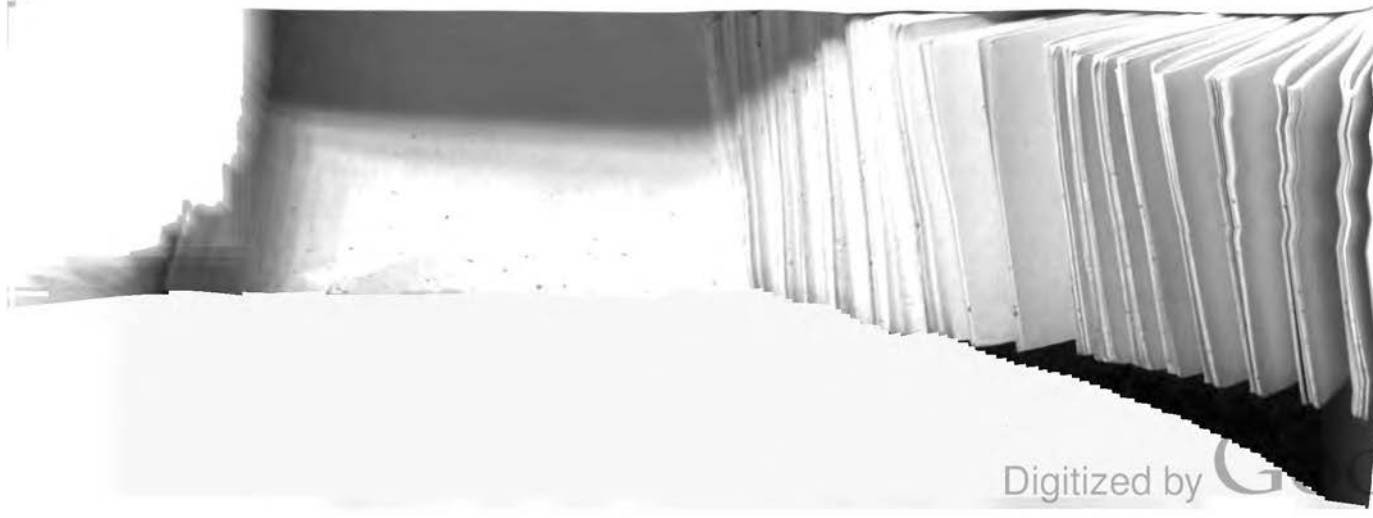
By J. A. Edgerton

THERE is no loss. All things that are will be.
All things that I have earned will come to me.
Nothing, outside myself, can alienate
That which is mine. I can serenely wait
Through all the ebb and flow of things that seem
And know in my own soul I am supreme;
I can serenely wait, through so-called chance,
Through all apparent turns of circumstance,
Until I see, when all at last grows plain,
The seeming loss revealed as real gain.

THERE is no loss. All I have ever been
That am I now. Securely stored within
Are all the loves and joys that I have known,
Are all the truths that I have made my own.
I go to meet the work that waits me yet
And look upon the past without regret.
The past, I say? 'Tis nothing but a word.
Its life upon the present is conferred.
All its results are here; not one is gone.
Included in the Now, they must live on.

THERE is no loss. The shadow comes and goes.
Beyond its edge eternal sunlight glows.
No leaf, or life, or ray of light appears,
But its results go down through all the years.
All substance and all force are held in store,
Conserved, inviolate forevermore.
Each form is but some soul made manifest;
Each thing, some prior thing but reexpressed;
The same, and yet in semblance new and strange,
The infinite variety of Change.

THERE is no loss. The sun goes down to-night,
To shed on other lands its life and light.
So souls pass out to touch some other sphere,
At their own time in this to reappear.
What we call death, seen only from our side,
Is but the ebb and flow within life's tide.
Faith knows these truths; but we, by Sense misled,
Deny her, mourning those we call our dead;
Poor, little children crying at the night,
When all the universe is filled with light.



The Newest Element in Industrial Management Is the Personnel Director

He acts as buffer between employer and employee.

He tries to make employees happier and more contented.

He looks after his company's welfare work.

In many instances, he has the final say regarding the hiring and firing of workers.

He must be up-to-date, clean-cut, loyal, and possess that rare gift—personality.

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS

DO you know what a personnel director is? He is a new element in industrial management. Ten years ago he was practically unknown. To-day he is one of the most important factors in industry. What is he?

He is the man who acts as a buffer between employees and employer.

He is the man who tries to make the employees happier on their jobs.

He is the man who looks after the company's welfare work.

He is the man who, in many instances, really has the final say regarding the hiring and firing of workers.

An important job, especially when it is realized that upon the mental condition of the workers—that is, whether they feel happy or sad, grouchy or pleasant—quite largely depends the total production of the plant.

Of course, personnel directors who are live wires have interesting and unusual experiences. They get an entirely different slant on the matter of mass employment from that of the employers. Some of these experiences are laughable and some are saddening.

I interviewed a Middle-Western per-

sonnel director who has direct charge of about 2,200 employees. He is J. O. Steendahl, of S. F. Bowser & Co., Inc., of Fort Wayne, Indiana, manufacturers of gasoline and oil-storage tanks and pumps.

He is a young man, about thirty-three years old. He has grown up in the plant where he is employed. He worked up and is now one of the plant's main executives.

"Do you know what I conceive my job to be?" queried this personnel director. "I figure that my job is to get personality into our plant. In old days, you know, factories thought of their employees only as groups. They thought, for instance, of a hundred or so men in the machine shop and they figured that these men should turn out a certain amount of work. And they thought of the boiler shop and the other shops in the same way. Men used to represent merely numbers. If greater production was needed, then more numbers—which made their appearance on the hats or

caps of the workers—were hired. If it was necessary to curtail production, then a bunch of numbers were laid off.

"But, in recent years, there came a thorough realization of the fact that each worker is a personal-

**SOME men carry conquest
in their very presence;
they win our confidence the
first time we see them. We
believe in their power because
they radiate it.**

ity with temperament, thoughts, and aspirations which may be quite as keen—even keener—than those of the big boss himself. And it has been further realized that when workers are treated as persons and made happy in their work, that the plant will not only secure increased production but cut down its labor turnover tremendously.

"It's such a comparatively easy matter to make workers happy on their jobs, that it seems strange that factories so seldom used to do anything along this line.

FOR instance, there's a print shop in this town which has cut down its labor turnover to only a fourth of what it formerly was. And how has this been done? By the very simple method of installing a phonograph in the work room!

"This phonograph cost one hundred and fifty dollars. Half of this sum was paid by the owner of the shop. The other half was paid by the employees in monthly installments. Every week the employees take up additional collections for the purchase of new records. During the working hours, the phonograph is kept going pretty constantly by the employees who are privileged to put on new records whenever they wish to do so. Not only are the employees of this plant sticking on the job as they never did before, but the production has been greatly increased. They set type and feed the presses faster to the sound of music.

"That's one interesting example of what can be done in industrial management by getting personality into the plant. When an employee can go up to a phonograph in the shop, and assert his personality by starting a piece of music, which he himself selects, then he is a lot more of an individual than if he keeps working from morning to late afternoon with scarcely a respite and with nothing to relieve the monotony.

"Out here, at our plant, we go a step further in this effort to inject personality by means of a 'Personal Relations' month, during which every employee is supposed to do some, extra, unexpected service for some other employee. The idea was originated by our assistant general manager, R. L. Heaton, who was formerly personnel director. The idea we try to instill in the workers, during this month, is that every man's job has some relation to some other man's job; and that if the first man thinks about the second man as a person, and not as a mere part of the machine, he will see some way of doing something which will help this second man in his work.

"It is surprising to see how this idea catches on. The first time we started it we went to the gatemen and gave them a talk, And this is just about what we said;

" 'I want you to smile at the men when they come to work every day this month. I don't mean to just give them a nod and a sheepish sort of a grin; but a real smile, as if you were glad to see them and as if you felt that this was a fine old world. Of course, you don't feel that way—not now—but you will after you've been smiling for a few days. And I want you to keep smiling at the men until they smile back at you. They may think you're foolish at first; but, after a couple of days, they'll like it and everyone in the plant will feel happier because you fellows have started the smile habit.'

"It was pretty hard for a couple of those gatemen to smile. One old codger, who hadn't smiled for years, looked as if his face would crack in two, the first mornings, when he pulled back the corners of his mouth and gave the men a weird sort of a grin. Some of the workers couldn't help smiling at him—he looked so odd with this grin on his frosty old face. But the men soon got to smiling back at him and then his own smile became oiled up and he seemed to enjoy himself. In fact he would try out his smile at every opportunity, and he seemed to find real pleasure in inducing other folks to smile.

THE personal-relations idea spread all through the plant. During the entire month, we had all sorts of evidences of the results we were getting from the stunt. It was evidenced in the tone of inter-department communications and in the way that all the workers finished up their own jobs in good shape before passing their work along to some other employee. And there were a number of striking incidents showing how the idea had taken hold of our shop employees.

"One day, while in the shop, I noticed two workers facing each other belligerently as if ready to leap at each other's throat. For just a moment, I thought that fight was imminent. Then I realized that these men were grinning at each other.

" 'Oh, boy!' exclaimed one of the men, 'I can't tell you what I think of you now, but just wait until this month is over!'

"And the second one said: 'I'm putting the things I'm thinking down on paper. You just wait until the first of the month!'

"Then they grinned some more and returned to their work.

"That was one instance. Another instance

was this: One of our factory superintendents asked Mr. Heaton if it would be violating any company policy if he sent a little typed note to all the workers in another section thanking them for their coöperation during the month!

"Imagine a thing like that—a superintendent wanting to thank workers in an other section for coöperation! You know how things generally are in a plant. There's never any thanking for coöperation, but there's an everlasting lot of bawling out for lack of it.

"Mr. Heaton told the superintendent to send the note. And all but two of the men replied in some way or other—some by acknowledging the note in a letter of their own, and thanking the superintendent for his coöperation, others by personal word.

"I'm firmly convinced that this thing of injecting personality is the biggest thing in present-day industry. But I am also convinced that it will be some little time before some of the workers really understand that the company is interested in them as individuals, not as a mere collection of numbers who should and must turn out a certain amount of work each day.

"As an illustration of this fact, I might tell about a case we had where a worker's wife became ill. We have a regularly employed nurse who calls on families in which there is sickness, and aids them without charge. This is one of our services in which we take the greatest pride, and it has made quite a hit with a lot of our workers.

"**B**UT with this particular worker, it didn't make the least hit. Usually when there is sickness in a family and the worker wants the services of the nurse, he files an application with his foreman. But this particular man failed to file an application. We heard of the sickness in his family in a roundabout way. But though he had failed to file an application, we sent the nurse. And then the fun began.

"At first the worker refused to let the nurse into his home. Finally, after about fifteen minutes of conversation in which the nurse told him over and over again, that there was no charge and that the company was sending her, he permitted her to enter the home. All during the time that she was in the house, the worker watched her closely, staying away from his job to do so. Finally, thanks to the nurse, the worker's wife recovered and the nurse departed. And then came the climax of this incident—the worker quit his job, saying that he was going to work for some firm that didn't

send spies into the homes of their employees!

"In our recent efforts to get personality into the plant we have felt that it might be a good plan to let the workers see just what relation their position has to the other positions in the plant, and to the plant's completed products. By doing this, we felt that the worker would be getting a better perspective on his job, too. So we have been, for some time, conducting tours through the plant and the offices on the company's time, during which we have had personal escorts for certain groups of workers and have explained everything connected with the business to these workers.

"**T**HESE tours have been exceedingly interesting. And they brought out some things which showed conclusively just how little we had done toward giving the workers the right perspectives and toward making them feel wholly at home in their positions.

"For instance, we found that some of the workers who had been employed by us for periods ranging from five to ten years, had never once set foot in our office building!

"Now, I take it, that is a condition of which we could not feel proud. There is no earthly reason, as I see it, why the offices should be sacred ground on which the heel of the factory worker must never set. And I, personally, felt ashamed of this condition of affairs.

"On one of these tours, a certain worker stood in fascination watching an adding-machine operator.

"'What is that girl doing?' the worker asked me.

"I explained the whole thing, showed him the totals added by the machine, and explained just how the machine simplified the work in that department, making it possible to turn out more work with absolute accuracy.

"'Well, I declare!' said this worker. 'I've seen "ads" of adding machines in store windows, but that's the first time I ever saw one operated!'

"Think of that!

"I took pains, after this little tour, to have another talk with this worker.

"'That girl spent six months and considerable money learning how to operate that machine,' I said to this worker.

"'Yes, I've been thinking about that,' said the worker. 'Do you know—I used to think that my job was just about the most important job in this whole plant. I used to think that the plant couldn't get along without me. But that girl is just as much a skilled worker as I am. And

(Continued on page 111)

The Menace of the Blue Peril

What would happen if the blue laws now being agitated, were to pass?

How could they benefit the people of the United States?

What are their disadvantages?

To answer these questions we need only to consider what occurred during the blue-law regime of the early American colonies.

You will find that answer in this article

By FRANK WINSLOW

WE have heard of the yellow peril, the red peril, and perils of other descriptions and colors; but it is only recently that we have become aware of the most deadly menace of all—the blue peril. For we are threatened with a recurrence of those blue laws which afflicted the early settlers of New England, and apparently served no good purpose except to provide amusement for future generations. Most of us are inclined to think vaguely of the blue laws as of the black plague or other scourges of the past; we are inclined to assume that they have died a natural death, and that fortunately we live in a more enlightened age; but like a man who awakens from peaceful slumber to find his house convulsed by an earthquake, we are aroused abruptly to discover that our security is only imaginary, and that we are confronted with an era of blueness rivaling that of Puritan days.

What would happen if the blue laws were to pass? What changes would they make in our lives? What would be the benefits, if any? What the disadvantages? To answer these questions, we need only consider what occurred in the early American colonies.

WITH blue laws there should be no half-way measures. That seemed to be the opinion of the Puritan fathers. Accordingly, they set about diligently to make the blueness thorough; they passed laws against every color except blue; they strove with skill and energy to abolish all trace of joy from life, apparently acting on the theory

that gladness is sinful, while the Almighty, in his kindness, delights to see sorrow. The Puritans, therefore, were careful to make the day of worship one of mournfulness, and they succeeded to an extent that might have made the most optimistic gloomy. As Brooks Adams well remarks in his work on "The Emancipation of Massachusetts," "The sad countenance, the Biblical speech, the sombre garb . . . and above all the unflinching deference paid to themselves, were the marks of sanctification by which the elders knew the saints on earth."

SINCE they conceived of their Sabbath as a good thing, the Puritans evidently believed in having plenty of it; consequently, they made it begin at sunset on Saturday evening, and, thereafter, all were forbidden to "walk uncivilly in the streets or fields," "to be in any house of public entertainment," or "to sport or otherwise misspend their precious time."

This prohibition was aimed especially at the young; and we can imagine youths and maidens being apprehended for the ignominious crime of walking on a Sunday, much as they might now be arrested for drunkenness or disorderly conduct. This, however, was only one of the milder restrictions of the Sabbath day. Not only were people precluded from all dis-

graceful occupations, such as enjoying themselves, but they were *compelled by law* to join in the public task of attending church. Absence was made punishable by a fine or imprisonment; but evidently not

THE MASTERY OF TIME

By Rose Trumbull

THOU To-morrow whom I feared,
A foeman menacing my way,
I grapple thee, I pluck thy beard,
And brand thee as my slave, To-day.

even this requirement was efficacious, for a detective system to apprehend offenders came into effect, and Massachusetts, in 1671, passed a law ordering the town selectmen to appoint one inspector to every ten families, with the power to arrest and imprison the Sabbath breakers.

FOR the purpose of holding the culprits, cages were to be erected in the market places. Not even the children escaped the severity of these laws, for the parents and governors of children over seven years old were admonished in case their charges showed disrespect to the Sabbath; and for repeated offenses, the penalties were fines and whipping. Not a very happy place for the young, when boys and

girls of seven had to assume the gravity of gray-beards! But this was only another instance of Puritan consistency. For whatever may be said against the blue laws, it must be admitted that their blueness was thorough.

Even more flagrant cases are recorded. Daniel Wait Howe, in his volume on "The Puritan Republic," declares that such was the respect for the Sabbath that "some ministers seem to have had doubts as to whether it was lawful to be born on that day." One very conscientious minister, the author recounts, refused to baptize children "which were so irreverent as to be born on the Sabbath." However, this conscientious objector was a bachelor. Had he not been, he might have suffered the fate of a fellow parson with similar scruples, who "was effectually cured by having twins born to his wife on the Sabbath." Perhaps there were those who regarded it as wicked to die on the Sabbath, and who believed that a suitable punishment for such an offense was a few million ages of torture. If there were any such, their record, unfortunately, has been lost; but such views are entirely consistent with the Puritan spirit.

It is recorded by the eminent historian mentioned above, Brooks Adams, that a Puritan cat was once so blasphemous as to catch a rat on a Sunday, and, on the following day, his master solemnly put him to death! Perhaps a

more typical example is that of the sea captain who returned on a Sunday after a three-year cruise, and finding his wife awaiting him at their doorstep, forgot himself to the extent of publicly kissing her. But he escaped rather easily, considering the grossness of his offense. He received two hours in the stocks "for his lewd and unseemly behavior." One wonders what the Puritans conceived of as proper conduct under the circumstances. Probably the sea captain would have been obeying the law had he greeted his wife by gazing at her mournfully, and saying, "How do you do, Mary? This is the Sabbath Day, and I will not be so unholy as to kiss you. But wait till to-morrow, and then I will do it."

The blue laws were not confined to enactments regarding the Sabbath. The Puritans were not so narrow as to limit blueness to a single day. And so they discovered many methods of spreading it throughout the week. Some of these methods were adopted from England; some were original with the colonists. In many cases, they represented nothing more than the general spirit of the time. For example, their methods for the punishment of crime

THE next time you are in trouble, or feel discouraged and think you are a failure, just try the experiment of affirming vigorously, persistently, that all that is real must be good, for God made all that is, and whatever doesn't seem to be good is not like its Creator, can not be real. Persist in this affirmation. You will be surprised to see how unfortunate suggestions and adverse conditions will melt away.

were dyed with blueness to the core, yet we can clearly see in them the English influence. The death penalty was exceedingly popular in the colonies, as in the mother country; it was pronounced for idolatry, witchcraft, blasphemy, adultery, stealing, and other offenses, including the return of Quakers and Jesuits after banishment. For burglary—the first and second offense—the penalty was the cutting off of the offender's ears; for vagabond Quakers and rogues the chastisement was branding; for defamation of the magistrates, or profanation of the Lord's Day, whipping was the punishment; and for the crime of lying, the reprimand varied from fines to whipping. But what was particularly infamous was the treatment of the "witches," of which thousands—sometimes the ordinary citizens, sometimes harmless though demented persons—were put to death in the name of justice.

In accordance with the spirit of blueness, the Puritans showed little more tolerance towards

persons of other sects than they did toward criminals. This will be apparent from a Connecticut law providing that no Quaker or dissenter should be allowed a vote; that no food or lodging should be afforded a Quaker, Adamite, or other heretic; and that if a person turned heretic, he should be banished, and not suffered to return on penalty of death.

MUCH the same spirit was manifested in the laws of Virginia and other colonies. An act of 1660, showed its judicial tolerance by beginning, "Whereas there is an unreasonable and turbulent sort of people, commonly called Quakers." The act not only forbade Quakers to arrive, but provided that those already present were to be imprisoned till they left, and that no person was to have anything to do with a Quaker. Other laws made it a finable offense to attend a meeting of Quakers, or to entertain any member of that sect; and one statute specified that if a Quaker were unable to pay a fine imposed on him, it was to be collected from other Quakers or Separatists. This is much as if we were to have a law to-day providing that if a Presbyterian could not pay a fine, it should be collected from any other Presbyterian or Methodist.

One might mention other Puritan enactments, such as the censorship of the press by a committee of clergymen, the statutory limitation of wages, the prohibition of short sleeves, and the ordinance requiring long garments, which, in 1653, resulted in the trial of a man for wearing boots. But enough has already been said to indicate the general nature of the Blue Laws. It should be apparent that they had two outstanding characteristics: first, as already pointed out, that they were consistent; second, that they were laws against human nature. If there is anything that is natural, the Puritans seemed to believe, that thing is wrong; the only rightful thing is what is unnatural; therefore what is unnatural is natural. And so they set about with thoroughgoing zeal to abolish everything spontaneous and normal.

Children liked to play on the Sabbath—let them be whipped for it! Young people desired to amuse themselves—let them be put in the stocks! Quakers and other heretics wished to have opinions—let them be banished or put to death! Man was a creature made for misery and sorrow—it was sacrilegious not to strive for one's full share of that sorrow and misery! Outside the robins would sing in the spring-time—poor things, they did not know any better!—their souls were probably doomed to eternal torment! In the fields the bares would

leap and sport on the Sabbath as on any other day—it was terrible to think of the Hereafter of torture that awaited them! And, on the Sabbath, even the sun would go about his regular business—it was lucky the sun was not a living thing, for then surely its soul would suffer the penalty! And while all the outside world—birds, beasts, flowers, trees, and sun—would be rejoicing, the Puritans would sit within for hour on hour on stiff wooden benches listening to interminable sermons on divine damnation.

To be thorough, we should have to pass a law such as the following:

I. The Sabbath shall commence at sundown on Saturday evening, and after that time no railroad train shall run, no vessel shall continue under way at sea, no telegraph, telephone, or wireless message shall be sent or taken, no street cars shall operate, or stores or places of amusement shall be open, no electric or gas lights shall be permitted, and any one caught twiddling his thumbs, winking, or otherwise impiously disporting himself, shall be given ten years at hard labor; and for the second offense, death shall be the penalty.

II. Any one caught sneezing on the Sabbath shall be sent to the penitentiary for not less than a year nor longer than life.

III. Laughter shall be strictly forbidden, and any one guilty of a breach of decorum to the extent of smiling, shall be burned at the stake as a witch.

IV. In order that the benefits of this law may be as great as possible, it shall be applied alike to every day in the week.

HAVING duly abolished the United States Constitution, we may adopt this law and settle down to an era of blueness that would bring envy to the soul of even the bluest of the Puritan Fathers.

The Fatalistic creeds of the East would surely find a lodging among us, and to help a man whose leg was broken or who had lost his eyesight, would be blasphemy, since whatever ill befell a man would be considered a punishment inflicted by the Almighty; and for men to interfere would be presumption amounting to profanation. And so we might have a law forbidding a man to do a service to any other man. In other words, we might become so good that goodness would cease to exist.

The next measure, obviously, would be a law proclaiming that since everything in this life is for the sake of the life hereafter, anything done in order to gain pleasure or to avoid misery should receive the death penalty.



The Business Butterfly

Proud Prudence Parker, Employed as Private Secretary,
Suddenly Finds that Art and Business Do not Mix

By PETER GRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOANNA SHORTMEIER

WHAT HAPPENED IN PART I

PRUDENCE PARKER, at the age of twenty-one years, finds herself facing the necessity of earning her own living after a life of luxury. Left alone by the death of her uncle, Enoch Tomlinson, with whom she had made her home, Prudence leaves the New England town of Cambridge, where she had been born and raised in the most exclusive circles, and comes to New York City. With a capital of \$1500, all that was left of her former wealth, she takes up a commercial course. Putting behind her the memory of her past social life, she enters into her practical business career with zeal and determination. Her first position is secretary to Richard Babson Vandergrift, millionaire. In spite of the fact that he advertised for a

man, she is given the position. In order to try her out, Vandergrift leaves her alone the first afternoon to see how she can manage his affairs. His daughter, Margaret, telephones a message for him to meet her in order that he may see an original Corot which she is very anxious to obtain regardless of the fabulous amount asked for it. Remembering the false originals by which her uncle had been defrauded of a fortune, Prudence telephones the agent to bring it to the office. Under protest he finally consents. Prue recognizes it as one of the worthless paintings owned by her uncle. Vandergrift resents her interference in such affairs and summarily discharges her. She refuses to leave until the authenticity of the picture is assured.

PRUDENCE PARKER'S first battle of wits with a leader of big business was a dismal failure. Her stiffened-backbone decision that she would not leave Richard Vandergrift's office until she knew the history of the Corot, which she believed had either been a counterfeit or else a genuine masterpiece, sold to her own disadvantage, had only resulted in her discomfiture and humiliation.

As she stood, with flashing eyes, on the threshold of her employer's office, declining to accept his dismissal, Charles Salmon Chase, an expert on old masters, entered and bowed to Vandergrift and his daughter, Margaret.

"Let me see this little treasure, Miss Vandergrift," he said, and then he adjusted his glasses and, backing away, gave the canvas careful scrutiny. "Vandergrift," he said after a few moments, "how much are you going to give for this?"

"Mr. Taranoff asks fifty thousand," Vandergrift replied. "What would you advise?"

"Buy it!" announced Chase without hesitation. "It's real—and it's a bargain."

There seemed nothing for Prudence to do. In the face of the expert's opinion, her attempt to prevent her employer obtaining a valuable

painting at a low price, seemed a rank presumption. If this very canvas had been sold by her uncle's lawyers on the ground—either honestly or otherwise—that it was not an original, she had no proof of the fact. If Enoch Tomlinson's collection had been sold for a mere pittance, that did not interest Richard Vandergrift. If he was able to buy at a ridiculously low price and Prudence had been cheated out of a small fortune, he regarded that as her ill-luck and Vandergrift's gain. Yet somehow she suspected Taranoff, and her flashing eyes conveyed just that impression to the art dealer.

However, unable to justify herself, she slipped quietly from the room and departed. As she was leaving the big office-building she almost collided with an apologetic, good-looking youth, who seemed to be keenly aware that she was exceedingly smart and attractive. With astonishment, he observed the traces of tears in her eyes and the evident nervousness of her manner.

"Can't I be of some help?" he asked solicitously. "You seem to be in trouble."

"No," she said, despite her desire to talk over the matter with someone.

"I beg your pardon," said the youth; and, without another word, he disappeared into the offices of Richard Babson Vandergrift.

In the elevator, Prudence tried to control herself. With a daub of her handkerchief to her reddened eyes, she stepped into the marble-lined lobby. In one corner, in an alcove, was the telegraph office. There she paused to send a telegram to Lanning Lanning, Boston: It read

Corot pronounced spurious when uncle's estate was settled just sold in New York for fifty thousand. Have we been deceived?

Then Prudence Parker boarded a jammed subway-train and, while gripping a strap, attempted to scan the help-wanted advertisements for another place. But the long column offered nothing inviting.

In the tiny place which served as her apartment, Prudence spied a dainty envelope bearing the postmark of the Boston Back Bay station. For weeks she had made it a practice to throw all of her forwarded mail into the wastebasket, unopened. She detested the curious, prying tone of the earlier letters she had received, and felt that she wished to divorce herself from the life she had led prior to the decease of her impoverished uncle. But, under the circumstances, this sealed voice from the past intrigued her curiosity. She opened the letter. As she read, her face brightened. Here was the first really human document that had come to her since the collapse of Enoch Tomlinson's fortune and her own decision to go out and earn her own living.

THE note was from Aline Bradford. It seemed like a ray of sunshine in the darkness. There was a heartfelt sympathy expressed in the familiar writing, a genuine longing to be helpful and friendly which made Prudence picture the lovely Aline and wish she were in

the tiny hall-room to share her confidences.

"I have written you before," wrote Aline, "but I have had no answer. Your sudden disappearance and your strange silence have disturbed me, as it has all of us who really love you. Surely you must have received my letters, since they have not been returned to me, and I very carefully wrote my home address on each envelope."

Then there *had* been other understanding letters! Prudence realized now that she had destroyed them in her desire to break with the past, and that was why Aline Bradford had written this final appeal. How different was the tone of this missive from the supercilious ones of other women, who, through idle curi-



osity or social cruelty, had elected to rebuke her for having left the little inner New England circle so silently and abruptly!

"I know something of the circumstances surrounding your uncle's death, Prue, and something of the position in which you found yourself," Aline continued. "It has caused unpleasant gossip; but what is gossip between true friends? I often feel that half the mistakes and injustices of the world result from careless, senseless gossip.

"You and I have been good friends, and friendship is too precious a thing to let lightly slip into oblivion. If you are in trouble, I want to help you. If it is money—don't be purse proud. If it is merely the sympathy and, perhaps, the advice of one who cares, don't hesitate

to let me know. In any event, please give in to me and come to spend two weeks at the old place up here, just as soon as you receive this letter. Wire me when to expect you."

Prudence let the letter fall into her lap. The world was not so cruel after all. Twice within a few hours she had found real sympathy. She recalled the remarks of the young man just outside the Vandergrift offices. Now she held this comforting message from Aline. Tears came to her eyes as she looked at this penciled postscript beneath "Lovingly, Aline:" "Just between us, Prue, if, for any reason, you're short of funds and haven't money enough to come on, wire at once and you'll get what you need through the Vandergrift Banking House."

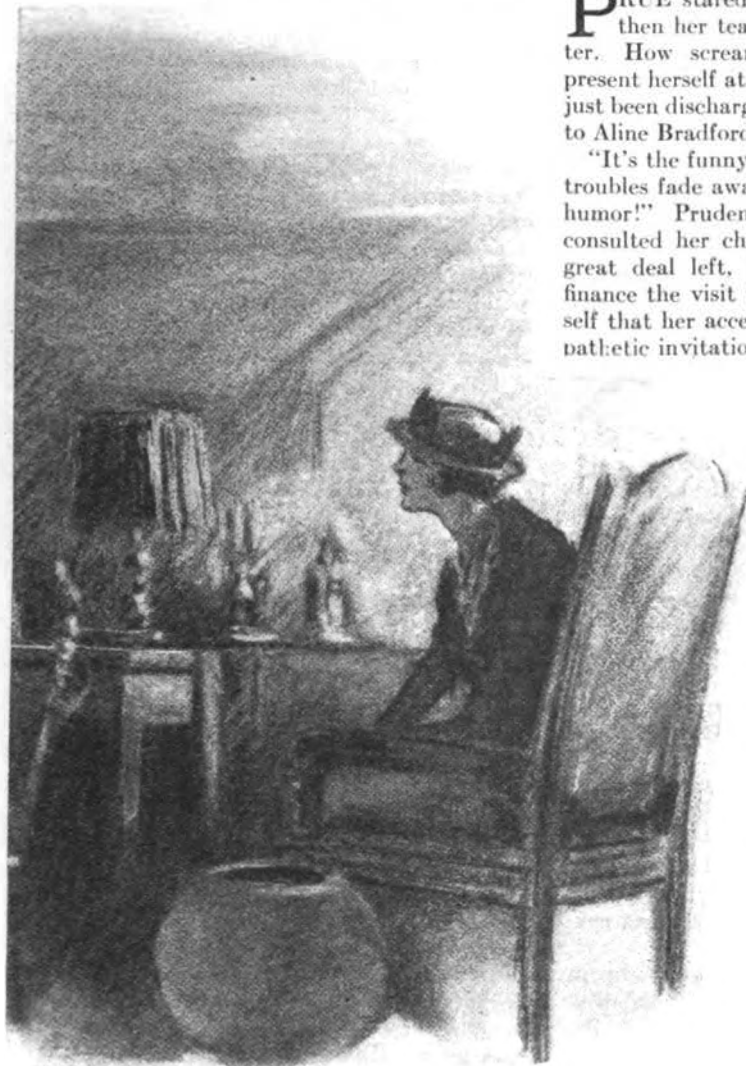
PRUE stared at the last three words and then her tears changed to nervous laughter. How screamingly funny if she should present herself at the office from which she had just been discharged to obtain money for a visit to Aline Bradford!

"It's the funny little twists of life that make troubles fade away, if we only have a sense of humor!" Prudence told herself. Then she consulted her check book. There was not a great deal left, but more than sufficient to finance the visit to Aline. Prudence told herself that her acceptance of the genuinely sympathetic invitation would prove a good investment. So she resolved to go. With Aline, she would be frankly truthful. She would explain her new situation. But if Back Bay society was to prove coldly appraising, Prudence resolved that it should not read the innermost secrets of her heart. She meant to learn the truth about the genuineness of her uncle's paintings, and, while the guest of Aline, she figured that she could run into Boston and interview Mr. Lanning.

The housemaid knocked

The skull-capped, skeleton-like person shrewdly tried to analyze the methods and motives of his fair visitor. His canny brain made him suspicious.

"You buy old masters?" she asked.



at her door and announced, "A gentleman to see Miss Parker." "Theodore Vandergrift" was the name on the proffered card. Prue's heart beat faster. Of course it was the young man she had met outside the office door that afternoon and, he must be Richard Vandergrift's son. She calculated that he had secured her name and address from the records of the firm that had employed and discharged her all in one short afternoon. And for some unknown reason, he had made it his business to call. Unknown reason? Prue glanced into her mirror and discovered the reason—smiling back at her with impudent delight. "Tell him I'll be down in a few minutes," said Prue.

BUT even Prue Parker was not prepared for the look of surprise that came over Teddy Vandergrift's features when she greeted him in the old-fashioned parlor with its faded furniture. Instead of the prim, businesslike girl he had seen outside his father's office, he was facing the most ravishingly beautiful and stylishly gowned young woman he had seen in a long while. Disappointment mingled with suspicion crossed his features. This was the girl his sister and Taranoff—and even his father—had accused of trying to practice deception in connection with a valuable painting. He had been all sympathy for the girl as he had listened to their statements; but now, in view of the change in her appearance and manner, he wondered if after all she might be—a crook.

Prudence sensed the hesitancy and saw the doubt in his eyes. She wanted to laugh, but she was enjoying the situation too intensely. "Haven't you come to arrest me?" she asked teasingly.

"No," he said slowly. "I came up here to say that I thought you'd been unfairly treated—and to try to make amends. I hope it isn't a guilty conscience that made you ask me that question."

"Mr. Vandergrift," Prue explained, "I cannot blame you for distrusting me, and now I can see that your father was right from his standpoint. But there is quite a little story behind what has happened. Some day, perhaps, I will be able to tell you about it—if you care to hear the truth. I am preparing to go away. While I appreciate the spirit of your visit, I must ask you to excuse me."

"You may think me presumptuous and you may doubt my motive," said Teddy Vandergrift, "but it isn't merely idle curiosity to know what this is all about. I am *not* going to excuse you, and I want you to come to dinner

with me. It will be a case of no questions asked, and no confidences exchanged—except by mutual consent. Do say you'll come!"

Prue hesitated. Then she refused. Young Mr. Vandergrift was insistent—so insistent that Miss Parker finally consented. In the lobby of the hotel where they decided to dine, Prudence filed her telegram to Aline, promising to leave on the morning train.

Mr. Vandergrift proved a most considerate and charming host. Learning that Prudence was interested in business affairs, he confided to her his own ambitions. "I don't think that just because dad has a few millions, I am justified in being a pampered son," he said. "Sis rather has that idea and goes in for all sorts of queer fads and acquaintances. Personally, I want to carve out something for myself."

Prudence looked at him in astonishment. In the circle in which she had been reared, such ambition on the part of a rich man's son was distinctly refreshing if not amazing. And his ideas blended perfectly with her own. But Prudence was not ready to reveal her true self and her status to Teddy Vandergrift, and when he parted from her on the brownstone steps of her boarding house, that night, he still looked upon her as a well educated and very charming young secretary who had incurred his father's displeasure. She had told him that she would be out of town for several weeks and he promised to call immediately after her return.

NEITHER Prudence nor Teddy realized that they had been observed at dinner. At another table, behind a bank of palms, Margaret Vandergrift and Taranoff were seated. Both observed in amazement the tete-a-tete across the room. Totally unable to understand the companionship of Prudence and Teddy, they were frankly puzzled. A worried expression frequently passed over the art dealer's brow.

"Father would be furious—and I don't blame him!" Margaret said. "I think I see it all now. Teddy doesn't like you and he has some ridiculous ideas about spending father's money. To him, the purchase of paintings and such things is the rankest extravagance. He'd rather give it to the Boy Scouts and the poor. I believe he planted this girl in father's office to—"

Taranoff raised his hand. "Do not speak unguardedly," he advised. "We may suspect what we like, but we cannot, must not make accusations. How different is the present aspect of the young lady! The office girl has

changed her spots, and is now a well-dressed woman of the world."

Two days later, Prudence Parker entered the living room of the Bradford homestead, to find some newly arrived guests who had just been motored up from the railroad station. On the threshold she paused and flushed, and an inarticulate exclamation burst from the astonished lips of a young man. It was Teddy Vandergrift.

They went through their introduction mechanically, each hesitating to confess to previous acquaintance. Prudence gladly sought the refuge of the tea-table, where Aline was acting as hostess, yet her glance wandered covertly in Vandergrift's direction. She was aware that he was observing her curiously. Suddenly a tea cup slipped from her hand. She started with nervous fright as she heard Buckley Leamon telling the party of a bit of news.

"I heard the story as I was leaving the Courts Building," he said. "Lanning Lanning committed suicide this morning. Shot himself in a fit of despondency. It seems that some estate he had recently settled, went wrong in some way."

Aline looked curiously at Prudence, who felt as if she were going to faint. There could be no doubt about it—the act had been committed on her account and it was probably her telegram that had awakened Lanning to the fact that he had been duped. Not for a moment did Prudence believe that the lawyer's failure was the result of carelessness or culpability on her part. She felt like a murderess as she listened to the comments on his death.

"It seems," Leamon went on, "that there was some mix-up regarding the sale of some paintings. I don't know the details, but it is believed that Lanning was cheated by a clever band of art thieves."

PRU DENCE did not hear further. She was too bewildered. She hung her head, aware that Teddy Vandergrift was staring at her horrified. Aline, who knew a little of Prudence's story, slipped her arm through her guest's sympathetically. "Come up to my room, dear," she said. "Don't let this upset you. It will all straighten out somehow."

Prudence let Aline lead her from the room, her excuse being a sick headache.

When the two were alone, Prudence completed her confidence to Aline, telling her, for the first time, of her employment by Vandergrift and the dinner with Teddy. "I know he suspects that I'm dishonest," Prudence said chokingly. "I simply can't face him again

until I know the truth about the whole miserable affair."

"Don't be foolish, dear," soothed Aline. "I am sure no such thought has ever entered his head. Anyway we are going to get to the bottom of the affair, and I am sure the best man in all the world to help us is Teddy Vandergrift himself. I want you to let me tell him all that you've told me, so he can begin an investigation at once and find out just what has happened as well as the events that led up to it."

"Oh, you mustn't!" Prudence begged; but Aline was insistent.

"Leave it to me," she suggested. "Just lie down and rest a little while and you'll feel much better by dinner time."

AFTER Aline had gone down to join her guests, Prudence pondered over the position in which she found herself. She could not rid her mind of the picture of Lanning Lanning, dead by his own hand and because of her. Now she knew why he had never answered her telegram, and she was sure that there was something crooked about the offering of the Corot to Vandergrift senior. Gradually she dismissed her fears and overcame her hesitancy. It was her duty to sift the matter to the bottom, not only to square herself but to prevent the possible practice of similar deception of others in a similar manner.

The thought of material reward, of regaining her lost fortune, never entered her head. She knew that she would never touch the money Lanning had evidently willed to her and of which his family probably stood in need. To her, the thought of accepting the dead man's fortune was horrible—it only strengthened her determination to make her own way in the business world.

Meanwhile, Aline had sought Teddy Vandergrift and taken him from the other guests into the quiet of her father's library. "Teddy," she said when she had related the whole story to him, "we simply must do something to help Prudence. Your father evidently thinks she tried to trick him. In any event, she imagines he does. But most of all, there is her own peace of mind to consider. I do wish you would run into Boston in the morning and see just what you can find out. She is determined not to touch Lanning's money and to go back to business; but I feel that we must do all we can to try to get her money for her—if it is true that she has been swindled out of it."

"She's splendid!" Vandergrift said with enthusiasm, "and you can bet I'll do everything

(Continued on page 123)



Tim Murphy, as "Dr. Anderson," the kindly old bachelor who, naturally, knows just how young men should propose and young couples live happily

The First Year You're Married Is the Worst

According to
FRANK CRAVEN

Who has written a remarkable play about that phase of a young couple's existence

Reviewed by Robert Mackay

Photographs by Ira Schwartz

(Publication of dialogue excerpts permitted by the author, Frank Craven. Copyrighted, 1920, by Frank Craven.)

John Golden, an American producer of clean wholesome plays, is responsible for the production.

The play is called "The First Year." It is a slice of what is popularly known as small-town life. It is a story simply and directly told. The hero wins the girl of his heart in the first act, quarrels with her in the second, and a reconciliation is effected in the third; but the story that runs through these three acts is so natural and unforced, so full of genuine fun and the tragedies that break the youthful heart that one feels as if the action might have been taken from a chapter in his own life.

IN one of his inimitable satires, Voltaire remarks most casually that if a young married couple manages to get through the first year of wedded existence, there is no telling how long husband and wife can live in peace after that. All the petty differences that beset married happiness come into being somehow during the first twelvemonth, and the lute is so full of rifts that even the semblance of a tune is impossible. That is the Voltairian philosophy. On this, Frank Craven, the American author-actor, has written what he calls a comic-tragedy; Winchell Smith, also American and a veritable wizard of stage craftsmanship, has directed the action, and



Frank Craven, as "Tommy Tucker," and Roberta Arnold, as "Grace Livingston," find that a young married couple may disagree even over carving a roast chicken

The scene of the play is laid progressively in Reading, Illinois, and Joplin, Missouri, not that these towns are more important to the play than any other Middle West municipalities.

The Livingston household consists of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Livingston and their daughter, Grace. She is a girl of twenty, no particular beauty, but a girl any fellow would find attractive. She is the sort of a girl one must go to a small town to find—a clean, athletic, feminine, normal girl.

The fourth member of the family is Dr. Myron Anderson, Mrs. Livingston's brother. He is a doctor of the old school, the sort of man to inspire confidence and good enough for any one who hasn't sufficient money to indulge in a specialist. It is generally Dr. Anderson who does most of the talking after dinner, every day, and up to the time when the young men drop in to call on Grace. It is nearer truth to say he does the talking. Perhaps Grace would be playing the piano; Mrs. Livingston would have some family mending to occupy her restless hands; Mr. Livingston with his evening paper would be lost to everything but the news, and after the doctor had finished his customary "forty winks," he was ready to talk for or against any subject of which he happened to be given a lead.

One night, Mr. Livingston found an item about a regular caller at the Livingston home, Richard Loring, and, at Mrs. Livingston's request, read it aloud. There is a ring at the door bell and Dick Loring enters. He was, as Mrs. Livingston described him, "a wild, straying sort," and as anxious to leave the home town as Grace. He had a sort of contempt for those fellows who considered Reading "good enough" and who decided to keep on there. Having a college education, seen a bit more of life than his fellows, he had a feeling of superiority and this was not always concealed.

LIVINGSTON:—Young Dick Loring is leaving town, Grace.

GRACE:—Yes, I know.

LIVINGSTON:—Huh?

MRS. LIVINGSTON:—Grace knows about it, dear; but it's the first I've heard. What does it say?

LIVINGSTON:—Huh?

MRS. LIVINGSTON:—Read it.

LIVINGSTON:—*(Reading from paper. As he gets into it, Grace puts down her book and listens).* Friends of Richard A. Loring, junior, will be pleased to hear of his association with the Central Pacific Railroad as a construction engineer. While they will regret his departure from town, they will be anxious to see him succeed in his chosen profession. We understand from Richard that he is to receive a fine remuneration.

MRS. LIVINGSTON:—Well, thank goodness I have a daughter and not a son.

DR. ANDERSON:—Wouldn't you like to have a son, sister?



(Left) Frank Craven, the author of the play, who appears in the leading rôle

(Below) William Sampson and Maude Granger, as "Mr. and Mrs. Livingston." Pa loves to read while ma tries to solve family tangles





Tommy Tucker brings Grace a box of candy when he calls, and, of course, the first thing Grace does is to offer it to Tom's hated rival, Dick Loring (Lyster Chambers)

MRS. LIVINGSTON:—No, boys grow up and leave home.

DR. ANDERSON:—Well, girls do too.

MRS. LIVINGSTON:—My girl won't; will you, Grace?

GRACE:—I haven't decided yet, mother.

DR. ANDERSON:—You won't have much chance to leave home if you don't hurry up and grab one of these boys.

MRS. LIVINGSTON:—Don't get that notion in her head, Myron. There's no need for her to hurry. She's young yet.

GRACE:—I'm twenty.

MRS. LIVINGSTON:—I wasn't married until I was more than that.

DR. ANDERSON:—Well, there was a reason in your case, sister. The town we lived in was so small it was hard for a young fellow to find it.

LIVINGSTON:—(Suddenly awakening from his resting). What's hard to find?

DR. ANDERSON:—I'm not going all over that again.

LIVINGSTON:—(To Mrs. L.) What is it?

MRS. LIVINGSTON:—We were speaking about sons and daughters, Fred, and saying how much more likely a boy is to leave home than a girl.

LIVINGSTON:—Oh! (goes back to paper).

DR. ANDERSON:—You wouldn't be able to get Jim Powell to agree with you, sister. He has three sons who are patermaniacs.

GRACE:—What are patermaniacs?

DR. ANDERSON:—They love their fathers so much they won't leave them—even to go to work.

MRS. LIVINGSTON:—Well, if I had a son he probably wouldn't be like Jim Powell's. He'd be going away from home to shorten my days. No, I'm satisfied to have a girl, and I'll be more satisfied to have her stay right where she is.

DR. ANDERSON:—You mothers are all alike. You don't want to lose them, and yet your great ambition is to see them married.

LIVINGSTON:—What's it all about? Who's going to get married?

GRACE:—I am.

LIVINGSTON:—Huh?

MRS. LIVINGSTON:—Grace!

GRACE:—(Embarrassed for a moment, then recovering herself). Well, I hope I am. And when I do—I mean, if I do, I've got it all planned. I'd just have a very quiet wedding, and then I'd have a honeymoon—some place—is doesn't matter much where you go on your honeymoon. And then I'd want a home of my own; and the last place I'd want it is here in Reading.

And then there is a family discussion, just such a one as happens in every home where there are marriageable daughters. Grace declares her ambitions to have a home and children, and refers to Dr. Anderson the momentous question of when a girl can tell the man she loves. The mother joins in the discussion, but finally gives up in indignation at Dr. Anderson's encouragement of Grace's

views. After proving to her own satisfaction that her father has fallen asleep, Grace enters into a discussion of the relative merits of Dick Loring and Tommy Tucker, with the sensible old physician. She decides that Dick is romantic; that Tommy is not good-looking, but dependable and obliging, and that she wouldn't have him if he pursued the old-fashioned way of asking her parents' consent first. The door-bell rings and Livingston awakens with a start and looks about him in a bewildered way.

LIVINGSTON:—What?

GRACE:—The door-bell.

LIVINGSTON:—Oh, who is it?

GRACE:—We don't know yet.

LIVINGSTON:—Oh!

MRS. LIVINGSTON:—I'll go, Grace.

GRACE:—It must be Dick, mother's going.

LIVINGSTON:—Ah!

GRACE:—Father'll start to wake up now.

DR. ANDERSON:—Yes, but only long enough to go to bed.

(Loring enters, greets Grace first, then Mrs. Livingston, then the Doctor. He is a good-looking boy, about twenty-four, strong and athletic.)

LIVINGSTON:—We've been reading about you, tonight, Dick. (Mrs. Livingston keeps her eye on Dick all the time, as if she didn't trust him even in her sight.)

DICK:—Yes?

LIVINGSTON:—That's correct is it—that you are going away?

DICK:—Yes, sir; it's all settled.

DR. ANDERSON:—How soon are you leaving, Dick?

DICK:—In another week.

DR. ANDERSON:—Where are they sending you?

DICK:—I'm not sure yet.

LIVINGSTON:—Eh, what's that?

MRS. LIVINGSTON:—He doesn't know where he is going.

LIVINGSTON:—Is that so?

DICK:—I don't care much, so long as I get away.

DR. ANDERSON:—Tired of us here, Dick?

DICK:—Oh, no. There are some I'll hate to leave, but there are some I won't miss much. I think, though, it's a good thing to get away. There isn't anything for me here—in this town.

MRS. LIVINGSTON:—Well you mustn't get too restless, Richard. You know what they say about rolling stones.

DICK:—A fellow has to do a little rolling, though, Mrs. Livingston, to find a good place to stop. There are a lot of fellows who'd have done better if they had rolled away from this village.

MRS. LIVINGSTON:—Why, I think most of the boys we know are doing very nicely. Now, you take Nathan Allen, helping his father in the store. Mr. Allen told me he didn't know what he would do without Nathan.

GRACE:—That's all right for his father, but I don't see where it is helping Nate much. I think Nate is terribly stupid anyway.

MRS. LIVINGSTON:—Grace!

GRACE:—Well, I do. If we didn't have weather, I don't know what he'd do for something to talk about.

DR. ANDERSON:—What about Tommy Tucker?

DICK:—Well, er—

MRS. LIVINGSTON:—I won't have you say anything about Tommy. I wouldn't care if he'd never been off Main Street all his life—Tommy is a nice boy.

DICK:—Oh, I don't mean to say that any of them are not, Mrs. Livingston; but Tommy is in the class with the rest of them. But who can do anything in the real-estate business in this town. There isn't anybody moving into the place, and the people here wouldn't sell anything they had anyway. Tommy is wasting his time here and I've told him so, too.

DR. ANDERSON:—Tommy seems satisfied.

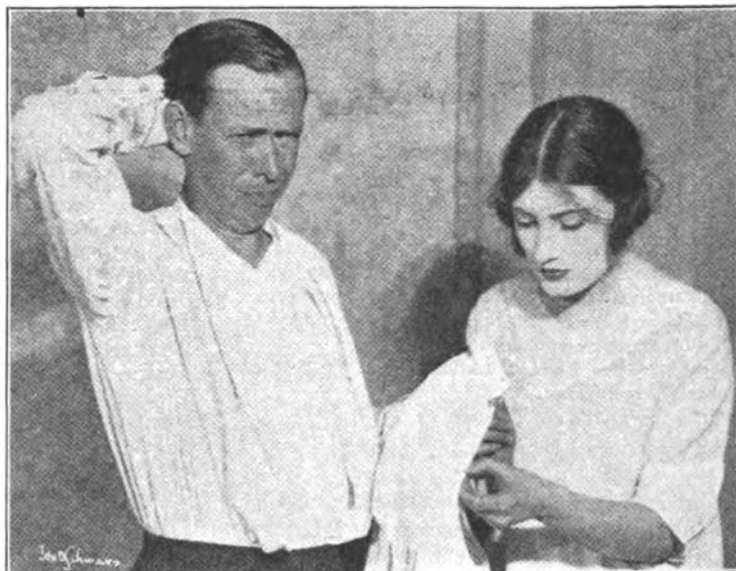
DICK:—That's just it, doctor, they're all satisfied.

GRACE:—And they are all dull, deadly dull.

MRS. LIVINGSTON:—I won't let you call Tommy dull!

GRACE:—No, Tommy isn't; but real estate isn't a very romantic business.

Tommy enters—a typical, small-town young



Tommy is asking his wife how she expects two shirt-studs to fit in three buttonholes

business man, diffident but with plenty of underlying self-reliance. He has brought Grace the usual box of candy. Mr. Livingston seizes on him for a game of bridge, and, much to Tommy's dismay, Grace and Dick beg off. He is captured and half-heartedly plays, watching his rival and Grace enjoy a conversation on the sofa. His torments are increased when Grace and Dick go out on the porch to look at the stars. Finally Dick departs, evidently not in Grace's favor. Dr. Anderson departs on a sick call, but calls Tommy on the telephone, tells him that Grace has rejected Dick, and cautions him to sail right in and grab her.

With father and mother upstairs Tommy's chance finally comes and he schools himself to it. He tries to literally grab Grace, as Dr. Anderson coached him, and makes a botch of it.

TOMMY:—I'll tell you the truth—while you were out there with Dick to-night, the doctor told me I was all wrong—I ought to be romantic. He told me a lot of things to do. I can't remember all of them, and I couldn't do them if I could. I was going to speak to your father and mother to-night. I told the doctor I was—and then the telephone rang, and he told me—again—I wasn't to do it. I had forgotten that, too.

GRACE:—I thought that was it. Did he tell you Dick and I had a quarrel?

TOMMY:—Yes.

GRACE:—And the reason?

TOMMY:—He didn't have time. He just said be romantic and grab her quick.

GRACE:—(Laughs). You do love me a lot, don't you, Tommy?

TOMMY:—Oh, Grace! I can't tell you how much.

GRACE:—You don't have to. I wonder if you would marry me if I said "yes?"

TOMMY:—Grace!

GRACE:—Wait—if I said "yes."

TOMMY:—Yes.

GRACE:—Provided we go away some place to live?

TOMMY:—All right. Wouldn't it be almost the same if we took a couple of trips each year? Then, when we came back everything would be practically new!

GRACE:—I won't compromise on that, Tommy.

TOMMY:—All right, but there is my business, Grace.

GRACE:—Haven't you faith enough in yourself to build up another—some other place?

TOMMY:—Yes, I guess I could do that! Is that all you ask of me, Grace?

GRACE:—That's all, Tommy.

TOMMY:—Gee, what a lucky fellow I am!

And after their honeymoon they have settled in Joplin, Missouri. Not a great deal of difference, this Joplin from the Reading they had left, but it was "going away" for Grace. It was nearing the end of the first year of their married life, the time during which the good

doctor had told Grace she would have to be prepared to forgive her husband three times a week. Tommy has secured an option on some real estate which he feels sure the railroad will have to buy to run its tracks through a certain district. Every cent he could beg or borrow he has paid in to hold the option. And the evening arrives when he is to entertain in his home, a small flat, the purchasing agent of the road, and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Barstow, and receive Barstow's answer.

The climax of her trials has been reached as Grace with only a substitute, clumsy negro maid to help her, struggles to prepare for the function in the small Joplin flat. Tommy has told her of the deal. He can't keep silent about it. He has even sold her Liberty Bond, but with great fortitude and the prospect of \$100,000 profit, Grace is keyed up to receive the important guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Barstow arrive. The dinner starts. Grace is so keen about it all that she does the honors of hostess nervously. Then the door-bell rings and Dick Loring enters. He has found out their address from Grace's mother. She welcomes him with fervor, and, in her enthusiasm, explains that her Tommy is to be a rich man. And it all comes out that Dick is the new construction engineer of the new line that is to run through Tommy's property—the property Mr. Barstow is to buy. And Loring throws a bomb into camp when he announces that he has been informed that the deal has fallen through—that the rails are not to go through Tommy's property at all.

DICK:—Well, the answer to it is that I am holding down a very good position. And I have had even better offers. How have you been doing, Tommy?

TOMMY:—Oh, I'm making out all right.

GRACE:—Making out all right! He's doing splendidly. Dick, Tommy is going to be a rich man!

DICK:—Tommy rich? Is that so?

GRACE:—Yes, Tommy's sold—

TOMMY:—Never mind.

GRACE:—Tommy has a big piece of property the railroad is going to buy to build a new road.

DICK:—Oh, that new spur line?

TOMMY:—Yes.

DICK:—Good boy, Tommy.

GRACE:—Tommy has been awfully clever about it. It was an old amusement park and Tommy found out that—

DICK:—Amusement park? Out by Hillsboro?

TOMMY:—No, not by Hillsboro—Knollwood. Great Scott! Hillsboro is thirty-five miles south of there.

DICK:—So you are going to sell the railroad property in Knollwood, are you?

TOMMY:—Yes, and now that you are connected with the railroad, I may charge them more for it.

GRACE:—Tommy!

DICK:—Is that what you're counting on to make you rich?

TOMMY:—Oh, I have other interests.

DICK:—I'm glad of that.

GRACE:—Why, Dick?

DICK:—Because Knollwood's not where the road's to be built at all.

GRACE:—Oh, Tommy!

TOMMY:—Oh, what?

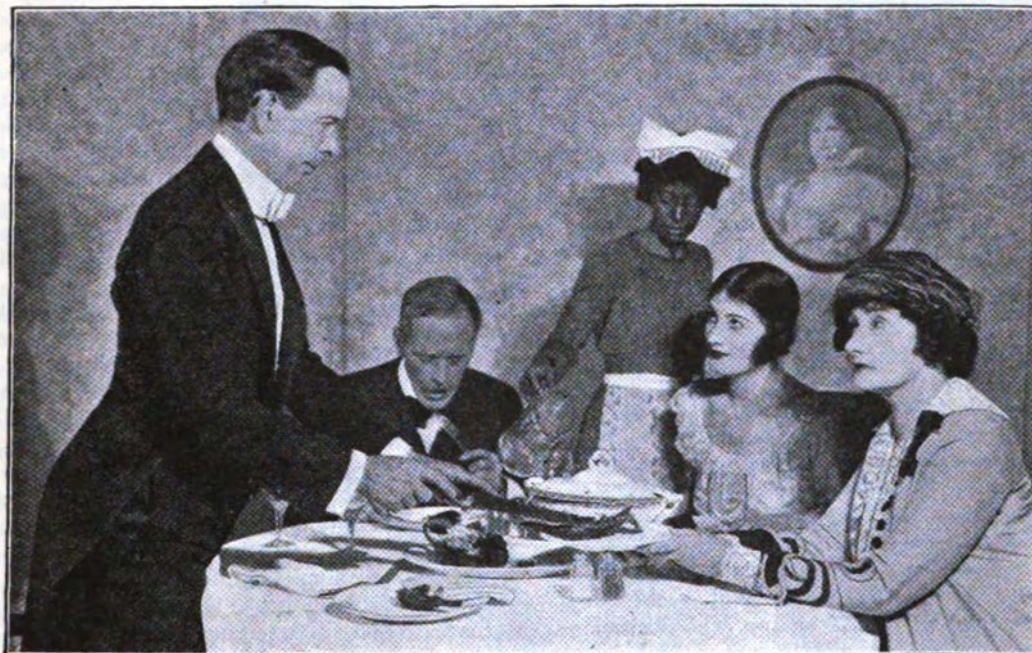
GRACE:—Did you hear what he said?

TOMMY:—Certainly I heard what he said. What does he know about it?

DICK:—Well, I ought to know something, I'm going to construct it.

Grace is strung to the highest tension. For months she has sacrificed herself—given up everything. Tommy, too, has been noble and self-sacrificing. It has been a hard struggle and just as the goal was in sight! One word leads to another, and despite all the doctor's warning, anger and exasperation—shame, too, because Tommy is a failure—overcome Grace. Packing her grip, she goes home to her mother in Reading. But Tommy clings on. He won't give up. But—he does start drinking.

Addressing the chair last occupied by the



THEIR FIRST DINNER PARTY—A CRITICAL EVENT IN THE MARRIED LIFE OF THE TOMMY TUCKERS

Left to right are Frank Craven as "Tommy Tucker;" Hale Norcross as "Mr. Barstow," the purchasing agent; Leila Bennett, the maid who washes better than she cooks; Roberta Arnold, as "Mrs. Tommy Tucker," and Merceita Esmonde as "Mrs. Barstow," who never played Joplin, Missouri, when she was on the stage

BARSTOW:—Are you sure of what you're saying, Loring?

DICK:—Sure—why, I'll bet you a year's salary to the rent of this flat that I'm right.

TOMMY:—(Feels in pocket, remembers he has no money). I don't want to take your money.

BARSTOW:—Huh! Tucker, have you got the maps? Maybe Loring has the names mixed.

TOMMY:—I'll get them for you.

And the bubble breaks—busted by an old boyhood friend! The Barstows and Dick leave and Tommy is left alone with his distraught little wife. The words fly back and forth.

beloved one, he declares his faith in himself and in his project, when Barstow returns.

TOMMY:—What's your little trouble?

BARSTOW:—It's about that transaction of ours. Now, I want to put my cards on the table with you, Mr. Tucker—to be fair and aboveboard.

TOMMY:—Cern'ly.

BARSTOW:—A week ago, I was commissioned to get that piece of land you own. I have been all that time dickering with you, because I wanted to get it as cheap as possible.

TOMMY:—Nacherly.

(Continued on page 106)

Love—the Antidote of Anger

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

CARTOON BY GORDON ROSS

IN his recent book, "The Influence of Thought," the psychologist author, H. Ernest Haupt, makes this suggestion: *"If everyone were to know that for every exhibition of anger he manifested he would be compelled to swallow a dose of poison, anger would probably, to a large extent, go out of fashion. Yet, it is a fact that this is exactly what happens, only the poison is self-generated."*

It is well-known that a violent fit of temper affects the heart instantly, and psychophysicists have discovered the presence of poison in the blood immediately after such outburst. This explains why one feels so depressed and exhausted after a storm of passion has swept through his being. It has left in its wake vicious mental poison and other harmful secretions in the brain and blood.

Every physician knows how disastrous are the effects of violent fits of rage, which tear the nervous system to pieces, and leave the victim, for a long time afterwards, a nervous wreck. Some people will tremble for hours after the storm of passion has passed, and be wholly unfitted for business or work for the rest of the day.

Many people when in the grip of anger act more like demons than human beings. I know a man who has suffered for many years from the effects of a frightful temper, who is absolutely insane while under its influence. I have seen him, when in a rage, whip a cow or a horse until he would actually fall to the ground exhausted. Sometimes he would seriously injure the victim of his wrath, even breaking its bones. How many, in moments of uncontrolled passion, have become murderers, committing some awful deed which wrecked their whole lives and brought disgrace on their families! I have seen young children smash windows or furniture; throw things across the room—knives, scissors, whatever happened to be in their hands—at brothers or sisters who had in some way, perhaps unintentionally, provoked them. In many instances, they

only did what their parents had done to them or to one another; but it is fearful to think what havoc these uncontrolled tempers may play in their future lives.

We are all afraid of physical poisons, afraid of taking them by mistake; and we caution our children to be very careful about what they take out of bottles, to be sure always to look at the label and see that they make no mistake, because so many harmless-looking liquids are deadly poisons. But how few of us ever caution children to beware of mental poisons! Do we ever tell them that every fit of temper, every angry thought and word, every hatred thought, every jealous thought, every envious thought, every grudge, every feeling of resentment, of malice, of ill will, of bitterness, of the determination to "get square" with another, is a real poison? Do we ever point out to them how most people suffer constantly from those self-generated poisons, which make perfect health and strength, unimpaired physical vigor, impossible, to say nothing of peace of mind, happiness, and efficiency? Do we ever teach them how to control their temper by applying the right mental antidote before there is an explosion? How many of us, without realizing the crime we are committing, do just the opposite. When a neighbor's house is on fire we do not run with an oil can to put out the flames; we do not throw on kerosene but the proper antidote. Yet, when a child is on fire with passion, most of us try to put out the fire by adding fuel to it, pouring out upon him a torrent of angry words and abuse.

Our treatment of older people is just the same. If we were to see a person desperately struggling to extricate himself from a swamp, we would at once run to his assistance and try to help him out. But when we see a person storming about in a violent temper, raging like a maniac, we only add fuel to the flames by still further irritating him. Yet people are grateful to those who help them to do what they have not yet

A VIOLENT fit of anger affects the heart instantly, and poison has been discovered in the blood immediately after such an outburst.

learned to do themselves—to control their temper and prevent them from saying and doing things that they will afterward bitterly regret.

Before physicians discovered the antidotes of the different poisons, multitudes lost their lives by poisoning when the remedy that would have saved them was close at hand. Hundreds of people have died by poison when they had the antidote right in their homes and didn't know it. Just a glass of milk would have saved many of them. Now, however, not only physicians, but those who have learned elementary lessons in first aid to the injured, when they know what poison the sufferer has swallowed—and the symptoms tell this—they also know just the antidote for that particular poison, and, by applying it immediately, save a human life.

Just as multitudes of human beings have died in the past from physical poisoning because the antidotes to the different poisons were not known to them, so multitudes have died of mental poisoning because they didn't know the antidote for it. They didn't know that there was such a thing as mental chemistry, a science of mind that furnishes antidotes for all sorts of mental poison: anger, hatred, revenge, jealousy—all the explosive passions and harmful emotions that work such havoc in the lives of human beings.

We are beginning to learn that just as water is the natural antidote for fire, so there is an equally simple and natural antidote for the fire of anger. When our own or a neighbor's house



When our own or a neighbor's house is on fire, we know that no one but an insane person would try to extinguish the flames with kerosene

is on fire, we know that no one but an insane person would try to extinguish the flames with kerosene. The sane man would at once throw water on the flames. That is, he would apply the natural antidote.

Now, when a friend's brain is all on fire with anger, that is just what those of us who know anything about mental chemistry do—we at once apply the natural antidote of anger—Love. We do not throw kerosene on the flames by adding our own anger fuel to his brain con-

flagration. We do not get angry with him, because we know that would only increase the fire which he is powerless to extinguish, and that it would also fatally injure ourselves. So we antidote the anger flame burning in our friend's brain with love, with kindness, with gentleness. Instead of retaliating, we try to help him put out the fire which is consuming his vitality and making a fool of him against his wishes.

A little knowledge of mental chemistry will

enable any man to neutralize his own hot temper before it gets the better of him, by applying its natural antidote, the love thought, the peace and harmony thought, the good-will thought. The Creator has implanted in every human being a divine power that is more than a match for his worst passion. If he will only develop and use this power he need not be the slave of his temper, or of any degrading, destructive emotion.

How Madame Curie Struggled Until She Found the Needle in the Haystack

By CARSON C. HATHAWAY

WHEN M. and Mme. Pierre Curie were working with a metal called uranium, their interest was aroused by evidences of a strange presence which seemed to be exhibiting electrical activity. To study it more thoroughly, Mme. Curie determined to visit the mines where uranium was being extracted. By the side of the mine she saw a huge pile of minerals thrown aside as waste.

"May I use this?" she asked.

Her request was granted and with this material, in which no one else saw the slightest value, she began her tests. To her delight, she found that it was many times as strong as uranium in electrical power. She knew that the familiar metals in the ore, such as silver and lead, possessed no such power so she dissolved them out and found that the remainder was 60 times as strong as uranium.

What was this powerful substance? Was it something hitherto undiscovered? Many others had noticed the peculiar rays associated with uranium and were working at the same problem. Day and night, Mme. Curie and her husband worked in their laboratory.

"The problem seems hopeless," said her husband. "You must not go on; you will break down."

But with a dauntless determination she would not leave her task. At thirty-one years of age—a mere baby among the scientists—she announced the discovery of a new element called radium from the rays it emitted.

The words, "new element," have a harmless sound but they mean to a scientist what a new planet means to an astronomer.

The importance of a new element is that it may prove useful to man. So scientists seize upon it eagerly. They heat it, freeze it, combine it with hun-

dreds of other substances, and finally decide on its value. Only experiments will create its value.

One day, Professor Antoine Henry Becquerel, Mme. Curie's co-worker, placed a tiny tube of the new substance in his vest pocket. Some time later, he discovered that his flesh near the tube was being eaten away. Thus originated the "Becquerel burn." Immediately to Mme. Curie came this idea: If it has this effect on the body, it may be used in medicine. Perhaps it is the long-dreamed-of cure for cancer, next to tuberculosis and pneumonia, man's most deadly foe. Herein lies her claim to fame.

Nearly all of Mme. Curie's radium is exhausted. The Austrian emperor once gave her a ton of radium-containing metal, but it yielded only a fraction of a gram.

From 21 carloads of radium-containing metal received at the National Radium Institute of America, only .01 of a pound of radium was extracted.

Mme. Curie's gift from American women—a gram of radium, weighs 1-454 of a pound. At current prices, if it could be obtained, a pound of radium would cost about \$54,000,000, nearly 8 times the amount we paid for Alaska. However, officials of the Bureau of Mines in Washington tell us that there is hardly a quarter of a pound of the extracted substance in existence. A gram of radium is capable of giving out as much energy as a ton of coal, which weighs 907,000 times as much.

Mme. Curie has used her talents for the sake of generations yet unborn. She has brought to light a substance 170,000 times as valuable as gold, a substance so rare that practically none of it is available to-day, yet so potential in its possibilities that the lives of millions may depend upon its power.

It is much easier to keep up than to catch up.

The Thing that Shapes Destiny

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

DR. PERRY GREEN says that Job's lament, "The thing which I feared is come upon me," should be changed to "The thing which I was greatly conscious of is come upon me." That is, it is the thing we hold in our consciousness, whether good or ill, that comes to us.

The whole secret of individual growth and development, of health, of success, of happiness, is locked up in our consciousness, for this is the door of life itself. Every experience, whether of joy or of sorrow, of health or disease, of success or failure, must come through our consciousness. There is no other way by which it can enter and become a part of our life. You cannot have what you are not conscious of; you cannot do what you are not conscious of being able to do. In other words, your consciousness, that is the sub-conscious power which feels, knows, visualizes, decides what will come to you in life; what you will achieve; what you will be.

The thing that Job feared, or the thing that he held in his consciousness was the thing that came upon him because nothing else could come. So will the thing that you fear or hold in your consciousness, look for, and expect, come to you. So, also, will the good thing, for it is the law, that whatever you hold in mind and believe you will get is the thing that will manifest itself in your life. Joan of Arc saved her country because, from childhood, she held the consciousness that she had been born to do that very thing. This poor, unlettered peasant girl knew nothing about the great law of mental attraction, but unconsciously she worked with it. Otherwise she never could have accomplished her stupendous work. But for her consciousness of victory and her unshaken faith in the "voices" that bid her go forward, she never could have reorganized and heartened the demoralized French armies, routed the English, and put the Dauphin on the throne of France.

It is the *victorious consciousness* that achieves victory in every age and in every field. After many years' study of the lives and methods of successful men in every department of life, I have found that the men who win out in a large way are great believers in themselves, in their power to succeed in the things they undertake. Great artists, scientists, inventors, explorers, generals, business men, and others who have done the big things in their specialty, have always held the victorious consciousness. Success was the goal they constantly visualized, and they never wavered in their conviction that they would reach it.

The trouble with those of us who do not win out, who make a bungle of our lives, is that we do not hold the right consciousness. We do not hold the victorious consciousness, the consciousness that we are going to win. We do not live in the expectancy of winning, in the belief that we will succeed in attaining the goal of our

ambition. If we could only learn to hold constantly in mind the consciousness of our ambition whatever it is, the consciousness of our heart's longings, our soul's desire; if we could only hold the truth consciousness, the God consciousness, the harmony consciousness, then we should really begin to live. Life would mean something more than it does to most of us—a mere struggle for existence.

OUR consciousness is the creative force in our lives; that is, it puts the mentality in a position to attract from the great cosmic supply its affinity—that which is like itself. If you have a poverty consciousness, a limited consciousness, a "can't-afford-it" consciousness, a consciousness of limitation and failure—these are the things you will attract, that you will bring into your environment, that you will manifest in your life. A penury consciousness cannot demonstrate, cannot attract a fortune: a failure consciousness attracts more failure; it's a law.

All of life and its achievements, its possibilities, depend upon our consciousness, and we can develop any sort of consciousness we wish. The great musician has developed a musical consciousness of which most of us are ignorant, because we are not conscious of this mode of activity; our musical consciousness has not been developed. The mathematician, the astronomer, the writer, the physician, the artist, the specialist in whatsoever line, has developed a particular consciousness, and he realizes the fruits of that consciousness. He manifests and enjoys a special power just in proportion as he has developed his specialty consciousness, which attracts that which corresponds to itself.

WHAT sort of a consciousness do you want to develop? What do you want to get, to do, to become? The first step toward the development of a new consciousness is to get a thorough grip upon your purpose, your desire, your aim; to get a picture of it firmly fixed in your mind, to visualize it intensely. The next thing is to establish the conviction that you can achieve whatever you desire. This is a tremendous step in the way of accomplishment, *for conviction is stronger than will-power.*

That is, you may will ever so hard to do a thing; *but if you are convinced that you can't do it, the conviction of your inability will prevail over your will-power.* Your conviction is your strongest lever of accomplishment. This is what has enabled so many poor boys and girls to climb to high place and power in spite of all sorts of obstacles, and going contrary to the opinion and advice of those who knew them best. They were so thoroughly conscious of their ability to do the thing they wanted to do and so convinced that they would do it, that nothing could hold them back from their own.

The beginning of every achievement must be your consciousness. That is the starting point of your creative plan. In proportion to the intensity, the persistence, the vividness, the definiteness of your consciousness of it do you begin to create in any line. The consciousness that you can sets into operation the power that can. For instance, consciousness of power creates power; the consciousness of supremacy

is equivalent to supremacy itself, the consciousness of self-confidence is what gives us the assurance that we are equal to the thing we undertake. What we are conscious of, we possess. We cannot get what we are not conscious of. It is not ours until we become conscious of it. If you are not conscious of the ability to succeed, you can't succeed. If you are not conscious of your own superiority you cannot become superior. But if you hold in your consciousness the picture of masterfulness, of invincibility; if you hold the thought of superiority in your mind, you are putting in operation a little law of mastership, a little law of superiority, you begin to manifest these things in your life.

YOUR enjoyment, your happiness, your satisfaction, your achievement, your power, your personality, will all depend upon the

nature of your consciousness, the aim and direction in which that consciousness will unfold. Just keep this one thing in mind; that we are always creating, always manifesting in our lives the things which correspond to our consciousness. If that is a wholesome consciousness, a worthy consciousness, we are creating a worthy thing, just in proportion as we back up our consciousness

WE shall some time learn that only the good is true; that harmony is the reality; that discord is merely the absence of it. There is only one Creator, and He made all that is made; hence everything must be in His likeness, perfect; nothing that is real can be unlike Him, and therefore, only the good, the harmonious, the pure, the clean, the true, can be real. All else must be false, a seeming, a delusion. God could not create anything unlike himself.

with our best efforts to realize it on the plane of our activities. We are all creators with the great Creator, and can make our lives according to the plan of our consciousness.

The half satisfied consciousness is a curse to multitudes of people. It is dissatisfaction, a divine discontent, a burning desire to lift life up to its highest that has pushed man on to do the great and noble things that have carried civilization forward. It is consciousness of power to do the higher thing that brings out our divine possibilities and ennobles our lives.

Emerson says, "Every soul is not only the inlet but may become the outlet of all that is in God." The consciousness of this great truth is the secret of all power. It is the full realization of our connection with Omnipotence, with Omniscience, with the Source of all there is, that enables us to use the vast powers that are within us, always waiting to accomplish our ends.

Einstein Explained!

Do You Understand What the Great Scientist Is Driving at
When He Talks About His Theory of Relativity?
If Not—Read This Article

By STANTON A. COBLENTZ

TALKING with Dr. Albert Einstein, one would scarcely realize that he is a scientist. This is not because appearances argue against that fact, for there is a breadth to his forehead, a keenness to his eye, an intellectual alertness about his face that indicate the man of thought and vision. But to judge by his kindly countenance, his genial manner, or his long graying hair, one would be inclined to think of him more as a poet or a musician than a genius in mathematics or physics.

Yet this mild-mannered German professor, so engaging to speak to, so artistic in appearance, has made one of the most profound scientific discoveries in an age of unparalleled scientific progress—has reasoned his way into a previously unimagined realm of thought that is revolutionizing our conceptions of the physical universe—has accomplished what some acclaim as the most stupendous scientific feat since Newton.

But just what are the achievements of Einstein? What is the theory of relativity, which has occasioned such a world-wide sensation? What are the conclusions it has reached? What are their importance? What changes have they made in previous conceptions? What is likely to be their effect in future? What is the reason for all the excitement Einstein has aroused?

The average man, perhaps, is too inclined to regard the theory of relativity as utterly beyond his ken. He knows it has

created a sensation, but the reason for that sensation is as mysterious to him as the differential calculus or the social customs on Mars. He reads that there are not over a dozen scientists who actually understand relativity, and he concludes that he cannot expect to be the thirteenth; and so, perhaps with a sigh of regret, he dismisses the matter from his mind. Yet he has no reason to do so. It may be true that few have the mathematical equipment to follow in detail the reasoning by which Einstein arrived at the theory of relativity, and, therefore, to pass judgment on the theoretical validity of that theory; that does not mean that the

average person of education and intelligence cannot comprehend the conclusions Einstein has reached.

A person who wishes to know when an eclipse of the sun is to occur does not have to verify the mathematical details by which astronomers have foretold the event; the conclusion is all that concerns him, and he can learn that from an almanac regardless of whether he understands how that theory has been derived. In the same way, one may follow an easy short-cut if what he desires is merely an acquaintance with the results of Einstein's investigations.

What, then, are the theories of Einstein? In the first place, since they attain new results, it must be apparent that they follow new methods. Those methods consist,



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ALBERT EINSTEIN

Who defies the theories of Euclid and Newton. "Time and Space," he says, "must be treated as essentially equal."

first of all, in the abandonment of the geometry of Euclid, with which most of us gain a casual and often unpleasant acquaintance in our High School days, and which we come to regard as final and absolute truth.

Einstein does *not* consider Euclid absolute truth. He does not believe, for example, that the sum of the angles of a triangle need be two right angles. He maintains that the axioms of Euclid are not necessary truths, but mere empirical laws—laws arrived at by assumptions that may or may not be correct. And, at this point, Einstein makes a further departure from previously accepted beliefs. In the application of his geometry he makes a distinction between space where matter is *present* and space where matter is *absent*. If space be far enough removed from matter, he concedes, the principles of Euclid apply; but, otherwise, space refuses to regulate itself according to classical geometrical theories and the more matter there be, the more widely space disobeys Euclid.

THESE considerations lead to an utterly new conception of the universe. According to all previous theories, space was infinite. One might travel at the rate of a million miles a second for a million million years, and yet be no nearer the end of the universe than when he started. It is known that light, moving at a speed of over 186,000 miles a second, takes many years—perhaps thousands of years—to reach us from some of the stars. This opened up to our imagination a universe of such prodigious size that it was easy to suppose that one might journey on and on forever, and never come to the end; that one might attain a point compared with which the furthest star seemed as near as the lamp in one's sitting room, and yet not even be approaching the boundary of space.

But Einstein has changed all this. The universe, in his conception, is not infinite, but finite. In fact, he can measure it and tell you how many millions of millions of gallons of space it actually contains. If you follow Einstein, you will know the exact carrying capacity of the universe, just as you will know the contents of your own quart measure. And Einstein has arrived at the result by a somewhat similar process of measurement. In abandoning the geometry of Euclid, he abandons the belief that the ends of a straight line never meet. Moreover, he ceases to suppose that such a thing as a straight line exists at all, but rather holds that straight lines are arcs of enormous circles, so that by following a straight line far enough one would return to his starting place. In other

words, go far enough east in the universe, and you will find yourself in the West.

Accordingly, Einstein's universe is finite, and yet one can never come to the end, for the reason that there is no end. Imagine a person who could travel anywhere in space and at any speed he desired! Imagine him, furthermore, believing with Einstein that the universe is limited and seeking to find the limits. At best, he would be like a dog chasing its own tail. Round and round he would go, and never reach what he was trying to reach, since it would be always beyond his reach!

From one point of view, it is a disappointing thing—this universe in which one cannot travel infinitely without turning back on one's self. Yet there is really no cause for despair. The septillion or so of cubic centimeters, which Einstein allows us, is said to be quite adequate for ordinary purposes; and there is no reason to suppose that some cosmic Malthusian law will operate to make us find that there is too little room in even such a limited universe.

The above, of course, represents only one phase of the teachings of Einstein. In their tendency to unify and explain the universe, these doctrines are similar to their author's other theories, which incline generally toward showing a connection between various forces and entities generally thought of as dissimilar and not previously known to be in any way connected.

THE theory of relativity, for example, discredits the idea that there can be such things as absolute time or space, and makes both space and time relative to the objects that move. Matter and energy are conceived of as being at root the same thing; and motion is thought of as not absolute, but relative. To use Einstein's own illustration, suppose that one were riding in a rapidly moving railroad car, and threw a stone from the window. The stone would dart forward at the speed of the train, plus the speed with which it was propelled by the thrower; and to the watcher in the train it would seem to fall in a parabolic curve, in the same way that a stone flung from a stationary point would fall.

Yet to one who observed it from outside the car, the stone would seem to fly in approximately a straight line. Neither or both of these movements are correct, according to Einstein. Neither, because there is nothing absolute in the movement of the stone: both, because to one observer the motion is in a straight line, while to the other it is in a curve. And in the same way, all motion, all energy, all space, all



time, is, to Einstein, a relative thing.

By way of establishing the unity of things in general, Einstein traces a connection between

gravitation and other forces. According to Newton, gravitation stood as an isolated phenomenon; there was nothing to show that it had any connection with any other force in the universe; and there was nothing to explain why it should stand thus apart from every other known law, acting with a singular independence and aloofness, as though it scorned any close connection with other natural processes. But Einstein has explained the apparently inexplicable behavior of gravitation: he has calculated its operation with results which he finds to be approximately although not exactly those of Newton; and his theories lead to the assumption that there is no physical or chemical phenomenon which does not feel the effect of gravitation. Previous to Einstein, for example, it was believed that light might be deflected to some extent by the effect of gravitation; but Einstein calculated that the deflection was twice as much as was conceded.

The experiment occurred during an eclipse of the sun, when measurements were taken of the light of a star visible near the sun's disc. This light was found to be diverted from a straight course almost exactly to the extent to which Einstein predicted—a remarkable triumph for the relativity theory. The conclusion is that the light which reaches us from the stars does not reach us along straight lines, but along the arcs of gigantic circles, a result which corresponds perfectly with Einstein's theory of a limited universe.

Other experimental evidence for the validity of Einstein's theories was found in the case of the planet, Mercury. Astronomers had long observed slight irregularities in the movements of this planet, but nothing in Newton's theory or any other known law could account for these disturbances. The enigma was unsolved—apparently it was insoluble—when Einstein appeared with his theory of relativity, which explains the peculiar behavior of Mercury as no other

WE cannot ourselves find happiness until we have taught others the way.

conception has ever done. For a second time relativity scored!

But there is a third way in which the theory should be verified experimentally.

In that respect, it has yet to prove its claims. This test is concerned with the lines of the spectrum, which under certain conditions should shift toward the red; but as yet, the spectrum has failed to support Einstein.

How this failure can be accounted for is difficult to say, in view of the extraordinary success with which the theory has been verified in other respects. The results thus far attained make it practically certain that Einstein is aiming in the right direction, and has actually discovered new truths concerning the universe.

PERHAPS all the results at which he has arrived are valid, although there are vastly important universal laws which he has not even suspected; perhaps he has seen part of the truth, while the rest of it is still hovering beyond his view, and beyond the view of all men. His theories, for example, lead us toward belief in a fourth dimension. But it may be, as some writer has remarked, that there is a fifth dimension—and a sixth, and a seventh—and so on endlessly, so that, after all, the universe is not finite, but infinite, although its infinity is on an even more complex and inconceivable scale than had been supposed before Professor Einstein.

Whatever may be the world's ultimate verdict on the theories of Einstein, it seems certain that he has brought us forward by enormous strides in our conception of the universe. It may or may not be true that his is the greatest scientific achievement since Newton; but it does seem likely that his theories will take their place among the enduring monuments of human thought. There may be nothing ultimate about them.

It may be for some Newton of the future to fully explain and adequately supplement them; but, at least, Einstein appears to have established his place as a guide and a pathfinder in the age-long search for truth.

IT is in every man to be first-class in something, if he will. Only himself can hold him back. There is no excuse for incompetence in this age of opportunity and efficiency; no excuse for being second-class when it is possible to be first-class, and when first-class is in demand everywhere.

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(Published June 20)

The Strangest Disease

How the Mind Has Banished It

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

Author of "The Riddle of Personality," "Scientific Mental Healing," "Woman in the Making of America," "Sleep and Sleeplessness," and other volumes

EDITORS' NOTE

HYSTERIA! That is what Mr. H. Addington Bruce calls the strangest of all diseases. It is primarily a disease of lost memories—one of the most peculiar afflictions that comes to the human being—and the effectiveness of its treatment by mental means, the only means that ever are successful in handling it, usually depends on the skill with which these memories are recovered by the physician, so that he may know exactly what it is that he must suggest away. Mr. Bruce cites some remarkable cases in his article—the result of long research. Aside from being informing and valuable to the layman as well as the physician, it is unusually entertaining.

SOME months ago there was taken to the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, a little girl suffering from a hip trouble so severe that it had crippled her. It had come upon her gradually, and under conditions warranting the belief that it was a tubercular affection. Several doctors, indeed, had made the diagnosis of tubercular hip, and she had been sent to the hospital to undergo an operation that it was hoped might be the means of saving her life.

On the advice of one of the hospital's visiting physicians, however, she was kept in bed for some days for purposes of observation. This physician, a specialist in nervous and mental diseases, had noticed one or two things about her that led him to suspect that the previous diagnosis might be wrong. He visited her every day, chatted with her, and watched her closely. One morning he said to her abruptly:

"Look here, what nonsense it is for a fine, strong girl like you to be lying in bed all day? Why don't you get up?"

She stared at him in amazement, while he went on:

"You are quite well now, there really is nothing the matter. You can walk as well as I can. Let's see you do it."

"But—" she began.

"Don't say you can't," he interrupted. "I know you can, and I want you to do so at once. So get out of bed and walk across the room."

And, in fact, to her evident astonishment, she

discovered that she could walk, without assistance and without pain. A few hours later, rejoicing in a perfect cure, she was sent home to her parents.

SIMILARLY, a middle-aged woman, a dress-maker named Sandford, while working hard to complete some orders in a busy season, was attacked with paralysis down her right side. For a week or more, she lay speechless, then gradually became able to talk again. But her right arm and right leg remained totally paralyzed, together with the muscles of the right side of her face. Moreover, the entire right side of her body became anesthetic—that is to say, lost all power of sensation. Once she accidentally ran a needle through the index finger of her right hand, but felt no pain whatever. The physicians who were called to treat her declared that her condition was incurable.

For nearly nine years the unfortunate woman was a helpless paralytic. One day she asked a girl who was staying with her to take down a bottle that had been standing for a long time on a shelf. The girl, obeying, found a dead mouse in the bottle, and forthwith brought it to show to

Mrs. Sandford, who, as it happened, had more than the usual feminine fear of mice. At sight of the little animal, which she believed to be alive, she uttered piercing shrieks of terror, continuing until assured that the mouse was dead.

***D**ON'T be afraid of thinking too highly of yourself, for if the Creator made you, you must have inherited divine, omnipotent possibilities, you must partake of His qualities.*

Observe the strange sequel. That night she slept scarcely a wink, and the following day (Sunday) felt a curious, tingling sensation in her right side. When she awoke Monday morning she found to her intense surprise and delight, that she could use her right hand fully as well as before the paralysis attacked it, and that she could walk unaided. Of course she was very weak. But she regained strength with phenomenal rapidity, and soon made a complete cure. Since then her health has been of the best.

IN another case there was brought to the clinic conducted by an eminent Boston neurologist, Dr. Morton Prince, a young woman afflicted with attacks resembling what is known as Jacksonian epilepsy, a dread and incurable disease. The attacks took the form of convulsive spasms of frequent occurrence, lasting several minutes at a time, involving the abdominal muscles, the diaphragm, and the muscles of the larynx, and presenting a frightful spectacle to all who chanced to see them. Her parents had been told by more than one physician that she was undoubtedly a victim of epilepsy, and they readily believed this, the more so since one of them, the mother, was herself an epileptic.

But Dr. Prince, like the physician in the case of the girl with the tubercular hip, as a result of his clinical examination found reason for thinking that a wrong diagnosis had been made. He took the parents aside, and questioned them privately.

"How long," he asked, "has she been this way?"

"For many months."

"And before then? Did she never have any attacks like these?"

"Never."

"When did they first come on?"

"She had a bad fright, fainted, and was for a long time delirious. It was while she was in her delirium that the fits began."

"H'm. And what did you say when you saw them? Did you talk about her condition in her hearing? Did you say that she must be epileptic?"

The parents glanced at each other.

"Perhaps we did. But she couldn't understand us. She was out of her head."

"That doesn't matter," said Dr. Prince. "I fancy she understood you fast enough. Previous

It was not intended that man should be a slave to his passions, a victim of his moods, or that he should need to consult his feelings as to whether he can perform the duties of a man, or carry out his life program. He was fashioned to rule, to dominate, to be ever master of himself, of his environment.

to this, had she ever been afraid that she might be attacked by epilepsy like her mother?"

"Yes, indeed. Ever since she was a child she has worried about that more or less. But, doctor," hopefully, "do you mean to say that you don't believe she is epileptic?"

"I believe," was the reply, "that she thinks she

is an epileptic, which in her case amounts for all practical purposes to the same thing as being one. But I also believe that if I can persuade her to think differently, she will no more be tortured like this."

A prediction which, it is enough to say, was abundantly verified by the results of the simple drugless treatment which Dr. Prince proceeded to apply. Only a few weeks and the spasm-racked sufferer was once more a healthy, efficient member of society.

NOW, I have cited these cases not because of their singularity, nor with any desire of exploiting them as "miraculous cures," but because they afford a vivid view of what is one of the most wide-spread and disastrous, and certainly the strangest, of all diseases. This is the disease, hysteria.

Most people undoubtedly will feel surprised at being told that hysteria is a separate and distinct disease in itself, like cancer or tuberculosis. When they think of it at all, they think of it as merely the manifestation of a peculiar temperament which causes persons to weep or laugh immoderately at small provocation. Thus we hear a great deal about "hysterical laughter" and "hysterical tears." As a matter of fact, your true hysteric seldom laughs and seldom weeps to any great extent. Thus hysteria shows itself in a much more serious way—namely, in the mimicry of the symptoms of all sorts of other diseases.

THIS it is that makes hysteria such a potent source of suffering, and that, until quite lately, has made it a sad stumbling block to the medical profession. Indeed, even to-day, it is safe to say that the great majority of physicians, however competent otherwise, are helpless in the presence of a case of genuine hysteria. For it is only within recent years that there has been any appreciation, even by specialists, of its real nature or the correct methods for treating it; and,

above all, of the diagnostician means that may be employed in order to avoid terrible blunders by enabling the physician to discriminate with certitude between symptoms of hysterical origin and symptoms caused by organic maladies requiring treatment by drugs or by the surgeon's knife.

IN the cases I have cited we see hysteria simulating the symptoms of tuberculosis, paralysis, epilepsy. There is, without exaggeration, scarcely a disease which it cannot mimic, thus leading in thousands of instances, to useless drugging and unnecessary and dangerous operations. If, for this reason alone, it is a duty incumbent on every physician to learn all he can about hysteria—for which purpose I would advise him to study carefully the writings of the great masters on the subject, particularly Janet, Ribot, Babinski, Freud, Prince, and Sidis. It is also important for the layman to acquaint himself with at least its fundamental facts, for hysteria is to a large extent a preventable disease. Especially, as we shall find, is knowledge of hysteria important to parents, to the fathers and mothers who would see their children grow up to healthy, robust manhood and womanhood.

And, to summarize the fundamental facts very briefly, it is known to-day, as a result of scientific investigation conducted along novel lines, that hysteria, no matter what physical symptoms it may display, is first, last, and all the time a mental disease; that it has its immediate cause in frights, griefs, worries, and other experiences occasioning profound emotional disturbance; that these act, either directly or indirectly, as "suggestions" giving rise to the particular symptoms later developing; and that, being caused by suggestion, hysteria is likewise curable by suggestion without the use of medicine of any kind.

INVARIABLY, when one hears of disease symptoms disappearing at word of command, as happened to the girl with the "tubercular" hip; disappearing as a result of shock, to recall the amazing experience of the paralyzed Mrs. Sandford; or, finally, disappearing in consequence of "faith," as in many of the cures unquestionably effected by exponents of Christian Science, New Thought, and other systems of

faith-healing, it may confidently be affirmed that one is dealing not with actual organic maladies, but with hysterical affections. There is, however, this additional and most important fact to be noted: that, nine times out of ten, not even hysteria will yield to such rough-and-ready therapy, but requires the most delicate manipulation to make sure of a permanent cure. And this for an excellent reason.

Hysteria, as was said, is caused by distressing experiences of an emotional character. These may occur long before the appearance of any symptoms of disease, and, so far as conscious recollection is concerned, may have been quite forgotten by the sufferer. Indeed, whether they occur immediately prior to, or long before, the development of the symptoms, the rule is that they are thus forgotten; being, in technical language, "dissociated from the upper consciousness." But such dissociation does not imply that they have been completely blotted out of remembrance. So far is this from being the case that it is now known that they persist as subconscious memories; and persist, moreover, with all the vividness and intensity of their original emotional coloring. It is to this subconscious persistence that the continued manifestation of the symptoms is due. As one distinguished authority, Dr. Sigmund Freud, has well said, "Hysterical symptoms are so many monuments to forgotten emotional experiences."

HYSTERIA, in a word, is primarily a disease of lost memories, and the effectiveness of its treatment by mental means—the only means that ever are effective in handling it—usually depends on the skill with which these memories are recovered by the physician, so that he may know exactly what it is that he has to suggest away. Since they are preserved only in the subconscious, it becomes necessary for him to burrow into the subconscious; and this he can do, if he has had the proper training.

But the narration of a few concrete cases will make clearer than columns of disquisition would the methods employed in, and the marvelous results obtained by, the psychological treatment of hysteria, the genesis and development of this strange disease, and its truly many-sided nature. For it can simulate not only almost every known bodily disorder but also the insanities.

We do not demand the abundance which belongs to us, hence the leanness, the lack of fulness, the incompleteness of our lives. We do not demand royally enough. We are content with too little of the things worth while. It was intended that we should live the abundant life.

Thus, in one most striking instance, the victim, a young villager known in Dr. Pierre Janet's medical report only by the name of Achille, presented all the symptoms of what in olden times would have been regarded by superstitious persons. He is said to have been of a rather timid and morbid disposition as a youth, but had married happily, and had had no special ailment until he was thirty-three years old. Then, following his return from a business journey, he became unexpectedly somber and taciturn, and soon lost all power of speech. One local physician declared that he was suffering from heart disease, another pronounced him diabetic. Both agreed that his condition was serious, and the outlook most unfavorable; a prognosis that found ample confirmation when he took to his bed, said farewell to his friends, and stretched himself out motionless.

For two days he lay seemingly dead, while his wife mourned at his side. Shortly before noon of the third day he suddenly regained consciousness, sat bolt upright, with his eyes wide open and staring, and burst into a terrible laugh—"a convulsive laugh which shook all his limbs; an exaggerated laugh, which twisted his mouth, a lugubrious, satanic laugh which went on for more than two hours." Leaping out of bed he refused all attentions and to every question answered:

"There's nothing to be done! Let's drink some champagne! It's the end of the world!"

At last, exhausted, he fell asleep, but when he awoke affairs were far worse. He writhed in terrible convulsions, uttered fearful imprecations, and repeatedly tried to commit suicide. All the time he kept saying that he was not responsible for the blasphemies he uttered; that he was compelled to utter them by the devil that had entered into him. This sort of thing went on for months, and it was ultimately decided that instead of being diabetic or having heart-disease, he was quite insane. Accordingly he was taken to Paris and committed to the great asylum of the Salpêtrière.

HERE for the first time he came under the observation of a physician competent to treat him. Dr. Janet's practiced eye at once recognized the case as one of hysteria; and he knew that some great emotional shock must be responsible for his patient's ravings. In order to learn what this was he sought to hypnotize poor Achille, but failed dismally, being met with mocking laughter from the demon that was tormenting him and that professed to speak through him. However, Dr. Janet did not despair. He had often been confronted before by conditions fully as difficult, and long experi-

ence had qualified him to cope with any ordinary devil. He determined, in fact, to make the malignant intruder himself hypnotize Achille.

"I will not believe in your power over this man," said he, "unless you give me proof of it."

"What proof?"

"Raise his left arm, without his knowing it."

Up went Achille's left arm, to his vast surprise. Then followed a series of suggestions, all of which the devil exultantly and unsuspectingly executed as proofs of his power. Finally came the supreme suggestion to which Dr. Janet had been cunningly leading:

"But can you put Achille soundly to sleep in that armchair?"

Presto! Achille was in the chair, sound asleep. And in that moment he was freed forever from the tormenting devil. For, while he sat in the hypnotic sleep, Dr. Janet by patient questioning was able to draw from him precisely the information indispensable to a cure.

HE had been living, it appeared, in a kind of day-dream, by self-suggestion swollen to a hideous nightmare, the product of his own remorseful brooding over an act of infidelity to his wife committed during the business trip taken just before his illness. A gloomy anxiety to conceal this led to his increasing taciturnity, and morbid fancies as to his health, intensified by the unwise suggestions of the village doctors grew on him until in his day-dream he believed himself actually dead and given over to the devil for punishment. As Dr. Janet, in reporting the case, observed:

"When one dreams that one is dead, what is there left to dream? What will be the end of the dream in which Achille has been living for six months? The end will be simple enough—it will be hell. During the two days that Achille remained immovable and like one dead, he was dreaming harder than ever. He dreamed that now that he was dead indeed, the devil rose from the abyss and came to take him. The poor man, as in the hypnotic state he retraced the series of his dreams, remembered the precise moment when this lamentable event took place. It was about eleven in the morning; a dog barked outdoors, incommoded, no doubt, by the smell of brimstone; flames filled the room; numbers of little fiends scourged the unhappy man, or drove nails into his eyes; and through the wounds in his body the devil entered to take possession of head and heart."

The demon that tortured Achille was, quite manifestly, his remorseful self; the symptoms he displayed were nothing more than symbolical indications of the torments which his morbid



imagination pictured him as deserving, and which, through the power of self-suggestion, he was actually forced to endure. The method of his cure was quickly worked out by Dr. Janet. As is well known, all manner of hallucinatory images can be imposed on hypnotized subjects; and, availing himself of this fact, Dr. Janet, after giving Achille verbal suggestions to modify and explain away the miserable memory of the offense he had committed, caused him to see a hallucinatory image of his wronged wife, gazing at him affectionately and with pardon in her eyes. By such means—means infinitely more effective than the old theological method of bell, book, and candle—was the demon in him exorcised. When he awoke from the hypnotic sleep he was perfectly tranquil, and, after a few days of ordinary medical treatment to restore his shattered strength, was able to return to his native village and take up anew the life of a normal man.

FORTUNATELY, it is comparatively seldom that when hysteria simulates an insanity it develops such a painful derangement as this. The form it ordinarily takes is that of a simple obsession or fixed idea; a form, however, terrible enough for the patient and his friends. A typical instance is afforded by a case once treated by Dr. Isador H. Coriat, a Boston neurologist who, under the leadership of Drs. Prince and Sidis, have done much in the way of investigating and successfully applying the principles of psychopathology, or medical psychology.

Exceedingly trivial, to all outward seeming, was the incident responsible for the hysteria that afflicted one of Dr. Coriat's patients. This patient, until she came under his care, had long been vainly seeking relief for a curious combination of disease symptoms. These had first set in one night when, just as she was falling to sleep, she was aroused with a sensation as if she was going insane. Her thoughts seemed confused and jumbled, her head whirled, her heart palpitated, and she felt panic-stricken. The attack was of about ten minutes' duration, and was repeated nearly every night thereafter, with a marked tendency to last longer and longer.

The patient, in her normal state, could give no explanation for the strange attacks but, when questioned in a state of "experimental dissociation," she was able to throw much light on them. It turned out that, following a period of fatigue, due to her efforts to entertain some friends, she had undertaken a long journey before she was fully rested. While on the train she became greatly interested in a novel in which there was given a long and vivid description of the abnormal fears felt by one of the principal char-

acters. That night she had her first attack of the symptoms just described.

Theoretically it could be assumed that the emotions aroused within her by the reading of the passage in the novel had acquired hysteria producing force; and the soundness of this view was demonstrated when, following the application in hypnosis of suggestions aimed at eradicating from her subconsciousness all recollection of the novel, the symptoms in question promptly disappeared.

MORE often hysterical affections have their rise in frights and shocks of a manifestly severe character. Railway accidents constitute a frequent cause. In one case, reported by Dr. Janet, a traveler in a European railway carriage, while the train was in full motion, imprudently got down on the step in order to pass from one door to another. Just as he put his foot on the step he saw that the train was about to enter a tunnel, and it occurred to him that his left side, which projected, might be crushed against the wall. The idea so terrified him that he fainted, but luckily fell inside the carriage and was dragged to safety by the other occupants, his left side not even being grazed. Notwithstanding which, on his return to consciousness it was found that his entire left side was paralyzed.

In another case, which I cite on the authority of Dr. T. A. Williams of Washington, D. C., a brakeman on a freight train, owing to the giving way of a stirrup, was thrown from his train while it was going at the rate of only ten miles an hour. He tumbled against an earth embankment, rolled over a couple of times, and lost consciousness for half an hour. When he came to, he felt weak and faint, but managed to get to his home. The next day he complained of severe pains in his back, and a little later lost all use of his legs. He remained crippled for more than three months, and in the meantime brought suit against the railroad company for heavy damages.

The company, naturally, sent a physician to examine him, and fortunately for itself and the brakeman, chose one who knew a great deal about nervous disorders. His report was brief and to the point. In effect, he said:

"The tests I applied to your employee prove conclusively that he has received no organic injury. It is a case of hysteria, and I believe that by appropriate treatment he could be restored to a certain extent within one month, and that within three months he could be made fully capable of pursuing any laborious vocation he desired. I believe it would aid materially in his recovery if he were assured of a reasonable compensation for the shock sustained."

Acting on this recommendation the company

sent the injured man a check for \$600, and notified him that it had a place for him as soon as he could return to work. Within three months, exactly as the physician had predicted, he was back on his freight train, and working away as though nothing had ever been the matter with him.

BUT, it will be objected, railway accidents occur every day; there are collisions, burnings, disasters of many kinds. Why is it that, of any given ten men in a railway wreck or other accident, none of whom has received bodily injury but all of whom have been greatly shocked, nine will show no ill effects while the tenth will develop a hysterical obsession or a hysterical paralysis? Why should the mere reading of a lurid passage in a sensational novel have the effect it did on Dr. Coriat's patient, when it had no similar effect on the hundreds of other young women who must have read the same passage, and in many cases must have been fully as emotional and impressionable?

Such questions bring us directly to the heart of the hysteria problem—to the central fact which makes knowledge of the nature of this singular disease so important to the layman, and particularly to parents. This is the fact that hysteria can develop only in persons predisposed to it by conditions of early environment acting on inherited neurotic tendencies. It is, in truth, in the childhood of the hysteric that the seeds of his disease are sown, and were the soil not thus prepared the frights and griefs and worries that so tremendously afflict him would be of no more

effect than they are on the normal man. More specifically, it is not the inherited tendencies that count, but the environment that gives them opportunity to develop. To the truth of this, the psychopathologists whose special business has been the investigation of hysteria, bear unanimous testimony.

Always, in tracing back the origin of their patients' symptoms, they find, when they carry their psychoanalysis far enough, an emotional substratum composed of the subconscious memories of childhood experiences of a distressing, terrifying sort. It is becoming grafted on these earlier memories that the hysteria-causing emotion acquires its stupendous suggestive force. Hence parents should ever be on the alert to guard their children against distressing sights, and should refrain from discussing in their presence topics that may terrify them. Tales of the supernatural—stories of ghosts and devils and bogies—should never be told to the child. For thereby abnormal fear—the most potent of all influences on making ready the ground for a later harvest if hysteria—may be engendered.

Let the parent bear in mind the words of the great Italian physiologist, Angelo Mosso: "Every ugly thing told to the child, every shock, every fright given him, may remain like minute splinters in the flesh, to torture him all his life long." Let the parent bear these words in mind; let him, so far as is humanly possible, keep the terror-inspiring out of his child's life, and he need have little fear that this child of his, this beloved son or daughter, will suffer in later years from the tortures and pangs of hysteria.

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PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

The New Wonder Science

By PAUL von BOECKMANN

NERVE SPECIALIST AND PSYCHO-ANALYST

Man has at last found the way of looking into the deep recesses of the Human Mind. This new and wonderful science is termed "Psycho-Analysis." We owe its birth and development to the efforts of the celebrated Viennese Psychologist, Dr. Sigmund Freud. Psycho-Analysis has enthused the thinkers of every nation, especially those in England, France and Germany, and is fast gaining headway among the thinkers of America.

Psycho-Analysis permits us to analyze the mysteries of the Human Mind, which have perplexed scientists for many centuries. Scientists agree that where formerly we had an insight of less than one per cent into the active channels of the mind, to-day its doors are thrown wide open to us. Psycho-Analysis enables us to understand human character, and human motive, in a manner we have hitherto never done—scientifically.

What is Psycho-Analysis? This question cannot be answered in a few paragraphs. Briefly, it deals with the Un-conscious Mind, or, as it is sometimes called, the Sub-conscious Mind. What is the Un-conscious Mind? Again I must be brief; it represents the mental impressions of every thought, act and experience that has taken place in our lives and in the lives of our forefathers for generations back. For instance, if one of your forefathers in ages past had had a narrow escape from drowning, you may perhaps inherit an Un-conscious fear of the water because of this occurrence. If to-day you should barely escape being run down by an automobile, perhaps some of your descendants several generations hence may have an undue fear of being struck by a moving vehicle, or perhaps a flying machine. Our Un-conscious Mind, thus, keeps an accurate record of every past event, whether experienced by us or by our forefathers. Sometimes these events find expression through the

medium of fantastic dreams. Freud specializes in analyzing such dreams, determining by this method the nature of the Un-conscious fears and disturbances that harass the minds of his patients.

Great and learned as Freud undoubtedly is, he is not without his opponents and critics. In England especially, his basic principles have been attacked by physicians and psychologists. His theory, that the sex instinct is the basis of nearly all nerve unrest, has been challenged by them. Personally, I hold that the instinct of self-preservation, and *not* race-preservation, is the most powerful human instinct, and that it is therefore most likely to be the origin of nerve unrest and nerve strain. The instinct of race-preservation (Sex) I consider only a powerful sub-instinct, which together with the greater instinct (Self-preservation) I term "Basic instincts." It must be admitted that all our thoughts and motives are centered upon our fight to live, more so than on our desire to reproduce. Hence Self-preservation is termed "the first law of nature."

Psycho-Analysis has opened up new and wonderful channels for Mind Training. It has furthermore opened up entirely new paths toward the development of our moral life. However, its greatest scope lies in the vast opportunities it offers as a means of restoring SHATTERED NERVES.

Without a knowledge of Psycho-Analysis, it is almost impossible to determine the original cause of Nerve Exhaustion. It has been vaguely understood by us that worry, fear, anxiety, grief and kindred mental strains and shocks have a disastrous effect upon the Nerves, but *why* and *how* this is so, has remained a complete mystery to us. It is only by the aid of Psycho-Analysis that we have finally discovered that the injury inflicted on the body and mind by mental strains, is caused by way of the Un-conscious Mind. I will cite an example: let us sup-

pose that an event occurs that gives us a great fright, causing wild beating of the heart, a choking sensation and severe trembling of the knees. As soon as the cause of the fright has passed, all outward effects of the "fear-shock" also disappear. But for a long time thereafter we still feel the presence of a vague *internal* fear which we cannot throw off. It may remain with us for hours, days or months, harassing and undermining the nerves. Our Conscious mental strains, therefore, are enlarged upon in the Un-conscious Mind, just as the explosion of the tiny electric spark in the spark-plug of an automobile causes greater explosions of the gas in the cylinders. Unfortunately, we are absolutely unaware of these powerful internal explosions which involve the Un-conscious Mind, for the simple reason that they *are* unconscious.

Psycho-Analysis has placed the treatment of nervous disorders for the first time in history on a positive basis. By doing so, it has become one of the most important of all sciences, because Nerve Exhaustion is unquestionably one of the most dangerous and wide-spread plagues the world has ever known. There is but one malady more terrible and that is its kin—Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can comprehend the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. Yet nine people out of ten suffer from Nerve Exhaustion in various minor degrees without knowing it. Usually they attribute their weaknesses and miseries to physical causes, while the *real cause* is "NERVES."

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to show the disease of any particular organ. In nearly every case the real cause is Nerve Exhaustion. The symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in the bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis; rheumatism and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies and, in extreme cases, Insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms above mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental turmoil, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your

Nerve Force. Perhaps you too are a victim of ailments that can be traced back to deep and hidden upheavals in the Un-conscious Mind.

I have for thirty years specialized in the science of building up Nervous and Physical forces in people whose nerves are shattered, and have treated more cases of "Nerves" than any other man in the world. During the last twenty-one years I have treated over 90,000 cases by mail alone, in all parts of the world.

If you are a victim of nervous ailments, or perhaps organic and physical ailments that do not respond to medical treatment or other methods, submit your case to me and I shall tell you definitely whether your condition is due to weak and deranged nerves and whether I can help YOU, as I have helped thousands of others.

Detailed information regarding my methods cannot be given here; I shall state briefly, however, that in addition to the application of special forms of training that reach both the Conscious and the Un-conscious Mind, my treatment also includes every practical physical method known to be of value in the restoration of the nervous powers.

Positively no fee is charged for a Preliminary Diagnosis of your case, and you will be under no obligation to take my treatment, if you write me. Do not explain your case in your first letter, as I shall send you special instructions how to report your case and how to make certain "nerve tests" used generally by nerve specialists. I shall also send you FREE other important data on Nerve Culture, which will give you an understanding of your nerves such as you never before had.

If you have read thus far, you will surely be interested in my sixty-four page book entitled "Nerve Force." It teaches how to control the nerves and prevent Nerve Exhaustion, and is written in simple non-technical language such as any child can understand, in order to profit by the important information that is given therein. The cost of the book is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Over 300,000 copies have been sold during the last two years. I shall also agree to send, without added cost, a copy of my booklet on "Prevention of Colds." This booklet contains some important information on this subject that is not generally known. It is needless to say that if these books do not meet with your fullest approval and expectations, I shall refund your money.

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Hobson's Choice

Part II of the Story of the Man Who Was Afraid of Himself

By HOWARD P. ROCKEY

WHAT WAS TOLD IN PART I

BILL HOBSON, after several years of service with the firm of Darrow & Darrow, is discontented with the limited progress he has made. He feels that his ability has neither been appreciated nor made apparent in his salary. He complains to Mary, his wife—wise in her deductions of life and a keen judge of human nature. She knows old Jason Darrow, her husband's employer. He wanted to adopt her after her father's death; but Mary had refused, preferring to remain independent. It was during occasional visits to Jason Darrow's office that Mary had met Billy Hobson, young and full of promise. When they were married, Darrow had raised Billy's salary; but a few months later, he, and

Mary too, began to wonder if they had not been mistaken in Billy. He was not forging ahead as they expected. Instead, he was growing lax in his habits and found fault with the firm. Mary's understanding heart prompted her to have a confidential talk with Jason Darrow who decided to put Billy to the test by thrusting responsibility on him. He informed Hobson that he was leaving on an extensive journey, and that, during his absence, he wished Billy to build a house for him to occupy on his return. For a moment Billy is elated and then later, disgruntled because so much work is expected of him on his small salary. He considers himself greatly abused and claims that he is being "kept down."

MARY looked at him with eyes brimming with love sympathy, and hope. "Maybe it won't prove that at all," she said in a low tone. "It seems to me to demonstrate that he's been watching you and that he's going to give you the big chance you've been longing for. It's a heavy responsibility, Billy, and a big compliment. Don't abuse it, Bill. Use the money as if it were your own. Build the house as you would if you were doing it for yourself—and for me—for everything you do in connection with it is for you and me, just as surely as it were to live there ourselves."

Billy smiled indulgently, but Mary went on: "If you put into it all that you can, you'll build a monument to your ability, and you'll profit by it, I know—not merely financially—but from the standpoint of making good in your job—which is far more important."

Hobson shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe," he admitted, "but I'd like a little of the gravy along with the glory."

Mary didn't quite like that remark, but nevertheless she slept happily that night—after uttering a heartfelt prayer that Billy would make good.

One morning a week later, after Billy had read and reread Darrow's memorandum of instructions, and had consulted architects and begun to ask for bids and competitive prices,

his telephone rang. On the other end of the wire was Sam Jacoby, manager of the Malloy Construction Company. He wanted Billy to go to luncheon with him, and Billy thought he knew why.

Hobson had met Jacoby on several occasions. He had been sufficiently indiscreet to tell this official of a rival company that he was not quite satisfied where he was. That in itself was a mistake, for Jacoby was shrewd and knew that Hobson's work was evidently not up to scratch or he would have no cause for complaint with such a man as Darrow. And, it was whispered that Jacoby's business methods were not always the most scrupulous.

Billy's first inclination was to decline the invitation, but curiosity overcame him. Had Jacoby heard of his new commission and was he about to make him an offer from the Malloy firm? It might be. In any event he did not see why he should not go down to the Giltcrest Hotel and lunch with the man.

Jacoby proved to be an entertaining host. He was scarcely more than Billy's age, yet he had his own car, a town house, and a neat summer bungalow at an exclusive seaside resort. And he was more than cordial to Billy.

"Hear that you've been given a big commission by old man Darrow," Jacoby said over the coffee. "Must mean that the little dis-

THE habit of dwelling on difficulties and magnifying them weakens the character and paralyzes the initiative in such a way as to hinder one from ever daring to undertake great things. The man who sees the obstacles more clearly than anything else is not the man to attempt to do any great thing.



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satisfaction you discussed with me some time ago has all blown over."

Billy was completely disarmed by Jacoby's friendly attitude and his air of confidence. "Hardly," he blurted out. "You know how grasping Darrow is. Get's everything he can out of everyone—and gives as little as he can for it. This is a big job, of course, and there isn't another man in the office he would entrust with it—yet the salary he is paying me is a joke."

JACOBY narrowed his eyes. "I'll give you a hundred a week to come with us," he offered, in order to find out what Billy did make. But Billy, suddenly grown cautious, shook his head. If he was to receive offers on the strength of this work they must come strong, he thought. And so he laughingly named a figure which Jacoby knew to be fictitious because of its very size and what he knew about Billy.

"Guess I can't buy you," he said with mock regret, "but since you've said that the condition Darrow made was that the construction work should be done by a firm other than his own, why not let me have the job? I'll keep prices down—down to the bone—and, naturally, I would expect to share—some of the profit."

Billy held up a protesting hand, but it shook waveringly. "Profits—commissions—a hundred thousand—prices down to the bone!" The words danced through his brain.

"I couldn't think of that," he managed to say.

"You're a goose," Jacoby taunted. "It's done in every firm." And then, in low tones, as he leaned across the table familiarly, he talked to Billy Hobson for fully half an hour. And, in that half hour, the stronger brain had won. Hobson had agreed to give the contract for the building of Darrow's house—and Hobson was to receive ten per cent of Jacoby's net profit.

That night, at dinner, when Mary asked Billy about the work, he was strangely reticent. At first she was disturbed, but later set his concentration down to a deep interest in the commission, a natural anxiety for its success, and a firmer, more thoughtful grip upon himself.

Later, when she had retired, Billy sat under the library lamp, a mass of papers, plans, and specifications strewn over the table, and Darrow's closely written instruction-sheets under his hand. A curious smile lit up his eyes, yet there was a frown on his face. And for a long time before he went to bed himself, he paced the room nervously, smoking his pipe and muttering to himself.

DURING the following week, he spent several nights in town with Jacoby—to complete the details of construction, he told Mary; and his wife rejoiced over the new interest Billy was taking in his work. She breathed a prayer of thankfulness to Darrow. He had given Billy the opportunity he longed for—and Billy was putting his best into it.

But Mary didn't dream for an instant that he was putting his *worst* into it—deliberately—under the tutelage of Jacoby and what he considered Jonas Darrow's unfair treatment. If Mary had only acted on her natural curiosity to ask what his plans were—to

plead that he tell her all the construction details—to offer what help she might give, the answer might have been different. But Mary wanted Billy to work them all out for himself—and there's where the trouble came. It wasn't her fault. It was simply one of those innocent sins of omission which result as a desire to be fair and considerate of others rather than to take them by the scruff of the neck and shake them violently into their senses.

Weeks went by. Mary gleaned the information that the foundations of the house were laid, that materials were arriving by wagons and motor-trucks, that a small army of laborers were at work and that the structure was to be reared in record time. For this purpose, the men were offered a bonus.

Whenever Mary ventured a wish to see the progress of the building, Billy laughingly put her off. "Wait until it's really up," he said. "Then I'll surprise you."

But one morning, as Billy and Jacoby were going through the half-completed mansion, Jacoby drew him aside. "We'll have to increase the bonus to get the work done on time," he whispered. "It wouldn't do for Darrow to get back while things are in this unfinished state. We could work it with a newly rich, inexperienced, home builder, but we can't on Jason Darrow. I've substituted cleverly, and once the foundations are covered, the plumbing concealed, and the paint put on, he can't tell what we've done. That is," he added with a chuckle, "until the thing begins to wear out. And that won't be very long. High prices have made me skimp more than I thought I would have to, and the quality and stability of the place is about twenty-five per cent lower than I thought it would be. That is about half what Darrow intended it to be and would have made it himself."

"We've gone too far!" Billy said bitterly. "He's sure to find it out."

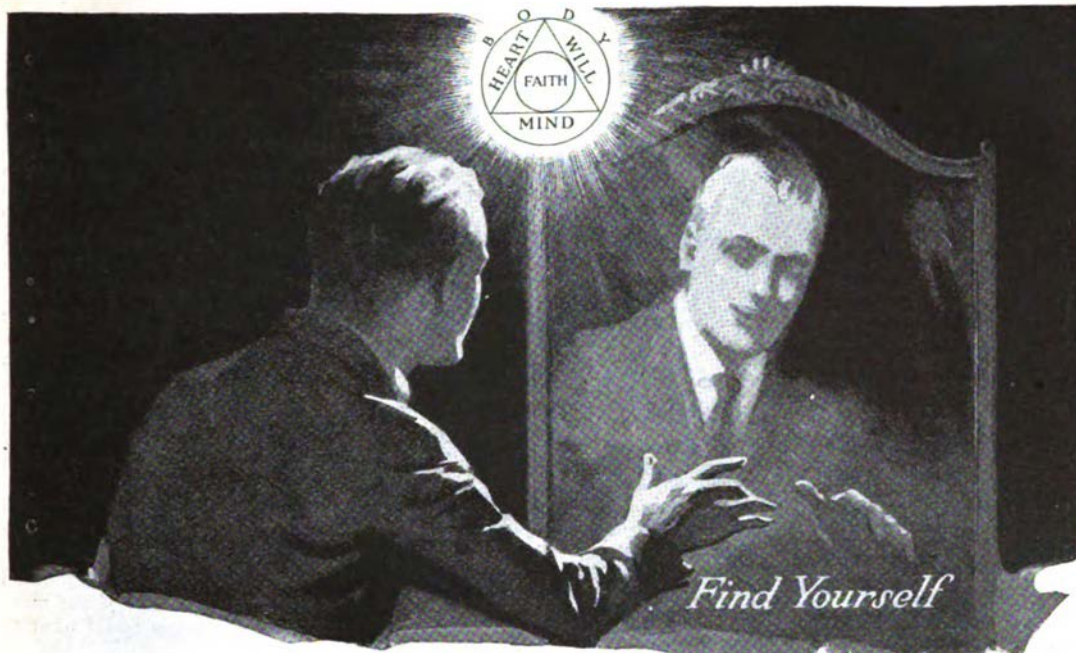
JACOBY laughed. "Not if we get it done in time, he won't," he assured the terrified Billy. "It's a perfect shell of a house—a pretty stage setting. I haven't worked blindly. Everything is covered up and the specifications read all right. My own men have attended to every substitution and Darrow won't be any the wiser—only the house won't last. Built as it could have been built, it would have stood forever—more or less. As it has been built—well, it won't."

"Don't you think Darrow will suspect something?" Billy asked nervously.

"Not a chance!" snapped Jacoby. "Don't get nervous. If anything does go wrong—if he suspects—pass the buck to me. It will simply mean that I've taken advantage of your inexperience."

Billy didn't like that phrase. He didn't like the implication that he lacked experience, and he didn't relish the thought that he might have to shift the blame. He had been given this job by a man who trusted him—who believed in his ability—and who wanted to see him do a creditable piece of work.

That night, a month later, Billy was strangely restless. Already his conscience was demanding payment for the tidy sum that rested in the bank to his financial but not his moral credit. He had not dared even hint of its existence to Mary, and now that a wire from



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Address.....

San Francisco warned him of Darrow's speedy arrival, he felt like a hunted criminal.

Would Darrow know—would he suspect? It was the same hideous question. He knew he had failed in little things before—just as he had failed in a big thing now. He knew that he had not been honest with any one—with his conscience—with his future—with his wife—with Darrow. And, as usual it was too late when he reluctantly but decisively put his finger on his folly.

Mary was keen to see the house before Darrow saw it. She knew the momentous things which hung upon his approval. But her loyalty was too great to permit her to slip off and view it without Billy's consent. So she awaited Jason Darrow's return with as much anticipation as Billy awaited it with dread.

On the morning that Billy met Darrow in the latter's private office, he was shaking like a leaf.

"Well, Billy," Darrow began, his tanned face breaking into a friendly smile, "how's the house going?"

"It's finished, sir," Billy announced, throwing out his chest just as boastfully as if he had really performed an honest job. Billy believed in himself, right or wrong. He had always cherished the mistaken thought that bluff can get away with error.

"Finished!" Darrow exclaimed. "How did you manage to get it completed in so short a time—what with tardy deliveries, broken mill-promises, labor delays, and what not? I should have put you at the head of our traffic department long ago if you can do that sort of work."

DARROW'S face beamed with genuine pleasure, and Billy felt his heart sink. He was being praised when he should have been blamed. Nothing hurts like praise when it should have been censure—just as nothing hurts like censure when it should be praise.

"Let's run out and see the place at once," Darrow suggested, as he pushed the electric button on his desk. A stenographer appeared and he told her to summon his car at once. "I'm crazy as a kid with a new toy!" Darrow told Billy, accompanying his remark with a healthy slap on Hobson's back. "This vacation has given me a new lease on life. I've enjoyed every minute of it, and now I know that my lieutenants have been good and faithful servants—that my own interests have been looked after in my absence."

Something went through Billy's brain like a red-hot iron; something seemed to tear the heart out of him. As the motor-car glided along the avenue, toward the drive to the country place, it passed the bank where Billy's ill-gained profits were reposing. He wanted to leap out and cancel his account.

The remainder of that ride was a nightmare. But the end of it was a startling awakening. As they went up the roadway, still turf, and not yet macadamized, since Darrow had reserved these finishings to himself, Old Jason pointed out various matters which he wanted expert landscape gardeners execute. "Billy," he said, "if they'd all work as quickly and as efficiently as you have, I'd be a fortunate man."

Never before had Billy Hobson realized that conscience, when hurt to the quick, is the most painful wound known.

They had arrived at the new villa. Billy stepped out of the car first and deferentially put out his hand to assist Jason Darrow. His employer waved aside the courtesy, and leaped out with surprising alacrity.

"I'm glad, Billy," said Darrow, "I'm glad that you didn't do what I thought you would do—that is, ask your wife to come along and see how I liked it. For the same reason I didn't care to have Mrs. Darrow come with us on this inspection trip. There will be a lot of things she won't like when they're done, and I don't want her to have them altered meanwhile. I'm also glad that you didn't bring the contractor. I don't care who he is—and I'm not interested. I want to see the house."

THEY walked up the concrete steps, Billy quite conscious of the fact that Darrow had been all the while considering its outward appearance. Billy tried to soothe himself with the thought that it was a substitute building.

On the wide veranda, Darrow paused. He scraped his square-toed boot across the red tiles of the porch floor. "You should not have bought that sort of brick, Billy," he said. "It is good; but I would have liked better. However, it can be relaid later. I am more eager to see the inside. Mrs. Darrow and I want to move in as soon as possible."

Then they went inside. They went from cellar to roof, Darrow's practical eye peering into every nook and cranny, neglecting no detail. He saw that his memorandum of instructions had been carried out apparently to the very last letter. He saw that little touches of ingenuity had been added to carry out the ideal vision of the luxurious home that had been outlined by him. But he saw, too, that the house was a thing of veneer.

WHEN they were again on the veranda, and Darrow was looking over the grounds, which were still to be improved, he turned and grasped the limp, clammy, frightened hand of the half-relieved Billy. "My boy," he said, "I want to congratulate you! You have built a beautiful house. You remember the old Bible story: how one man built his house upon the sands—how the wind and the storm came and blew it down. The wiser man built his house upon the rocks, and when the winds and the storms came the house stood? I feel that you have built for me just such a house as the wise man would have built for himself. And now, Billy Hobson, I want to take off my mask of hypocrisy and reveal myself in my true colors. I love your wife as I'd love my own daughter. I want her to be happy, comfortable, rich, for I was her father's best friend as he was mine. You didn't quite size up to my ideas of ability until now. But I wanted you to be real. You have proved to me that you are honest—that you have brains. You have built a house which I think your wife—and my wife will care for and cherish—one they'll be happy and proud to live in. And now I'll tell you the whole truth!"

Darrow stopped short—laughed—and slapped Billy full on the back.

"I told you to build this house—gave you carte



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The closest thing to a diamond ever discovered. In appearance a TIFNITE and a diamond are as alike as two peas. TIFNITE GEMS have the wonderful pure white color of diamonds of the first water, the dazzling fire, brilliancy, cut and polish. Stand every diamond test—fire, acid and diamond file. Mountings are exclusively fashioned in latest designs—and guaranteed solid gold.

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blanche to do it—and gave you a hundred thousand to do so—for just two reasons."

Billy looked at him with a blanched face. He waited silently, pitifully, during the remainder of Darrow's speech. It sounded to his nervous, guilty, burning ears, like the charge of the judge to a jury.

"My reasons were these," Darrow went on. "I wanted to test you. You didn't measure up in working for me, and you didn't prove up as Mary's husband. I wanted to know that you *were* good enough to be her husband—good enough for me to keep as a valuable assistant. I wanted to be sure that you weren't weak; but that you have enough brains to be corrected, to be set on the right path. These things may seem like a great many reasons; but they narrow down to two: your fitness for Mary and your fitness for me."

Billy still stared at him—his faith in himself seemed like a hopeless, dying thing.

But Darrow was talking again. Billy could not believe his ears. "You built this house—thinking it was for me. You built it for me as you have worked for me. I am giving you your reward. What you have put into this house is the same sort of value you have put into every job I gave you. When I told you to spend a hundred thousand on a house for me—I intended that the completed house should be yours—yours and Mary's—to live in." He paused abruptly, then continued. "I am aware of the commissions you received from Jacoby. They may compensate you for the deception—but I'm certain they won't. I told you to build the house of the finest materials—to spare no expense. In deceiving me you have deceived yourself—cheated your wife. If she's willing to take your handi-

work—it is still yours. I wouldn't have it at any price—except the price at which I have bought it, the price of a man's worth. If Mary is willing to take you and live in this house, well and good. If she isn't, I'll take the hundred thousand her dead father left in my care, and give it to her in cash—provided she comes to live with Mrs. Darrow and me."

Darrow paused again to glare at Billy. "If, on the other hand, this is an example to you—if it points the way to what you owe your wife—and what you owe me—you'll live in this house until it wears out—and your salary is—well it's what it is now until you've made good!"

Darrow turned and hurried down the steps. He entered the motor car and was gone.

Billy, dazed, conscious stricken, trembled on the cheap tiles of the veranda. He stooped and buried his face in his hands, leaning against the cheaper veranda rail.

Then Mary issued from some mysterious recess of the place. She went up behind her husband and put both arms about him. "Dear," she said softly, with a little laugh in her voice, "you've made a Hobson's choice, and in such a choice the best of it is always the worst."

"You mean you'll stick?" he asked incredulously.

"Certainly," laughed Mary. "Jacoby, who was put up to his trickery deliberately, has been paid back what he gave you in commissions. I did it out of dad's estate. And it's up to you to pay back to me what you have in the bank, as a result of your foolishness."

There was a bit of a tear in her big eyes as she let him kiss her. In his heart was the sorrow of genuine repentance.

IN MY OFFICE

TO MYSELF:

Every day, Every month, Every year.

THE day's tasks are before me. Let my judgment be well founded. Let me act quickly and with firmness. Let me deal justly, speak sparingly, clearly and truly. And if the trade goes against me, let me take my losses without complaint. Likewise, if the trade turns to my favor, let me not boast nor gloat over my profits but let me remember that rainy days may come and my profits wiped out by my expenses.

Let me avoid the trickster as I would the plague, but should I be forced into the trade with him, let me hold him fast to the agreements neither asking nor granting favors. Let me regard each transaction as I do an advertisement—a thing to be lived up to, fully, a bid for bigger business.

Let me be rewarded for my energy, my determination, my willingness to venture and my foresight. Let me be not afraid of competition. And when the Game is called off on account of The Darkness, let me have done my work in such a way that I shall not need to explain.

This is my task to-day.

TOM S. JOHNSON.

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast

Are Your Eyes Weak?

Then Read These Letters!!

Wore Glasses for Sixteen Years, Discards Them Entirely

I had decided for some time to write you a few words of praise for your wonderful Eye Course, but thought that I would wait until I entirely stopped wearing "Eye Crutches" as you call them.

I had been wearing glasses since I was eight years of age, and did not go a day without them. I am now twenty-four years old, and with just a little effort in practicing the exercises each day, have at last been enabled to discontinue wearing glasses entirely. It just took two months of your treatment to cure my eyes.

I wish to thank you, and say that I cannot express myself in words for my great appreciation.

With best wishes for your continued good work, I am
Very truly yours, MRS. D. G. LEWIS,
Shreveport, La.

Course Is Worth More Than Gold to Her

The Course, "Strengthening the Eyes" at hand, and I am sending money order for which I will keep the Course. It is worth more than gold.

Yours for health, GRACE GUYER,
3116 E. 7th St., Long Beach, Cal.

Writes This Letter Without Glasses After Only a Week's Trial

Enclosed you will please find money order in payment of course in "Eye Strengthening." I am convinced that this money is the best investment I have ever made. I received your course last Saturday, and followed the advice in putting aside my spectacles. Last Sunday gave me a good opportunity to begin the exercises, and when you consider that I have been wearing spectacles for twenty years, that was to my mind an achievement. Always having been instructed to wear my glasses being in danger of losing my sight, I am writing this letter without specs, and although I cannot see very plainly, by writing large I am able to read it all right.

Yours truly, WM. G. NERN,
1155 19th St., Milwaukee, Wisc.

Our files are filled with just such letters of grateful appreciation as those we publish here.

"STRENGTHENING THE EYES"

is a complete course in Eye Health Building. Prepared by Bernarr Macfadden in collaboration with one of the world's leading eye specialists. The lessons are simple. They are practical. And best of all, they produce beneficial results

almost immediately. As evidence of this fact we call your special attention to Mr. Nern's letter, published above. Mr. Nern was able to discard his spectacles after only one week's use of the course.

Facts About the Eyes

The eyes are controlled by nerves and muscles, just the same as other parts of your body. You know that your arms or your legs or your hands or neck or back can be strengthened by exercise. If that were not so, half the people in the world would be going around on crutches. Well, why put crutches (that's just what glasses are) on your eyes when they grow weak? Why not try exercise?

Hundreds of people have been able to discard their glasses as a result of sending for Mr. Macfadden's Course in Scientific Eye Training. It is probable you can do the same. Why not try?

WE TAKE THE RISK Just Mail the Coupon

We would like to have every reader of THE NEW SUCCESS who is afflicted with poor eye-sight try Mr. Macfadden's Eye Training methods. For this reason we have arranged a plan whereby you can have the course sent to you on



Vision Improved One Hundred Per Cent in Two Months' Time

I have been following the precepts of your book for two months and my vision has improved 100 per cent.

When I started at ten feet I could barely see the largest letter. Now I can see the second size letter which is one-half the size.

Yours truly,
L. MEHLER, Waynesboro, Va.

His Sight Is Better Than It Has Been in Years

It may be interesting to you to hear that I have been able to discard my glasses and my sight is better than it has been in years. I would like to know how long the various strengthening exercises should be kept up. The glasses I discarded were for astigmatism, and were right eye 1-25.30 and left eye 1-25.120.

Again thanking you for sending me the books on "Eye Training," I remain,
Very truly yours,

R. D. ROBERTSON,
1100 Evergreen Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

Would Recommend Our Eye Strengthening Course to Anyone Who Wears Glasses

I am getting along with the Eye-training Course. Must say, have had good results and would recommend it to anyone who wears glasses.

Yours truly,
WM. S. GRINDELL,
1515 Myrtle St., Scranton, Pa.

approval with the privilege of practicing the exercises for five days before deciding whether or not to keep it.

The price of the course has been purposely made very low so as to be within the reach of every person—only \$5.00 postpaid.

If your eyes are weak, can you afford to ignore this offer and all that it may mean to you?

FREE TRIAL COUPON

PHYSICAL CULTURE CORPORATION,

Dept. NS 6, 119 West 40th St., New York City

Entirely at your risk you may send me your course of Eye Exercises, charges prepaid. I will pay the postman \$5.00 on receipt. It is understood if after trying the course for five days I decide not to keep it you will immediately refund my \$5.00 upon return of the course.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

The Editor's Chat

*Suggestive Helps for the Multitude of Readers of THE NEW SUCCESS,
Who Write to Dr. Marden for Advice*

Focus Your Energies

TO a question as to how Mr. Eugene Grace, President of the Bethlehem Steel Company, had managed to work himself up from the rank of an ordinary truckman in the steel company to the head of that enormous concern, came the reply, "His devotion to everything he undertakes." That is the secret of Mr. Grace's phenomenal rise in the business world: absolute devotion to whatever he undertakes.

Could this be said of you, my friend? If so, you cannot complain of your hard luck or failure, for you must have succeeded.

The trouble with most people who do not get on, or who are disappointed, whose ambitions have been thwarted, is that they are not all there in what they undertake. Their energies are split up, they do not focus with that tremendous energy which achieves.

Absolute devotion to the thing undertaken—therein lies the secret of success. You do not need to go any further into the cause or the mystery of any man's success. If he shows absolute devotion to everything he undertakes, if he throws his whole life, all his energy and ambition, all his being into his work, achievement will follow.

Someone has said of Mr. Grace. "He knows how to make a small job big, to make a big thing out of a small opportunity."

When he wants anything and goes out to get it, he brings it back, he gets what he seeks; failure is not in his thoughts.

Absorption in his work is characteristic of this man. You may say he takes his job too seriously; but no man ever does a big thing who does not focus his energies upon it. A man who takes his job lightly gets small returns, just as a farmer who sows lightly harvests a light crop.

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Carrying a Message Part Way to Garcia

THE trouble with many of us is that we carry our messages to Garcia only part way. When we strike the forests, when the unknown confronts us, when we are perplexed and don't know what to do, we flinch, or turn back.

Resolve that you are going to carry your message the whole way; that no matter what stands in the way, you are going ahead; that you are going to hold your own; to be a leader, not a trailer or follower.

Resolve that you are not going to jog along the old beaten path, turning aside from every obstacle, but

that you will blaze your way through forests of difficulty, if necessary, straight to your goal.

Resolve that things are going to move around you because you have discovered you are a real force, a dynamic power.

It is the executive that is wanted—the doer, the practical man; it is not the theorizer, it is not what might, could or would do, but what *will* do that is wanted everywhere. It is the man who can carry a message all the way to Garcia, who can do the "impossible," who reaches the goal and wins the prize.

The man who can get things done, who can stick to a thing and put it through, who can deliver the goods by honorable methods, is the man the world is looking for. Until you can show you are such a man there will not be a very big place for you.

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Who's to Blame?

MY friend, if you are dissatisfied with what you have so far done in life, who's to blame? Do you think you have been cheated because you haven't achieved the success you thought you would? Do you not know that you have gotten what you have paid for, and that there would have been a much larger success for you if you had paid the larger price? For every effort you have made the law of cause and effect has paid you accordingly. If you are dissatisfied with your bargain, you can blame no one but yourself.

You cannot have achievement without paying the price. You cannot get anything without paying the price. Perhaps once in a million times, luck may strike you—just as lightning sometimes strikes an individual. But what are the chances of your ever being struck by lightning? An insurance company would regard the chance as practically infinitesimal. A similar thing is true of luck.

Luck is such a negligible quantity that successful men do not regard it. Can you imagine Charles M. Schwab or Thomas A. Edison waiting around for luck to give them a push or a pull? No, they never waited one minute for luck to help them.

If you are dissatisfied with what has come to you in life, don't complain. The very energy you are now expending in grumbling and finding fault would help you to make your life a success. Just think how much you might have achieved, how much better off you might have been if you had used energetically and efficiently all the time that you have wasted waiting around for someone to help you, for some outside influence to give you assistance! Think of the time

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The Violet Ray, as used in the treatment of the body, sends a spray of mild, tiny currents through every part and organ; flowing through each infinitesimal cell, massaging it, invigorating it, and vitalizing it. That is why one is left with such a delightful feeling of health and buoyant energy after Violet Ray treatment.

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Take twenty Vi-Rex Violet Ray treatments in your own home. These treatments would cost you \$50 to \$100 at your physician's or beauty specialist's. Now, through our special, liberal offer, you can try Vi-Rex Violet Ray treatments without risking a penny. Use this wonderful machine which attaches to any lighting socket, for ten days. If you do not find quick relief, if you do not feel better, sleep better, eat better, look better, send it back and you will not be out one penny. Prove to yourself that Violet Rays bring you the magic of electricity in its most wonderful curative form. Simply mail the coupon or write a postal. Do it now before our special trial offer is withdrawn.



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and energy you have wasted in grumbling and finding fault!

My friend, what you call your unlucky fate has paid you exactly for all that you have done. If your pay seems small, inadequate, your work has been small and inadequate. Do your best and largest and fate will give you her best and largest rewards.

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Ask Yourself

AM I living the sort of life that will give me the largest returns in brain energy and gripping thought, in masterful living; that will keep me always fit for the biggest things I am capable of doing? Am I doing the sort of things that will encourage my aspiration, feed my ambition, develop my mental and physical strength, or am I forming habits which will tend to sap the largest percentage of my energy, devitalize me, demoralize my efforts, kill my ambition, mar my ideals?

These are fundamental questions which strike at the very tap-root of our possibilities. What we should be ambitious to do is to bring out the largest possible man, the man we are capable of being, the man we long to be. And we should live and work with this end in view, and not like a man who should say: "I want to bring out the divine possibilities in me, for I realize that I have two natures, two selves, so to speak. The largest possible man in me is ever prodding me on, ever suggesting to me that I bring him out and give him a chance; but I am not willing to pay the price, I am not willing to do the hard work, which would make the larger man possible, and so there is nothing I feel I can do but to go on, year in and year out, letting the little man in me get my living while the larger man is thundering at the very gates, asking to be let out, to be given a chance to make good."

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Would You Resign a Job Because It Was Too Easy?

A NEW YORK man recently resigned a position which paid a good salary because, he declared, it was so easy it didn't give sufficient motive for calling out the best in himself. Mr. Virgil Pettiman of the Horace Mann School said, "When a man's job is conquered, he begins to grow old; every year devoted to something mastered is a backward step of six months."

We all know that it is by action, by effort that we develop muscle. A man who is put in a high position by a rich father and who has never developed the muscles of his manhood, his initiative, or executive ability, by climbing to the position, does not usually stay there very long. If he does, he is a clog in the business, killing the enthusiasm of those in the ranks by blighting their prospects of a chance to advance. Firms which go outside for men to fill good places instead of filling them from the ranks, little realize how they take away from their employees the strongest motive for climbing. It is encouragement to effort to know that there is promotion ahead for the deserving.

My experience has been that men do their biggest work by far while they are climbing, not after they

have reached the top; that while their position is not assured, while they are uncertain as to the final outcome of their efforts, they do their best work. Beware of stagnation or dry rot; beware of deterioration when you think you have reached your goal. It is a dangerous position when a man imagines that he has "arrived," for then it is human nature to begin to let up in one's efforts, to begin to take things a little easier, get up a little later in the morning, go a little later to work, take a little longer for luncheon, leave a little earlier at night. This is natural; it is human nature that one should try a little harder when one is in doubt about his position, when one is not quite sure that he has "arrived" in the estimation of the world.

It is the climb that develops the muscles; it is the climb that unfolds the powers, calls out the latent reserves. Very few men ever do their best after they have once made a great hit, achieved a pronounced success in whatever line they may be. There are exceptions, but this is the rule.

Many an author has been cursed by one successful book early in his career. I say cursed, because it gave him the impression that the public would read anything he wrote, and he never again took quite the pains or care he did with that first book, for he didn't have quite the motive he had when he was uncertain of his success, uncertain of his place as a writer, while he was straining every nerve to do his best to win a favored place in the public estimate.

When the author is perfectly satisfied with his book, the clergyman with his sermon, the business man with his accomplishment, dry rot has set in, and they are in a rut. It is what we lack and what we long for and are determined to get that keeps us moving upward. This is what urges us on. It has ever lured men and women through all sorts of privations and hardships.

There is nothing in life that gives us perfect satisfaction. There is always something beyond ever urging, ever bidding us forward. There is "a still, small voice" that is ever calling us up and on, and it is that thing we lack that pulls us, lures us, over quagmire and bog, over mountain and valley and stream.

Dream again, my friend, plan again, visualize again, go up and on again; mount again, climb again, resolve again! This is what makes the successful life.

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The Passion for Gain

OUR education, our training and our experiences all through life are constantly enlarging our consciousness in different directions. But it rests with ourselves to determine what kind of consciousness we shall cultivate. If, for instance, we concentrate on money getting; if we hold the picture of money constantly in mind, we develop a money consciousness; and if we sacrifice to this the opportunities for developing consciousness along other lines—social, esthetic, musical, or philanthropic, and confine ourselves to the selfish pursuit of money, we will probably get the money but there is the danger that we shall become greedy and avaricious. All that is finer and nobler in our nature may be overcome, crushed out of existence by the overdevelopment of the passion for gain. The money consciousness will be the dominant one in our lives.

How to Play Any Musical Instrument

A Modern Method of Proven Phenomenal Success Which Makes Music Intensely Interesting, Easy to Understand, Studied at Home and Quickly Mastered.



THROUGH this remarkable Method, without musical education or special training, without long-drawn-out study or without learning any complicated "number" or "ear" systems, or "trick-music" or any other makeshifts, you can positively, rapidly, economically, and without waste of time or energy, learn to play any kind of music by note in your own home.

This system of instruction is adapted either to the beginner who does not know one note from another or to the pupil who is already familiar with the fundamentals of music. This unique and up-to-date system is a startling improvement and advancement over the old-fashioned, long-drawn-out methods employed by private teachers.

You are taught with surprising directness and simplicity, making every point so clear and easy to understand that it is utterly impossible for any one to make the mistakes so common in musical education. Mere children as well as men and women up to the age of seventy have become accomplished players by taking these highly interesting, inspiring and illuminating instructions.

The method is thorough, so complete, so comprehensive, so carefully planned and executed that you will learn to play with ease.

Would you be interested in learning:

How to multiply and unfold your natural musical gifts?

How to increase your appreciation of music?

How to promote your intellectual powers?

How to teach others how to play?

How to make money by your playing?

How to have true musical skill and knowledge?

How to increase your power of enjoyment and happiness?

How to win friends through your playing?

Check Instrument You Wish to Play

Piano	Guitar	Cornet	Cello
Organ	Hawaiian	Piccolo	Harmony and
Violin	Steel	Trombone	Composition
Banjo	Guitar	Clarinet	Sight Singing
Tenor Banjo	Ukulele	Flute	Drums and
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PROOF

I have found your school just what it has been recommended to be. Three months ago I bought a trombone, and I didn't know one note from another. Now I am asking you to send me a student's enrolling blank for my wife, who wants to learn to play the piano.—H. E. Dantz, 304 Glenside Ave., W. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MORE PROOF

I would not take \$100 for the instructions which I have received from your school. I like my lessons very much and fail to find words to express my appreciation. You have done everything you promised.—Delma Ogletree, Dixon, Mich.

STILL MORE PROOF

All my life I have been in search of just such a course (harmony) as you are giving. During my stay in France I tried everywhere, spent much money for the purchase of books, for lessons from celebrated professors, etc., but could find nothing so clear, precise and practical.—Sister Marie Leocimdie, 151 Tremont St., Fall River, Mass.

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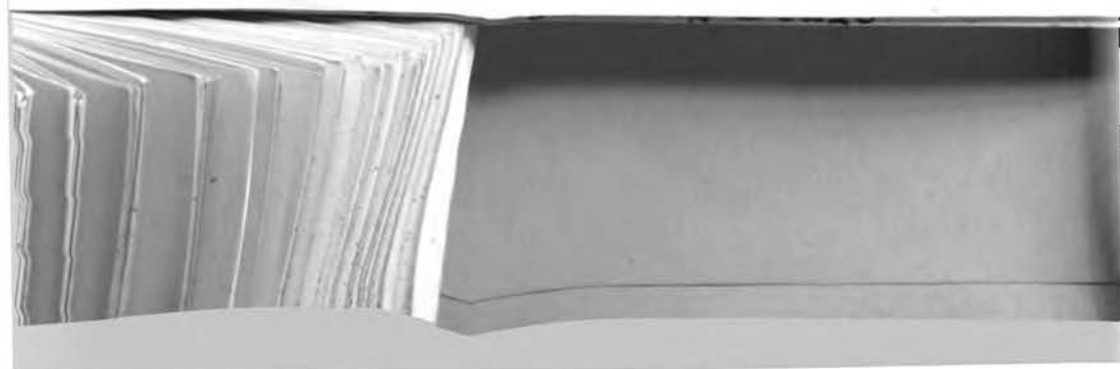
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The First Year You're Married Is the Worst

(Continued from page 75)

BARSTOW:—When Loring made the statement he did, to-night, I had a feeling he was wrong, and yet it seemed to me, as he was in the construction end of the game, he ought to know what he was talking about.

TOMMY:—He never knows what he's talking about.

BARSTOW:—Well, he didn't to-night! I thought possibly the plans had been switched; that, somehow, that had muffed advising me. But I got Frisbee, the president, on the wire, the moment I left here. And what he said about your friend Loring!—

TOMMY:—He's no friend of mine! What did he say?

BARSTOW:—Said what would Loring know about his plans! That when he was trying to build railroads he wasn't in the habit of telling every underling what he intended doing.

TOMMY:—Did he call him an underling?

BARSTOW:—That's the mildest thing he called him.

TOMMY:—Underling! I must remember that—underling—that's good.

BARSTOW:—So that arrangement of ours is all right.

TOMMY:—It is, is it? Who told you all that?

BARSTOW:—Well, isn't it? You agreed to sell.

TOMMY:—And you agreed to buy, but you reneged.

BARSTOW:—Oh, no; I didn't! I went out to telephone and see if you weren't right.

TOMMY:—Not if I weren't—if Loring was.

BARSTOW:—Well, put it that way.

TOMMY:—And if he had been, you'd have said the deal's all off; and as long as he is wrong, I'll say the deal's all off.

BARSTOW:—You have given me your word you'd sell at a price, and I think you ought to stand on your word. Now, here is a certified check for twenty-five thousand—that should be enough proof of my intentions when I came here—

TOMMY:—When you came here, yes!

BARSTOW:—I'll give you the other seventy-five thousand when the deeds are made over.

TOMMY:—That's only a hundred thousand.

BARSTOW:—Well, that was your price.

TOMMY:—It was, but when you left so abruptly, the price jumped fifty thousand dollars.

BARSTOW:—Is that the best you'll do?

TOMMY:—What time is it?

BARSTOW:—Not quite nine o'clock.

TOMMY:—That's right. It's nearer to-morrow than when I made the price, so it's only a hundred and twenty-five thousand!

BARSTOW:—But, I say—

TOMMY:—Want it? Because if you don't, I'll take it out and sell it to-morrow to somebody who'll sting you good.

BARSTOW:—All right, a hundred and twenty-five thousand.

His fortune won and his wife lost, Tommy finds himself, the next morning, in the hospital as a result of his drinking. Meanwhile Grace is with her parents, and, in her moments of

second thought, yearns for her husband. She is remaining at home in order to avoid questioning by prying neighbors and will not even confide in her mother the truth of the situation. To her credit she reaches a determination to return to Joplin and fight it out with Tommy and not abandon him in his misfortune, for she has not heard of his success.

Dr. Anderson arrives home from a doctor's convention. He confesses he has been at Tommy's bedside in the hospital. This redoubles Grace's determination. She is about to depart when Mr. Livingston comes in with his inevitable daily paper containing a glowing account of Tommy's wealth. This reacts on Grace. Now she is unwilling to return to her husband because he is successful. In her quandry she accepts the sympathy of Dick Loring, who calls. The railroad company had discharged him for the land-purchase fiasco. Right in the middle of their conference, Tommy walks into the home. He is groomed like a fashion plate—even to spats and a cane—and he carries a box of roses. He suddenly perceives Loring, the cause of all his trouble.

With none of the chivalry of romance, Tommy attacks Loring. The latter, being a larger man, is getting the better of Tommy when, in an impulse of loyalty, Grace hurls a vase at Loring and hits Tommy. The small-town villain retires as Dr. Anderson enters and proceeds to give first aid to Tommy.

TOMMY:—I can hold my own head, thank you!

DR. ANDERSON:—All right, but I want Grace to hold this adhesive plaster, so I can cut it. (*Cuts plaster, Grace holds it.*) There! I think Tommy, after the head stops aching, you'll be all right.

GRACE:—Then that's all you need of me?

TOMMY:—(*To Grace.*) One moment! I'd like to have a word with you, if I may—I won't keep you long.

GRACE:—Well?

TOMMY:—Contrary to the opinions expressed by master minds, I was lucky enough to guess certain facts about a railroad. I have a check here which I think you are entitled to.

GRACE:—That's very generous of you, but I don't want your money.

TOMMY:—I shall leave it here with the doctor, if you don't take it.

GRACE:—I won't touch it.

TOMMY:—Then you see that Mr. Livingston gets it, will you, doctor? (*To Grace*) Good night.

GRACE:—Good night.

DR. ANDERSON:—Aren't you going to say good night to me?

TOMMY:—Good-by, doctor. (*Shakes hands.*)
 DR. ANDERSON:—Before you go, Tommy, there's one question I'd like to ask you.
 TOMMY:—What is it, doctor?
 DR. ANDERSON:—What would you rather be than anything else in the world?
 TOMMY:—Single.
 DR. ANDERSON:—I don't believe you mean that—you've passed the worst time.
 GRACE:—I have passed the worst time!
 DR. ANDERSON:—Do you mind telling me what it's all about?
 GRACE:—I don't. He was downright brutal to me.
 TOMMY:—Brutal? Why do you say that?
 GRACE:—Because you were. I have marks on my arms yet where he held me.
 DR. ANDERSON:—What did he do that for?
 TOMMY:—She wanted to leave the flat at ten o'clock at night.
 DR. ANDERSON:—Is that so, Grace—what for?
 GRACE:—Because he talked to me so I couldn't stay there any longer.
 DR. ANDERSON:—Oh, that's when you were leaving for good.
 GRACE:—Yes.
 DR. ANDERSON:—And he grabbed you and didn't want you to go?
 GRACE:—Yes.
 DR. ANDERSON:—Well, I know some women who'd think that flattering.
 GRACE:—Well, I don't.
 DR. ANDERSON:—Why, Gracie, Tommy talked of you all the time in the hospital. He didn't want to live unless you came back to him.
 TOMMY:—That's when I was delirious!
 DR. ANDERSON:—No, you weren't. Tommy, when Grace heard you'd been sick, she nearly tore the time-table looking up the first train that would take her back to you.
 GRACE:—But uncle, I won't—
 DR. ANDERSON:—Yes, you did, and you called your-self names and said you were ashamed of yourself.
 GRACE:—But I—
 DR. ANDERSON:—Stop it, Grace!
 TOMMY:—If you think—
 DR. ANDERSON:—Shut up, Tommy! You two are just suffering from matrimonial measles—trouble that looks terrible, but doesn't amount to anything. Everybody has them, and like regular measles it's better to have them young and get over them. Years from now you're either going to laugh at this—or cry over it. If you let it take you apart, you're going to cry; so let's laugh at it. What do you say, Gracie? (*She turns away.*) How about you, Tommy? (*He puts up his hand.*) And, Tommy, you'll want to be around to see your baby.
 TOMMY:—(*Looks bewilderingly at Dr. Anderson.*) No!
 DR. ANDERSON:—Don't look so scared—it's happened before.
 TOMMY:—I know—but not to me. (*Rises and goes to Grace.*) Is it true, Grace?
 GRACE:—Forgive me. (*She looks at Tommy and puts her arms around him.*)

His NEW Invention Finds and Corrects

Your Mistakes in ENGLISH!



As the result of thousands of tests, Sherwin Cody found that the average person is only 61% efficient in the vital points of English. In a five minutes' conversation, or in an average one page letter, from five to fifty errors will appear. It is surprising to see how many experienced stenographers fall down in spelling such common words as "business," "abbreviate," etc. It is astonishing how many business men say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me," and use "who" for "whom" and mispronounce the simplest words. Few people know whether to use one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," whether to spell words with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear.

A Remarkable Discovery

Mr. Cody has specialized in English for the past twenty years. But instead of going along in the old way he has applied scientific principles to teaching the correct use of our language. He made tens of thousands of tests of his various devices before inventing his present method. In all his tests he found that the trouble with old methods is that points learned do not stick in the mind. In school you were asked to remember rules, and if you forgot the rules you never could tell what was right and what was wrong. For the past five years Mr. Cody has worked almost day and night to find a way to replace bad habits in writing and speech, with good ones. And as a result of his experience he evolved his wonderful new

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NEW LIVES FOR OLD

Where are you? Where are you going? A **MENTAL INVENTORY** is always a good thing, at the beginning of the New Year. Take a good look at yourself—first at the man or woman you are **NOW**—then at the man or woman you would **LIKE** to be. A big difference, isn't there?

The difference, for many of you, between a body which is a burden to carry around and a body which radiates **HEALTH** and **VITALITY**! For others, the difference between being chronically worried and depressed and becoming perfectly **CONFIDENT** and **POISED**! The difference between inefficiency and **POWER**; sadness and **JOY**; defeat and **VICTORY**! The difference between a **FALSE** and your **TRUE** self.

In my practice I have seen all these changes take place, over and over again. I obtain these results by putting my patients **INTO LINE WITH LAW**. Do you think that sickness and health and failure and success are **ACCIDENTS**? There is **NO SUCH THING AS AN ACCIDENT IN THIS ENTIRE UNIVERSE**. Behind every condition there is a **CAUSE**. You have not been helped because no one has **REALLY** understood your case.

Let me prove that I **DO** understand and can help you. Mail me **TWENTY-FOUR** cents for my booklet, **LEAVITT-SCIENCE**; fill out and forward the case-sheet which goes with it, and I will send you my diagnosis of your case **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. I believe this diagnosis will be a **REVELATION** to you.

To remain in your present miserable condition would be a **TRAGEDY**. **ALL** that you desire is right within **YOUR** grasp. **LEARN HOW TO MAKE IT YOURS!**

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Have You Read Page 84?



Dr. Lawton Using Device

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

WILL show reduction taking place in 11 days or money refunded. The reducer (not electrical) reduces unsightly parts promptly, reducing only where you wish to lose and the Lawton Method Dissolves and Eliminates superfluous fat from the system. Easily followed directions do not require exercises, starving, medicines or treatment; not only rids you of fat but improves appearance and general health.

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and enables you to regain and retain your normal weight. Dr. Lawton (shown in picture) reduced from 211 to 152 lbs.; this reducer and genuine method have been the means whereby a great number of fat people through the United States and elsewhere have easily gotten rid of unhealthy, disfiguring fatty tissue, without discomfort. Any stout man or woman can obtain these results whether 10 or 100 pounds overweight, look better and feel better. The complete cost \$5.00. Send for your reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed.

DR. THOMAS LAWTON, Dept. 15, 120 West 70th St., New York

Confessions of a Minister's Daughter

(Continued from page 42)

"The riskiest stunt of all was when we packed our typewriter, our few earthly goods, and, encumbered by our children, moved to Chicago. It seemed a necessary move for Paul, and we refused to be separated even temporarily. Paul took some helpful courses at the university and did some special work that won him a little pleasing recognition. He continued to write, and what he wrote continued to sell. How he did everything was a miracle to me. But it merely justified the immense faith I always had in him.

"In 191-, Paul became one of the editorial staff of a magazine. And this is the first—no, perhaps the second or third—rung on our ladder of success.

"We are no longer church mice. Life is broader and happier for all of us. Paul has work that he loves and for which he is eminently fitted—permitting his adoring wife to judge! It is work that enables him to minister in a wider sense than ever before, and we are independent of critical congregations and Pharisaical elders. We can save money, too, without scrimping—above all we can frequently spend money on purely worldly things like books and theaters and music and clothes. The spendthrift sensation that I have at such times is almost painful. The first time that I recklessly indulged in a manicure, a shampoo, and a marcel in a rose-and-white shop I had the exhilaration of a drunken orgy. But extravagance is inhibited in me by the country-parsonage environment of my youth.

"You don't have to be married twenty years to know whether you would do it all over again," said the woman nodding her head sagely. "Of course, I never doubted that Paul would succeed—in the ministry or anywhere else. But if I had been equally sure that he was doomed to failure, I would have married him just the same.

"The moral of the tale?" she looked puzzled. "Why, it hasn't any—has it? It's just a story with the traditional ending.

"'And they lived happily ever after'; but they would have anyhow—even as church mice."

◆ ◆ ◆

Play fair! Don't let your eagerness to win, your ambition to get ahead of others, make you unfair to them. Give the other fellow a chance.

◆ ◆ ◆

Whoever may discern true ends shall grow pure enough

To love them, brave enough to strive for them,
And strong enough to reach them, though the road
be rough.—Mrs. Browning.



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Religious Prejudices

RECENTLY I heard a man say that he liked Christian Scientists but hated Christian Science. This is a good illustration of what a deep-rooted prejudice will do, for when a man likes Christian Scientists there must be a reason for it.

The reason this one gives for liking them is, that they are kind, courteous, cheerful, optimistic, and always make the best of things; that they are not all the time complaining, finding fault, talking down, talking hard times, and filling ones' ears with a recital of their troubles.

Now, if the philosophy or religion of these people makes them more agreeable, more cheerful, more optimistic than their neighbors, there must be some good in Christian Science. Why, then, does this man hate Christian Science while confessing that he admires, and likes to associate with Christian Scientists?

THE prejudice in regard to religious beliefs is one of the most deep-rooted in human nature, and is not peculiar to any one creed or cult. It has crippled multitudes of lives. Men have been made slaves of doctrine, slaves of creed, of denominational bias. When I was a boy, I was taught that everybody but Baptists would be ultimately lost, and I used to pity people who belonged to other denominations because

I was convinced that they must all be damned and suffer torments forever and ever.

As I grew older my ideas enlarged a bit and I included the Methodists and Congregationalists among the "saved," but no Episcopalians, Unitarians, or Catholics. Later, I admitted Unitarians, but still excluded Universalists, who would surely be "damned." After being graduated from college, I admitted Universalists to the fold, but held to the belief that Catholics were beyond all possible salvation. As maturity broadened my views, I found that Catholics, too, were mighty fine people, doing a lot of good; that they, like all others, were also God's children.

NOW I know that creeds and sectarian church divisions have nothing to do with the way our Creator looks at our lives. We are all His children, and have the same chance of salvation. That is a matter of living, of character—not creed or church, or denomination. I have found as much religion outside the churches as in them. Many of the great reforms of the world have been wrought by men and women who never belonged to any church; but they belonged to God. It is not your particular creed or "ism," but the work you do, the life you live, that is the important thing.—O. S. M.

New York's Food and Drink

WONDERING visitors to New York City sometimes ask, "How do all these seven millions of people get something to eat and water to drink?"

The problems of water, food, housing and transportation which have been created by this vast concentrated mass of humanity are staggering. But an indomitable spirit has solved many of them. A stream of pure water flowing through a subterranean conduit one hundred and nineteen miles provides the city with a water supply which would furnish every human being in the world with over a quart of water a day. To feed this metropolitan population for one week only requires 266 train loads of provisions.

◆ ◆ ◆

Did It Pay?

RICHARD COEUR DE LION (king of England, 1189-1199) told his cook to have some fresh pork for dinner; but the cook had no pork, nor did he know where to find a pig. He was in trouble; for if there was no pork on the table, he would stand a chance of having his head chopped off. He had heard it said, however, that human flesh tasted like pork. Knowing that no pork was to be had he killed a Saracen prisoner, cooked some of the flesh, and placed it on the table. The king praised the dinner. Perhaps, however, he mistrusted it was not pork, for he said:

"Bring in the head of the pig that I may see it."

"The poor cook knew not what to do. He certainly would have his head cut off. With much trembling he brought in the head of the Saracen. The king laughed when he saw it. "We shall not want for pork so long as we have sixty thousand prisoners," he said, not in the least disturbed to know that he had been eating human flesh.

The Saracen general, Saladin (sultan of Egypt and opposers of the crusaders), sent thirty ambassadors to Richard beseeching him not to put the prisoners to death. Richard gave them an entertainment and instead of ornamenting the banquet with flowers, he had thirty Saracens killed and their heads placed on the table. Instead of acceding to the request of Saladin, Richard had the sixty thousand men, women and children slaughtered out on the plain east of the city of Acre.

◆ ◆ ◆

It's Up to You

IF you want to work in the kind of shop
Like the kind of shop you'd like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.
You'll only find what you've left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new.
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your shop,
It isn't your shop, it's you.—*Reo Spirit.*



The Newest Element in Industrial Management

(Continued from page 61)

I've found out that there are lots of others in this plant who are just as skilled and, maybe, a lot more important than I am!"

"There you have it! This worker had the right perspective on his job and he had come to a realization that there were other persons than himself in the plant. That worker will never again feel that the payrolls and the office work are simple matters that any one could handle. And as the result of this, he will be a better worker and more of an asset."

"Another interesting and unusual incident occurred on one of these tours. We have a salesroom at the office in which samples of all of our completed products are displayed to the best possible advantage. During our tours of the plant and offices, we took the workers into this sample room."

"I noticed one grizzled old veteran worker gazing in something like awe at one of our finished products."

"It looks good, doesn't it?" I said to this man.

"He looked up at me slowly as if reluctant to take his eyes away."

"Say," he said, as he put his forefinger on a certain part of the finished product, "Do you know that I've been turning out that thing there for the past four years, and I never could figure out what the fool thing was for!"

"Believe me, I felt as if all the expense and trouble of the tours were well worth while when they could teach so much as this to an oldtime employee!"

"There's another stunt in personnel management which has always interested me greatly. This is the way a western firm handles foreign-born workers. The plant to which I refer has a meeting specially for foreign-born workers every year. At this meeting, the workers are lined up before the platform in the company's auditorium. Those who applied for citizenship papers during the year are placed in the front rank. The plant sees to it that their families are with them. Then there are speeches by capable men telling of the benefits of being American citizens. After the speaking, the officers of the company shake hands with the newcomers and tell them they are glad to welcome them as Americans. After this, the factory superintendents and foremen and subforemen do the same thing and, finally, the workers themselves welcome the newcomers. This is one of the events of the year in this plant. It makes a big hit with the workers, and, as the result of the stunt, the plant's foreign-born workers take out their citizenship papers with much more alacrity than do the workers in many other plants and feel much more at home in the plant."

"This again, you will notice, emphasizes the personality of the workers. And it is because the successful plants, like ours, are doing things along this line that our personnel work is so successful—at least, that's my opinion."

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LAUGH WITH US!

"**L**-L-LOOK here," said a stutterer at a horse sale, "that's a n-nice horse, m-my m-m-man! How much d-do you want for it?"

The dealer looked his animal over lovingly. "A beauty it is, sir," he urged; "a horse I can thoroughly recommend. But you must make the offer."

"Well," said the stutterer, "I'll g-g-give you f-f-f-f—"

"Forty dollars? Done!" said the dealer.

"G-g-good!" said the stutterer. "I was tr-trying to say f-f-fifty!"

♦ ♦ ♦

A NEGRO was receiving bricks at the top of a ten-story building where some repair work was going on. Another negro on the ground was loading the brick on the carrier. The negro up above accidentally dropped a brick, hitting the one on the ground squarely on the head.

He was very indignant and yelled to the one above: "Be a little moah careful up thar, nigger. That brick hit me and made me bite mah tongue."

♦ ♦ ♦

"**P**A, what is repartee?"

"It is, as a rule, an insult with a dress suit on, my son."

♦ ♦ ♦

"**W**HICH is the most delicate of the senses?" asked the teacher.

"The touch," said young Jones.

"How's that?" asked the teacher, and young Jones explained: "Well, when you sit on a pin, you can't see it, but it's there."

♦ ♦ ♦



THE school census taker stopped at a little hut in the mountains of Kentucky, and addressing the mother of an unusually large flock of children, said:

"Madam, I am taking the school census. How many children have you between the ages of six and—"

"Lemme see," she broke in; "there's Katy an' Mary an' Annie an' Lucy an' Carrie an' Rob an' Jake an' Will an' Harry an' Jim an'—"

She paused for a breath and her caller made haste to say:

"Now, madam, if you could just give me the number—"

"Number?" she snapped; "number? We ain't commenced numberin' yit, thank ye. We ain't run out o' names."

FREDERICK was sitting on the curb, crying when Billy came along and asked him what was the matter.

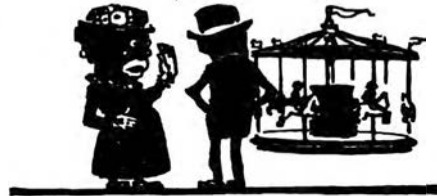
"Oh, I feel so bad 'cause Major's dead—my nice old collie!" sobbed Frederick.

"Shucks!" said Billy. "My grandmother's been dead a week, and you don't catch me crying."

Frederick gave his eyes and nose a swipe with his hand, and, looking up at Billy, sobbed, despairingly:

"Yes, but you didn't raise your grandmother from a pup."—*Harpers.*

♦ ♦ ♦



"**N**O, sah, Ah doan't neber ride on dem things," said an old colored woman looking in on the merry-go-round. "Why, de other day I seen dat Rastus Johnson git on an' ride as much as a dollah's worth an' git off at the very same place he got on at, an' I sez to him, 'Rastus,' I sez, 'yo' spent yo' money, but whar yo' been?'" —*Boston Transcript.*

♦ ♦ ♦

JOHNNY—"These pants that you bought for me are too tight."

MOTHER—"Oh, no, they aren't."

JOHNNY—"They are too, mother. They're tighter'n my own skin."

MOTHER—"Now, Johnny, you know that isn't so."

JOHNNY—"It is, too. I can sit down in my skin, but I can't sit down in my pants."—*Boys' Life.*

♦ ♦ ♦

FIRST OFFICE BOY—"I told the boss to look at the dark circles under my eyes and see if I didn't need a half day off."

SECOND OFFICE BOY—"What did he say?"

FIRST OFFICE BOY—"He said I needed a bar of soap."

♦ ♦ ♦

ELDERLY MISS—Sir, you have saved my life. How can I ever show my gratitude? Are you married?

RESCUER—Yes; you might come and be a cook for us.

♦ ♦ ♦

WHY did the ship stop so suddenly?" she asked weakly, as her husband came dashing into the stateroom.

"The captain says we've run ashore!" he cried excitedly.

"Thank heaven!" she exclaimed.

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Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eyestrain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be spared the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is the prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Drop one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two or four times daily. You should notice your eyes clear up perceptibly right

from the start and inflammation will quickly disappear if your eyes are bothering you, even a little, take steps to save them now before it is too late. Many hopelessly blind might have been saved if they had cared for their eyes in time.



NOTE: Another prominent physician to whom the above article was submitted said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." It is sold everywhere by all good druggists.

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DEAR DR. MARDEN:

Your book, "Heading for Victory," has been the direct cause of an increase of \$2600 a year in my salary, and with this increase has come the additional respect that is accorded to the man who makes good.

Early in the book there is a chapter on the importance of placing the right value on one's own services.

That chapter alone gave me the idea. It made me think of my own case, partly because of the additional money involved, and partly because of the additional prestige which comes to men who appraise themselves properly.

But how could I be sure? How was I to know that I did not look upon the matter from a prejudiced viewpoint?

To make certain of my ground I

prepared a questionnaire and submitted it to five of my friends, two of them directly connected with the business, and three business acquaintances. I asked them what I was worth in proportion to the value of the work I did, in proportion to what others were receiving, and what it would cost to replace me.

My salary was then \$6400. I struck an average from the five questionnaires and found that the combined judgment was that I was worth \$10,800. To make sure that the business would earn a profit on my services and to allow for any possible error for prejudice in the matter, I took off \$1800 and asked for \$9000, submitting the questionnaires as evidence. I was immediately raised to \$8000 and a few weeks later to \$9000.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

This man is only one of thousands who have been helped to better positions by the writings of Dr. Orison Swett Marden. You might purchase a hundred books and several dozen correspondence courses and not get from them the same value that you can get from this single volume "Heading for Victory" which is a complete Success Library in itself, containing 32 Chapters and 540 Pages.

Just mail the coupon and we will send you this book at once. Simply pay the postman \$2.48, plus postage, and read and examine the book for thirty days. Then if you are not fully satisfied you may return the book and we will refund your \$2.48. This is a special short time offer and as our stock will undoubtedly be cleaned out quickly, we suggest that you send for your copy of "Heading for Victory" at once before the supply is exhausted.

Myself

I HAVE to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand, with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.

I don't want to keep on a closet shelf
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself, as I come and go,
Into thinking that nobody else will know
The kind of a man I really am;
I don't want to dress up myself in sham.

I want to go out with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.

I never can hide myself from me;
I see what others may never see;
I know what others may never know;
I never can fool myself, and so,
Whatever happens, I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience-free.—Selected.

◆ ◆ ◆

The Man Who Gets Credit

BANKS will extend credit to the man who has faith in himself and in his business. Sentiment is contagious. Talk panic and you foster panic. Talk optimism and you inspire optimism. Keep your head and you stand a good chance of keeping your business. Lose your head and you are in danger of losing your business. Last year saw us soaring farther and farther away from economic sanity. This year sees us moving steadily nearer and nearer economic sanity. The wise business man looks not only to the conditions of the moment but tries to foresee the probable conditions of the morrow.—B. C. Forbes in *Forbes Magazine*.

◆ ◆ ◆

Farrady's Resolved Cup

ONE day when Farrady, the great chemist, was out, a workman accidentally knocked into a jar of acid a silver cup. It disappeared and was eaten up by the acid, and could not be found. The acid held it in solution. The workman was in great distress and perplexity. It was an utter mystery to him where the cup had gone. So far as his knowledge went, it had gone out of existence forever. When the great chemist came in and heard the story, he threw some chemicals into the jar, and in a moment every particle of silver was precipitated to the bottom. He then lifted out the silver nugget and sent it to the smith, where it was recast into a beautiful cup.

◆ ◆ ◆

To be seventy years young is sometimes far more cheerful and hopeful than to be forty years old.
—Oliver Wendel Holmes.



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How to Rid Yourself of Your Catarrh



R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.
Founder of
The Alsaker Way

QUICKLY! PERMANENTLY!

Without Drugs or Medicine of any Kind

By R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

THE majority of the people in our country suffer from catarrh. Some have it from time to time, others have it all the time.

"Catarrh of the head is troublesome—and filthy. Catarrh of the throat causes coughing and much annoying expectoration. When the catarrh goes into the chest it is called bronchitis. If it is allowed to continue it becomes chronic, and chronic bronchitis means farewell to health and comfort. It robs the sufferer of refreshing sleep and takes away his strength. It also weakens the lungs so that the individual easily falls a **victim to pneumonia or consumption.**

"Then there is catarrh of the stomach and small intestines, which always means indigestion. Catarrh of the large intestine often ends in inflammation of the lower bowel—colitis.

"Catarrh of the ear causes headache, ringing in the ear and general discomfort.

"Catarrh of the liver produces various diseases, such as jaundice and gall-stones, and often ends in much suffering from liver colic.

"All who easily catch cold are in a **catarrhal condition.** Those who take one cold after another will in a short time suffer from chronic catarrh, which will in turn give rise to some other serious disease—as if catarrh itself isn't bad enough.

"Either you personally suffer from catarrh, or some member of your family is afflicted. Isn't it time to give this serious danger a little attention, before it is too late, and solve the problem for yourself? You can do it. It's easy.

"Catarrh can be conquered easily and permanently. It has been done in thousands of cases. You can cure yourself—and while you are losing your catarrh you will lose your other physical ills. That dirty tongue will clean up; that tired feeling will vanish; that bad taste in the mouth will disappear; that troublesome gas will stop forming in the stomach and bowels; and the pain will leave your back; headaches will take flight; rheumatism will say good-by and those creaky joints will become pliant."

Realizing the great need of definite, practical information regarding this terrible disease, Dr. Alsaker has prepared a plain, simple instruction book on the **cause, prevention and cure of catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds.** This book is entirely free from fads, bunk and medical bombast. It sets forth a commonsense, proved-out PLAN, that is easy and pleasant to follow—a plan that teaches the sick how to **get well and how to keep well.** The name of this book is "Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds." It tells the true cause of these objectionable, health-destroying troubles, and it gives you a safe, simple, sure cure without drugs, medicines or apparatus of any kind. You apply this wonderfully successful treatment yourself, in your own house and **without the expenditure of an additional penny.** There is nothing difficult, technical or mysterious about this treatment. It is so **easy to understand** and so **simple to follow** that anyone, young or old, can reap the utmost benefit from it.

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Remember this: If you want to free yourself forever from catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds **you can do so.** Dr. Alsaker's treatment is not experimental. It is proved-out and time-tested. And it includes **no drugs or serums, sprays or salves.** And it costs nothing to follow it, while doctor's bills, prescriptions, and so-called patent medicines that **do not cure**, soon eat a big hole in any man's income. Send for this book today. Follow it faithfully and you will experience the same splendid results that thousands of others are receiving.

A Girl Dares Greatly

(Continued from page 34)

And again, looking Minnie Kenny straight in the eyes, "What's that?"

But Minnie Kenny was not to be daunted so easily.

"I don't care what you think of me," she said. "But I'm going to tell you the truth. You're a wonderful salesman, Josh Merritt. Mr. Bishop says you could sell furs in July and bathing suits in January. But you've got one big failing. You keep running away from the obstacles that rise up in your way. You don't know what it is to want a thing so hard that you keep fighting for it, and fighting for it, and each time that you get a knockdown for all your pains, you still pick yourself up and take up the fight again. Instead, if something comes up to keep you from the thing you want, you just shrug your shoulders and say, 'What's the use?' when the thing you should say, 'All right! I didn't get it this time. But I will the next!'"

"My grandfather used to tell me, when I was a little girl, how the men in his time, used to manufacture obstacles, deliberately put hardships in their way, so that they would grow stronger through tusseling with them and overcoming them. I even heard of a man who—with a sick wife at home, and a baby that needed care—drew his last fifty dollars from the bank and gave it away, so that he'd be absolutely up against the wall and would have to scrape like all things for his next piece of bread. And because he was driven, he did make good. You see, he had to make good!"

"But with you, it's different. After all, there is really no great reason why you should get what you want. You have only yourself to think of. There's no one else depending on you, no one for whom you must make good. It makes no real difference whether you get it this year or the next. Don't you see? Don't you see?"

"What are you trying to do?" asked Josh Merritt. "Trying to tell me that I should marry, or something?"

"Yes," said Minnie Kenny staunchly. "I am."

"But Lord! I explained to you before, didn't I? What could I offer a woman? Just give her a home from which I'd be away most of the time? That's no life."

"Yet if you wanted to, you could get so that you could stay home. If you loved your home, if it meant so much to you that you couldn't bear to stay away, don't you see, you'd work so hard, so determinedly, that in the end you'd make good. And what's more. If you had a wife, and maybe a—a baby—you couldn't change about so often from job to job. You couldn't afford to make so many experiments."

"In other words, Minnie Kenny," said Josh Merritt. "You're telling me that I haven't really wanted to get on; that I only thought that I did; that I've been a complaining quitter; and that really and truly I should marry a girl who would put my nose down to the grindstone and keep it there. Is that right?"



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Hidden within you are latent powers greater than you ever dreamed you had. Let Orison Swett Marden tell you how right or wrong thinking brings out these powers to their fullest possible extent—how to make your mind a force that will make your income and your influence all you ever wished

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Learn the mysterious power, the tremendous force there is in the vigorous, incessant affirmation of conditions which you long to establish; learn why

health is one of the most important factors in success, and how the Victorious Attitude toward it will help produce it; learn how to measure up to your ideals; learn about the marvelous secretary you have, closer to you than your breath, nearer than your heart beat, a faithful servant ready to execute your faintest wish. Learn about the wondrous workings of the subconscious mind, the realms of sleep, and learn how to foil the ravages of old age and maintain your youth.

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"The Victorious Attitude" will help you make your mind a factory of thinking that pays in business profit and social popularity. Page after page flashes with forceful, striking questions and anecdotes. There are 16 powerful chapters, the value of which no one can realize until he has read them.

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And with the warning of the girls in Crane's still ringing in her ears—"Always pat a man on the back, Minnie. Tell him how wonderful he is"—Minnie Kenny raised a face in which real red blood had blotted out the artificial coloring from the rouge box, and steadily answered: "Yes, Josh. I guess—that's about right."

He beckoned the waiter for his check, helped Minnie into her wrap, and then drew out his watch.

"We've been so busy talking, Minnie Kenny," he said, "that I guess we'll miss most of the first act. At that, we'll have to do some hustling."

All during the play, Minnie Kenny sat quietly, her heart still palpitating with the unheard-of brazenness she had committed. Over and over again, a jumble of inconsistent thoughts raced through her mind: "You should have known better, Minnie. The girls told you. You can't criticize a man." To which she would voicelessly reply, "But it was true. I only told him the truth. And—and you've got to dare if you expect to get anywhere."

Between the acts he stepped out and bought her a box of candy. She opened it and offered some to him, then let it lay untouched in her lap. Sometimes, in the darkened theater, she could feel his eyes on her face, searching it, examining it, as if he saw there something he had missed before.

The curtain fell on the final act. Along with the others, Josh Merritt and Minnie Kenny worked their way through the crowd and started homeward. There was that same spring lilt in the air, that same hushed expectancy that always seems to herald the coming of the softer seasons.

At the door of the boarding-house, he suddenly turned to her. "Minnie Kenny," he said, "will you—kiss me?"

And though Minnie Kenny knew that girls did kiss men good-night; though she knew that a kiss sometimes leads to other things; though she wavered toward him in her heart and a momentary surge of happiness welled through her whole being—she resolutely drew away.

"No," she said. "No, Josh Merritt. I—I won't."

And the next instant, she had closed the door behind her, ran upstairs to her room, and sat there, without turning on the light.

WHEN Josh Merritt entered the salesroom of Carroll & Mayers the next morning, he was greeted by the frankly surprised stare of Elias Carroll.

"What's the matter, Merritt? Forget something?"

"No," said Josh Merritt. "I've come back to work. Decided to stick with the firm."

"But I gave your territory to a new man. I didn't know you would change your mind. You remember, Merritt, I asked you to think it over for a while."

"Any other territory open?"

"Only the Middle West."

"All right," said Josh Merritt. "I'll take that."

"But you don't know the route, or—"

"Trust me," said Josh Merritt. "I'll learn."

And if he had complained about the hasty jumping about when he covered his own State, during the next



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three months, Josh Merritt found that his earlier trips had been mere excursions compared with the traveling he had to do in the Middle West. Each day meant another trip in a smelly, smoky train. Each day meant another battle, another fight to break his way into the new ground. That same light banter, that same easy railery that sold hats in New York, didn't sell them in his new territory. He had to talk, he had to convince, he had to show figures before he could ring an order from the cautious fingers of Miss Lena McCarthy, buyer at The Emporium.

And the Middle West was full of Miss McCarthys—clear-headed women who had passed the skittish age; women who drove a hard bargain; women who bought on worth, not on sentiment. They were hard to win over, and from them Josh Merritt learned the difficult art of being tactful. Sometimes he had to visit them half a dozen times before he could get them to listen to him, but he kept coming back, and back, and back, until eventually their doors opened to him.

During his fourth month out, the New York territory became vacant again. Immediately he wrote to the East, asking for it. But Carroll wrote back and said some one else had been engaged for it, and Josh Merritt gritted his teeth and continued to plug his new field. It was almost six months before he thoroughly broke the frigidness of the Middle West buyers, and when at length he was beginning to get on a really friendly footing with them, he returned to his hotel, one afternoon, to find a new salesman from the firm waiting to take his place.

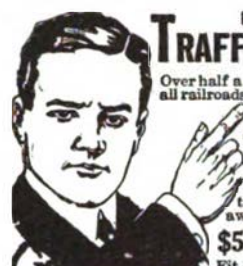
"What's the big idea?" he demanded of the new man.

"I don't know. My instructions are to take your territory and ask you to cover the towns in this list."

He handed Josh Merritt a letter with a new itinerary. As he read the names of the new towns, Josh Merritt was dangerously on the verge of doing what he had so often done before—just throwing the whole job over and seeking something more to his liking. But there came to his mind's eye the picture of a girl in a shaded hat, a girl who with her lips half raised to his cried: "No, Josh Merritt. I—I won't."

So he packed his valise, showed the new man over the ground, and went further westward toward the Pacific States, where he had to fight his way all over again. Here the climate was more to his liking, his ground not so expansive, and he was able to settle in a Los Angeles boarding-house, making his trips to the neighboring towns by trolley. The buyers were different, too. You could show them grayer things with more color, although their inclinations ran to wide-brimmed "sailors" and drooping things to keep the sun out. It was early spring when he started back to New York.

A VERY much altered office met his eyes. During his absence, Mayers, the senior partner had died, and the confusion occasioned by his loss had brought about a financial shortage. There had been a complete reorganization in the firm—new men, with new methods. Only Carroll, a bit older, a bit more pouchy under the eyes, met him warmly, if a bit hesitantly.



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"You see, Merritt," he explained, "we've had a hard year. You've done wonderfully well in your new territory and we ought to give you a promotion. Yet I can't. With the death of Mayers, three of his sons have entered the business and picked off the cream of the jobs. Then there have been other men who had an interest in the business—shares and such things. When other lines of industry began to close down they came in here."

For a moment, hot words of reproach, bitter, taunting words, leaped to Josh Merritt's tongue. But before he could utter them, Carroll went on: "We've asked all but a few salesmen to go, and these few have been willing to accept a lower salary until things pick up. If you can see your way clear—"

Too sick at heart, too weary with the whole scheme of things, Josh Merritt turned to Carroll.

"I'll think it over," he said. "Just now, I'm too tired."

AGAIN it was spring. Again across the whiteness of a spotless tablecloth Josh Merritt leaned toward Minnie Kenny—toward a still newer Minnie Kenny who, in the year of his absence, had learned how to make her pallor an asset, and who, in an old rose taffeta frock that cast changing pink reflection across her face, looked like a piquant tea-rose.

"So you see, Minnie Kenny," he said, after he had finished the recital of the year's adventures, "so you see, I was right. There is such a thing as pull. Mayer's sons prove that. They just stepped in and took their pick of the jobs. They don't know a thing, but—"

He spread his hand suggestively.

"I've worked like a trojan this year. I've stood everything, thinking that if I made good under all disadvantages, I'd get paid up when I finally came East. But do you know what Carroll had the nerve to suggest to me? First, he told me a hard-luck story about hard times; then he actually hinted, that, despite my success, I could only hold the job I have if I was willing to come down in my salary. Mind you, I get rewarded by being reduced in wages! Now, where's your fine philosophy, Minnie Kenny? You see, it doesn't hold water."

"Yes it does!" said Minnie. "And you're much nearer to your end this year than you were last. The

fact that Carroll is financially tight and must ask you to take a lower wage, gives you a chance to put him under obligations to you. Don't you see, Josh Merritt? Don't you see that, right now, when you think you've out-and-out failed, you've actually got the biggest opportunity to jump ahead? Josh! Josh! You're up against an obstacle that you can turn into an asset! Can't you see it? Can't you—"

"Now," said Josh Merritt, "what are you talking about, Minnie Kenny?"

"Just this. Carroll needs money. From the way he spoke to you, he doesn't like the idea of Mayer's incompetent sons running the business. If he could, he'd buy them out. Instead of taking a lower wage, why don't you go to him and offer to take your money in the form of shares in the business? What are you getting a week, Josh Merritt?"

"Seventy-five."

"Seventy-five. Let me see. That's—that's close to four thousand in a single year. Think Josh, at the end of this year you've got four thousand dollars invested with Carroll; at the end of two years—why! Not only will you actually be a part owner in the firm, but you will have built up that pull you've been howling about, that pull that gives one man preference over another. Moreover, it'll be the only kind of pull you'll care to acknowledge if you ever become really big—the pull that comes from sticking by a firm when they're in a ditch and need you! Don't you see? Don't—"

"I see," said Josh Merritt. "I see all but one thing. How under the sun can I marry now? If I'm going to invest my earnings for the next two or three years in the firm, it stands to reason that I'll have to live on what I've saved up to now. And that wouldn't be much over thirty-five a week, spread over two years. If a man asked you, Minnie Kenny to marry him, and live on thirty-five dollars a week, would you dare it?"

To which question Minnie Kenny raised a brave, steady little face.

"A girl," she said, "a girl dares greatly when—when she loves a man."

"Minnie Kenny," answered Josh Merritt. "Do you know? You're—you're a wonderful girl! The most wonderful girl in the world! And when I take you home to-night, you're going to kiss me. You'll have a right to."

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◆ ◆ ◆

"No star is ever lost we once have seen; We always may be what we might have been."

◆ ◆ ◆

Never admit you're discouraged—even to yourself.

Don't die on third base.

◆ ◆ ◆

"We will all be equal, and I will be your king."

◆ ◆ ◆

Character is the poor man's capital.

◆ ◆ ◆

What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult to one another?

The Business Butterfly

(Continued from page 69)

I can to help her. Dad is suspicious; but I think, that's largely Margaret's fault. She seems thoroughly wrapped up in that art fellow, Taranoff, and is urging father to buy still more of his pictures. There can't be any question as to their being genuine, for old Chase has assured father that they are. But there is one question that comes into my head, in view of what has happened: Where did Taranoff get hold of them? A year ago, he was but a struggling young painter and now he seems to be rolling in wealth. No one is backing him that I know of, and he couldn't well afford to purchase a collection like the one Enoch Tomlinson owned—"

"Unless there was collusion somewhere," Aline suggested. "He admits that he bought them for a song. Prudence told me that her uncle's collection was pronounced worthless."

"Then the man is not telling the truth when he says that the Corot dad has already bought came from the Tomlinson collection," objected Teddy.

"He may have been telling the truth, but not the whole truth," Aline suggested. "And that is just what I want you to find out."

"Well, I'll do it!" promised Teddy. If dad has bought a valuable painting that Miss Parker has been cheated out of, I'm going to see that the money is made up to her if it comes out of my own pocket."

"She would never consent to that," Aline told him.

"She doesn't need to know it," said Teddy. "I've never done a useful thing in my life with the money dad gives me. I could turn it over to her through you and she would never know the difference."

"You don't know Prue Parker!" responded Aline with flashing eyes.

But neither Aline nor Teddy had thoroughly understood Prudence. She was not the type of girl to sit quietly back and let someone else attempt to solve a mystery concerning herself. Idleness was foreign to her nature; and as soon as the stunning blow of the first news lost its effect, her keen young mind was instantly galvanized into action. "This is no time to indulge in idle regrets, or to hide away and cry in a boudoir, Prudence Parker!" she told herself firmly. "You'll dress and go down to dinner, and find out what the evening papers have to say about this. Then, the first thing in the morning, you'll take the train for Boston yourself and sift this matter thoroughly."

Neither Teddy Vandergrift nor Aline were in evidence when Prudence left the house the following morning. She left word that she had gone to Boston on business and would return that night, unless detained.

Aline was alarmed when she heard the news, an hour later, when Teddy Vandergrift joined her in the breakfast room: "What time is the next train to Boston?" he asked eagerly, glancing at the clock on the mantel.

"In just thirty minutes," Aline told him. "But you can't get breakfast and make it."

"Never mind breakfast!" snapped Vandergrift. "Please have the car brought around, and I'll get that train if we are arrested for violating the speed laws between here and the station. I'm going after her at once!"

WHEN Prudence Parker arrived in Boston she hastened to the office of Lanning Lanning. She was greeted by a courteous stenographer and ushered into the room of William Prescott, the dead attorney's former law partner.

Mr. Prescott was deeply distressed over the suicide of his associate, and the causes which had led up to it. He read her the farewell letter that Lanning Lanning had left. It directed that his entire fortune be handed over to Prudence Parker as a "partial reparation of his own errors."

"Just what were Mr. Lanning's errors?" Prudence asked.

"Overconfidence in the honesty of others, I am afraid," was Prescott's reply. "Miss Parker, it seems that you have been cheated out of a small fortune through your uncle's purchase of paintings of false value. Yet it seems incredible that Mr. Tomlinson, and even Lanning Lanning himself, could have been deceived in their judgment of genuine Corots. However, this has evidently been the case—unless there was trickery in the resale of the deceased man's collection—unless Taranoff and Isadore Zalinsky practiced some deceit on my late partner. Personally, I do not pretend to be a student of art, and I could not judge an original from the rankest copy. However, the matter of unwise judgment, or the knowledge or suspicion of being tricked, weighed upon poor Lanning's mind."

Prudence looked at him with a strange glint in her eyes. "The money that Mr. Lanning has left to me in a spirit of reparation, shall never be touched by other than his own family. You are versed in the ways of the law and you must arrange some way that Mrs. Lanning and her children shall profit by his meager fortune. I will not touch a cent of it! I am sure that he, as well as Uncle Enoch, were deceived in some way, and I have an idea that I know just about how, or by whom, they were tricked. I mean to get to the bottom of the affair and discover the trickery. Who is Lazinsky and what is his address?"

"You mean the broker in curios and antiques who used Taranoff as his agent?" Prescott inquired.

"Exactly!" said Prudence. "I want to talk with him."

The gray-haired lawyer smiled at Prudence. "Do you think that would be exactly wise without your counsel accompanying you?"

"I think it would be the wisest course in the world," Prudence told him. "You lawyers are keen—but sometimes a woman is more keen—when she

has the right on her side. And then the supreme ignorance of and the natural courtesy due a woman—seems to disarm those who mean to do wrong. Please remain where you are and let me solve this matter alone."

Prudence had a well-laid plan in her brain when she made this suggestion. She had been in Boston before, and the address Prescott gave her caused a little shudder to play up and down her spine. But she would not give way to her fears. So she left the offices of Prescott & Lanning and started on an adventure which might well have frightened a more courageous person.

Teddy Vandergrift arrived in the office of Prescott & Lanning just two hours after Prudence. Despite the Bradford motor-car Teddy had been delayed—to the menace of his nerves—in reaching his destination. His greeting of the stenographer was abrupt and commandatory. The presentation of his card made her hasten into Prescott's office. And a glance at it caused William Prescott to direct that his visitor be ushered into his sanctum without delay.

But the lawyer was not prepared for the hurried, excited demand, rather than a request, which was fired at him immediately by Teddy Vandergrift! "Has Miss Parker been here?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Vandergrift—" Prescott began. "I trust that your father—"

"Oh, hang my father!" exclaimed Vandergrift. "Where has Miss Parker gone?"

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The astonished Prescott recited, with some hesitancy, the name and address of the curio dealer, Zalinsky. Teddy Vandergrift jotted both name and street number in a notebook, hurried to the street and hailed a passing taxi-cab. "Get there—get there quickly—and wait until I come out!" was his command.

Prudence Parker was seated in the backroom of the dingy shop of Isadore Zalinsky. The skull-capped, skeletonlike person shrewdly tried to analyze the methods and motives of his fair visitor. Her manner impressed him. At the same time, his canny brain made him suspicious. "You buy old masters, don't you?" she asked.

"If they are *really* old," he countered. "I sell on commission. I play very fairly," Zalinsky went on, rubbing his long, bony hands.

"The ones I have in mind are *real*," Prudence said, leaning forward with eagerness. "I know their last two owners both of whom exacted the opinion of experts before they would buy them."

The curio dealer looked at her through narrowed eyes. "Who is the painter?" he inquired sharply.

"Corot," Prudence answered, and shot her own glance squarely against the shrewd one of the aged dealer. "A man has just committed suicide because of several of them, and a Wall Street banker—"

"I would not be interested in their purchase," Zalinsky assured her hastily.

"But you were very much interested in their previous sale?" Prudence questioned with a meaning smile which seemed to disconcert him. Before he could answer, the street door opened. Taranoff and Margaret Vandergrift entered.

Neither of them recognized Prudence. Their impressions of the one time secretary Richard Babson Vandergrift had discharged so summarily, on the day Taranoff had brought down the Corot for inspection and purchase, were quite different from the picture presented by the modishly dressed girl who now faced them in Zalinsky's den.

But Zalinsky had his suspicions. He signaled Taranoff to be silent. Either this smartly costumed girl was a detective or a potential ally. In any event, her last remark had put him on his guard. "Excuse me," Zalinsky said as he bowed to Prudence, and then turned quickly to Taranoff. "The young lady has some Corots for sale—"

An angry exclamation escaped Taranoff; a surprised utterance came from Margaret Vandergrift. It is hard to deceive a woman, and Margaret seemed to recall the features of the girl who sat opposite Zalinsky's desk. "Jules," she said to Taranoff, "isn't this the girl who was in father's office—the girl he discharged—the girl we saw with Teddy in the cafe—"

Taranoff looked squarely at Prudence and in her own triumphant gaze, read the answer to the question. "Of course it is!" he answered sharply, casting a quick signal in Zalinsky's direction.

Teddy Vandergrift's entrance made the situation more complex. The trio stared at him with varying emotions. Teddy, however, was perfectly self-composed—to all outward appearance. "Hello,

sis!" was his greeting to Margaret. "What are you doing here, Taranoff?" he inquired of the vendor of Corots. As his eyes met those of Prudence Parker, he smiled at her. "I don't see why you wouldn't wait for me and travel sociably," he said. "Aline Bradford is all upset and—well, now that I'm here, let's get down to business."

"I'm rather afraid the business will not be pleasant for your sister—and for the others," Prudence said simply, rather relieved at the unexpected arrival of Teddy Vandergrift.

"You're making a fool of yourself, Ted," said Margaret. "I know you've never liked Jules—and now that you've taken up with this girl who tried to stop father from buying the Corot from him, I feel certain you're being misled by her. Mr. Zalinsky, I understand, has refused to listen to her."

Zalinsky scowled as she spoke. Taranoff bit his lip nervously. Margaret realized instantly that she had made a mistake.

"Oh, no, Miss Vandergrift, there is no mistake," Prudence spoke calmly. "I am not trying to mislead your brother any more than I attempted to wrong your father. There seems to be no question that he was able to purchase a genuine Corot at a most reasonable price. My efforts to block that sale were the result of my suspicion that I had been swindled out of the real worth of that very picture—"

"You!" exclaimed Margaret, with scorn in her eyes.

"Yes," continued Prudence, "and I mean to prove it. I think now that I see the whole plot. If I am right someone is going to jail!"

"Be careful, young woman!" Zalinsky exclaimed. "You may land in jail yourself if you make threats like that—accusations which you cannot prove."

"Well, I'm going to prove them!" Prudence said confidently. "And I think I know how to do it."

"Come," Teddy Vandergrift was urging Prudence to go. "There is no use wasting time here. If you have formed a plan, I will help you work it out—if you wish."

"Teddy," exclaimed Margaret. "You are perfectly absurd. Can't you see that this girl is a crook—that she is trying to hold up father, or Jules, or Mr. Zalinsky—or any one she can."

"Margaret!" protested Teddy. "You have no right to say that! Miss Parker—"

"Just a minute," said Zalinsky craftily. "How do you propose to prove that the paintings your uncle sold were genuine? How do you expect to demonstrate the fact that the Corot sold to Mr. Vandergrift is a forgery?"

"Very simply—so far as the second sale is concerned," Prudence told him. "I am going to have Mr. Vandergrift wire his father that Mr. Chase examine the canvas again—"

"What nonsense!" snapped Margaret. "Mr. Chase has already pronounced it genuine and advised the purchase."

"But suppose the canvas now in your father's possession is not the same one Mr. Taranoff exhibited in your father's office?" Prudence broke in.

"Ridiculous!" scoffed Taranoff, attempting to control himself.

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"Such a thing could not be," Margaret protested. "Why Jules took the painting home in his cab after dropping me at the Henderson's."

"I thought as much," said the calm Prudence. "Then you did not personally accompany the painting from your father's office to your home. You could not be sure that the painting now on the library wall is the one your father wrote his check for fifty thousand dollars to obtain?"

"I refuse to discuss such nonsense!" Margaret exclaimed testily.

"Well, it does seem rather a careless method of handling so valuable a painting," remarked Teddy. "I don't think it can do any harm to send the wire and play safe."

"It's an insult to Jules!" said Margaret angrily. "I won't have him doubted!"

"Well since his actions have been questioned," Teddy reminded her, "it is only fair to him that we have the painting examined and thus clear him of all suspicion—if Miss Parker's theory is incorrect."

Taranoff took a menacing step in Prudence's direction. "Please don't meddle with my affairs!" he said.

Teddy stepped between them. "None of that Jules," he said.

"You keep out of it too, you young idiot!" raged Taranoff. "I bought the paintings of the Tomlinson collection from Lanning Lanning. They were all worthless—"

"Then why did you buy them?" asked Prudence.

"That is my business," said Taranoff.

"And mine," Prudence added. "Now let me tell you something, Mr. Taranoff. 'Perhaps I cannot solve this mystery, but let me make a little suggestion to you—a hypothetical case, if you like, showing what might have happened.'"

"I've no time to listen to silly suppositions!" Margaret said with a bored air. "Come, Jules—"

"Just a little second," Zalinsky interposed. "Let the young lady tell us her pretty story. It will prove how totally unfounded are her clever theories. Amateur detectives divert me exceedingly."

"Very well," said Prudence. "Prepare to be diverted then. Let us assume that the paintings exhibited to my uncle on his visits to this shop were genuine. He never took them home himself and they were always delivered by the express company. Suppose, the paintings which his expert advisers passed upon as genuine were never sent from this shop—suppose forgeries were delivered in their stead!"

"A very clever supposition, indeed," laughed Zalinsky. "What would be the advantage. I could not do that and sell the original to another man after having certified to Mr. Tomlinson that his canvas was genuine. Hence what would be my object in playing him such a trick."

"That seems perfectly obvious," Prudence told him. "When my uncle died, you had Taranoff purchase the worthless collection. You did not want those forgeries to get into other hands. They were too cleverly done and would be far too useful. So you bought them for the mere pittance which Lanning

Lanning obtained for me. You sent Taranoff with the original which had been in your shop all along, and had he showed the real picture to Mr. Vandergrift—

"Well?" inquired Zalinsky with a sneer.

"You made the same substitution again. Lanning, learning that the Corot which had been pronounced a forgery—and on which he had been able to realize so little—was genuine after all, was driven to suicide. He believed he had been cheated in the appraisal of the collection, and took the blame on himself."

"Be careful, young lady!" warned Taranoff. "You have not chosen your words well. Instead of telling us a supposition, you have made a charge. I am going to have you arrested and give you a chance to prove your accusations."

"I won't have it!" snapped Vandergrift.

"Oh, won't you?" snapped Taranoff. "If you know what's good for you you'll get out of here!"

"Come, Miss Parker. I'm going to send that wire. After that we'll consult with Mr. Lanning's father and see if we cannot take care of these tricksters. Are you coming, too, Margaret?" said Teddy.

"I shall remain with Jules," his sister said. "I suppose you realize that father will be furious at your attitude in the matter."

"I don't think so," interrupted Prudence, "not when we save him from being cheated out of fifty thousand dollars."

A moment later the door closed on Prudence and Teddy. "Why didn't you have her arrested as you threatened?" Zalinsky asked Taranoff.

"Why not, indeed?" sneered Taranoff. "Have her arrested and let her prove what she says is true."

"True?" Margaret gasped.

"Certainly," announced Zalinsky, Taranoff flushed as he avoided Margaret's inquiring look. "You know it's true, but how she figured it out is beyond me. If Vandergrift hears of it, we are ruined."

"There's only one thing to do," said Taranoff. "I'll take the night train to New York and endeavor to substitute the genuine canvas for the forgery—"

"In Vandergrift's house?" laughed Zalinsky.

"Of course," said Taranoff. "Miss Vandergrift and I are engaged. She will help me—" he finished with an appealing look toward Margaret.

"I will do nothing of the sort!" she said coldly. "I believed in you, Jules, and that is why I defended you. But since you admit that you tried to trick my father—our engagement is broken!"

"Margaret!" he pleaded, "I only did it for your sake. I am a poor man—comparatively—and I knew I could not hope to support you—to gain your father's consent. So I took this means of earning enough to—"

"Margaret, you must stand by me now," Taranoff insisted. "Think of the scandal—of the newspaper accounts of your part in the affair. You may be suspected of complicity."

Margaret drew back in horror and indignation, but Zalinsky laughed unpleasantly.

"It is exactly so. United we stand, divided we go to jail. Is it not so Miss Vandergrift?"

(To be concluded)

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